

# JUNIOR LAUREL SONGS

M. TERESA  
ARMITAGE


SPECIAL  
EDITION



C. C. BIRCHARD & COMPANY  
BOSTON







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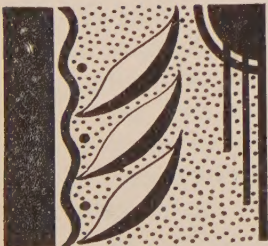




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## INTRODUCTION

LAUREL SONGS FOR JUNIORS is the fulfilment of a long-cherished purpose to bring a higher standard of music into the Junior classes (unchanged voices) of the public schools. It does not embody any "Method" in the generally accepted sense of the term. It does not contain a song that has been chosen for any reason save that of genuine merit and living interest. The aim of the editor has been to make a collection of beautiful songs which shall influence and inspire young students and direct them in the pursuit of the vital things in music.

The ideal purpose of the book is to contribute to the growth of individuality and character. To this end songs have been selected which provide for free and spontaneous expression of all the normal moods and activities of young people; songs of joy, humor, hope, courage, sympathy, devotion, ecstasy, aspiration and achievement; songs of action and the dance; of Nature and "the great out-of-doors."

The book teaches an exalted conception of human relations, in songs of altruism, freedom, comradeship, goodness, brotherhood and peace; and sounds a high note of patriotism, as for example, in Lanier's "America," wherein the poet promises glorious fame to our beloved land so long

" . . . as thine Eagle harm no dove;  
Long as thy law by law shall grow;  
Long as thy God is God above,  
Thy brother ev'ry man below."

An aim of the book has been to express "The People" in music — one of the truest forms of community effort and service — our America, the hope of an ideal humanity, with its Washington, Lincoln, and all the heroes of patriotic endeavor whose achievements are made the occasion of public recognition.

The Key-Note throughout is Joy and Courage and the unquenchable optimism of the American spirit which is the very heart of Childhood.

The book is enriched by a number of compositions by American composers and it is gratifying to note that they have all been written in terms of youth and young comprehension. These songs, which have been composed to the carefully selected texts of over twenty immortal poets, mostly American, form an especially notable contribution to the American spirit of the book. Attention is also directed to the distinctive American songs of the Folk and ballad type, some of which appear for the first time for schools in this volume.

Folk music is further represented by examples from various nations. We have a great population of foreign origin. We should not encourage them to forget the land of their birth or ancestry, but to cherish sacred memories and traditions, thus fostering sentiments which rightly directed will create a new love and devotion for the America of their adoption. The influence of music is exerted not only on the children themselves, but through them on the parents. In this connection, attention is further directed to the home songs which are introduced advisedly into this book. The music of these selections will make them popular with young people, although the full meaning expressed in the texts will not appear until in later years, but these choice songs will be sung outside of the schools, and particularly in



the homes, where their deeper meaning will be felt, thus fulfilling one great aim of the editor: to make music the greatest possible force for good throughout the entire community.

The artistic value of the book is shown in its representative melodies of a large number of the master composers, and thirty compositions by contemporary American composers; and also in the nature of the arrangements, all of which are in perfect adaptations of harmony, and many of which are in attractive forms of simple counterpoint. The arrangements in counterpoint, in which each voice has a melody, constitute a unique feature of this collection. In daily instruction the thoughtful teacher will see to it that the melodic line in the subordinate parts is clearly developed. An excellent study, both for reading and interpretation, is for the class to sing the contrapuntal melodies separately, either before or after the parts are taken in harmony.

The songs are in unison, two parts and three parts, and the nature of the melody has determined the form in which the song is used; as, for example, the three part songs are natural three-part songs, the two-part songs are natural two-part songs, and the unison songs are natural unison songs.

The book contains numerous lullabies and songs in legato movement, all of which are of special value in the development of breath control, sustained phrasing and of moods conducive to perfect tone quality. In this and every other possible way the editor has made provision for the care and preservation of the voices of young children.

A safe compass has been regarded as lying between B and E, and a majority of the songs are within this limitation, although B<sup>b</sup> and F are freely used; and A, A<sup>b</sup> and an occasional G (alto) are introduced in the last half of the book for the limited compass of the lowering voice; but the extremes of compass do not call for sustained or loud effects. Opportunities are provided for development of the full range of the voice by frequent interchanges of melody.

While the book does not aim to work out any gradation method, it will nevertheless be found of great usefulness in technical instruction, inasmuch as it embodies and illustrates practically all the essentials of musical technique for study in these grades, as for example, the various movements, intervals, progressions, and keys, major and minor.

The most important of the arrangements have been made by Mr. N. Clifford Page, a musician of exceptional attainments, through whose imagination and sympathy the familiar melodies present a new significance without loss of their original charm and appeal.

Especial attention has been given to the important consideration of texts in the editing of this volume, both as to content and the adaptability of words to music, and acknowledgment is made in this connection to Mr. David Stevens for distinctive and invaluable service in the literary editorship of the book.

Finally, LAUREL SONGS FOR JUNIORS is issued, not simply as another collection of songs, but as a collection of songs to be used with a definite end in view, namely, to add to joy and beauty and spiritual vitality in the growth of American individuality and character.

There is a separate Accompaniment Edition.

THE EDITOR AND PUBLISHERS.



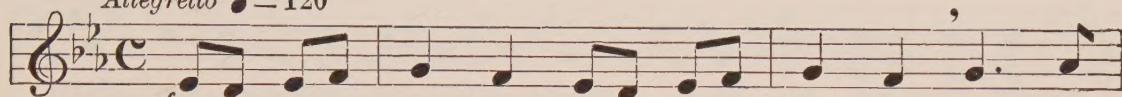
# JUNIOR LAUREL SONGS

## Come Bright Morning

Stephen Fay

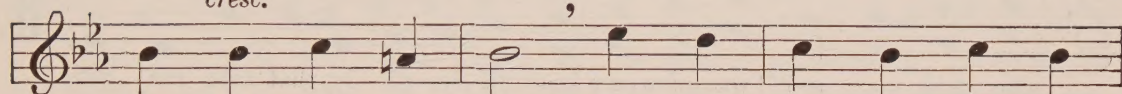
Old French Melody

*Allegretto* ♩ = 120



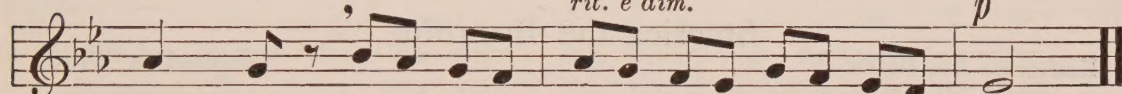
*mf*  
1. Come bright morn - ing, Earth a - dorn - ing, Sleep - y  
2. Song - birds twit - ter, Dew - drops glit - ter, Per - fumes

*cresc.*



eye - lids now un - close; Bells are ring - ing, Hearts are  
rise from all the flow'rs; Joy shall meet thee, Glad - ness

*rit. e dim.*



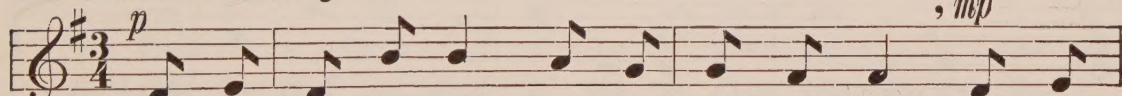
sing - ing, Wakes the world from sweet re - pose.  
greet thee, Haste, thou queen of all bright hours!

## The Sleeping Forest

David Stevens

German Folk-Tune

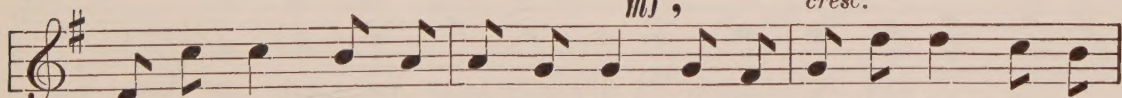
*Andante con moto* ♩ = 80



1. When the love - ly moon on a sum - mer night, O'er the  
2. Ev - 'ry leaf is still in the shad - ows deep, And the

*mf*

*cresc.*

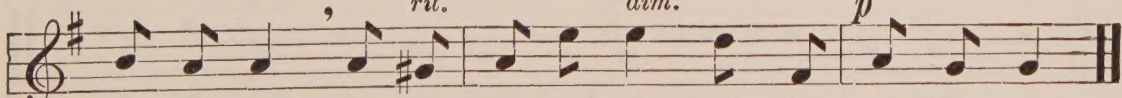


for - est dark sheds her sil - ver light, She is send - ing dreams to the  
earth it - self must have gone to sleep, While the love - ly moon high in

*rit.*

*dim.*

*p*



sleep - ing trees, As they nod and sway in the eve - ning breeze.  
heav - en gleams, Send - ing down to all bright and sil - v'ry dreams.

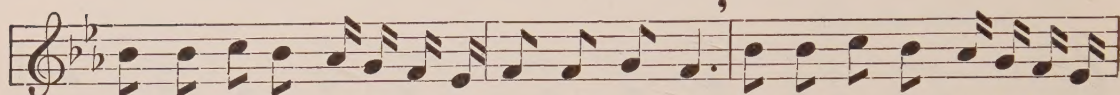
## Lavender's Blue

*Con grazia* ♩. = 60

Old English



1. Lav - en - der's blue, dil - ly, dil - ly, lav - en - der's green,
2. Call up your men, dil - ly, dil - ly, set them to work,
3. If it should hap, dil - ly, dil - ly, if it should chance,



When I'm a King, dil - ly, dil - ly, you shall be Queen; Who told you so, dil - ly, dil - ly,  
Some with a rake, dil - ly, dil - ly, some with a fork; Some to make hay, dil - ly, dil - ly,  
We shall be gay, dil - ly, dil - ly, we shall both dance; Laven - der's blue, dil - ly, dil - ly,



who told you so? 'Twas mine own heart, dil - ly, dil - ly, that told me so.  
some to thresh corn, While you and I, dil - ly, dil - ly, keep our - selves warm.  
lav - en - der's green, When I'm a King, dil - ly, dil - ly, you shall be Queen.

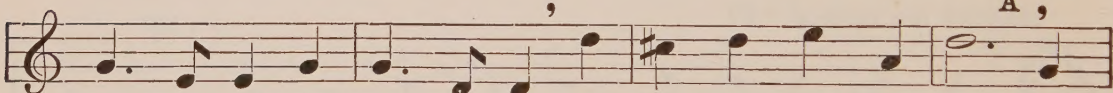
## America the Beautiful

Katharine Lee Bates

Samuel A. Ward

*Con moto* ♩ = 116

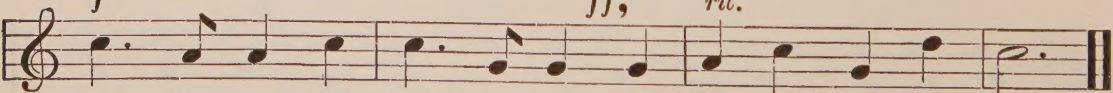
1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - ci - ous skies, For am - ber waves of grain, For
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern im - pas - sion'd stress, A
3. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years, Thine



pur - ple moun - tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain! A -  
thor - ough - fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness! A -  
al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam Im - mac - u - late of tears. A -



mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee, And  
mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw, Con -  
mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee, And



crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!  
firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!  
crown thy good with broth - er - hood, From sea to shin - ing sea!



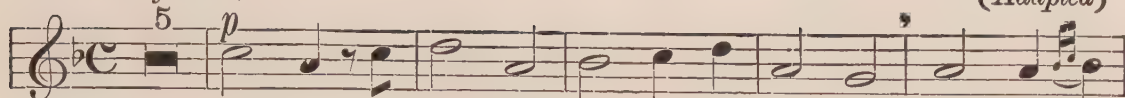
# Morning Song

David Stevens

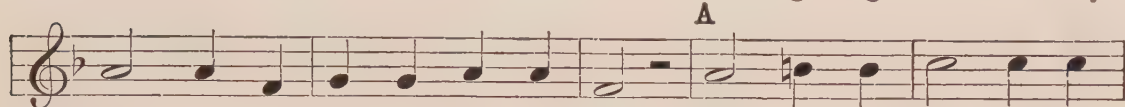
F. Paolo Tosti

*Allegretto* ♩ = 108

(Adapted)



1. Sun - rise! the day-spring, vi - sion re-splen - dent! Wreath'd in its
2. Sun - rise! Au - ro - ra, god - dess im - mor - tal! Deck all the
3. Sun - rise! Re - joice ye! Na - ture is sing - ing; Lift ev - 'ry



glo - ry, the green hill smiles a - new. Earth now a - wak - ens in  
earth with thy fair, am - bro - sial flow'rs. Touch with thy mag - ic the  
voice in the joy of ra - diant morn. Rise, ev - 'ry heart with the



beau - ty tran - scen - dent, Kissed by the morn - ing, bathed in the sparkling  
dawn's ros - y por - tal, Day en - ters smil - ing, bright with the shin - ing  
lark sky - ward wing - ing, Wel - come the morn - ing, sing! for a day is



dew, Kissed by the morn - ing, bathed in the spark - ling dew.  
hours, Day en - ters smil - ing, bright with the shin - ing hours.  
born, Wel - come the morn - ing, sing! for a day is born!

## The Tailor and the Mouse

Text adapted by Stephen Fay

English Folk-Song

*Moderato* ♩ = 88

1. There was a tai - lor had a mouse; Hi - did - dle un - kum fee - dle! They
2. The tai - lor tho't the mouse was ill; Hi - did - dle un - kum fee - dle! Be -
3. And so he gave him cat - nip - tea; Hi - did - dle un - kum fee - dle! Un -



lived to - geth - er in one house; Hi - did - dle un - kum fee - dle!  
cause he took an a - gue chill; Hi - did - dle un - kum fee - dle!  
til a heart - y mouse was he; Hi - did - dle un - kum fee - dle!



Hi - did - dle un - kum tar - um, tan - tum! Thro' the town of Ram - say;

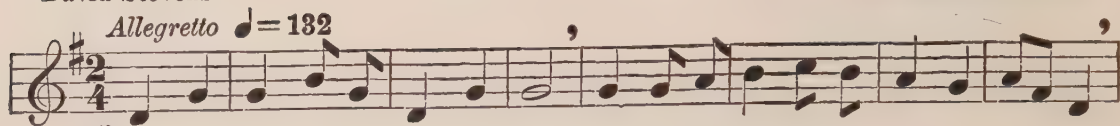


Hi - did - dle un - kum, o - ver the lea, Hi - did - dle un - kum fee - dle!

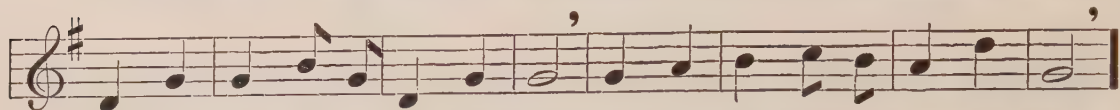
# Shepherd Song

David Stevens

Old French Melody

*Allegretto* ♩ = 132

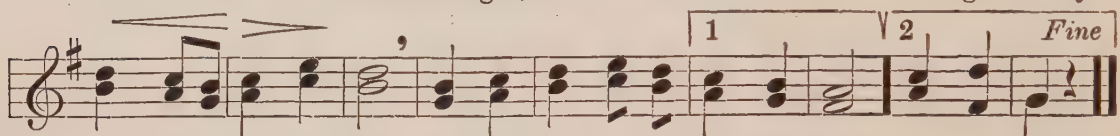
1. Sunbeams now thro' the shad-ows creep, Brightly the blush of the dawn is glow-ing;  
2. Sinks the sun in a gold-en sea, Blithely the lad to his flock is call-ing;



Look you, high on the hill-side steep, Pipes the shep-herd a-mong his sheep.  
"Home-ward now, come a-long with me!" Pipes the shep-herd a-cross the lea.



Life is fair on a summer's day, Sweet the west-ern wind is blowing; Sweetly  
Life is fair on a summer's night, Sweet the dew o'er ros-es fall-ing; Faintly



sounds the shep-herd's lay, Life is fair on a summer's day!  
glows the star's first light, Life is fair on a

sum-mer's night!

## A Refrain

From "Martha"

Harvey Worthington Loomis

F. von Flotow

*Moderato* ♩ = 104

Arranged by Harvey Worthington Loomis



1. Who can count the pearls a-mid the o-cean spray?  
2. Who can count the sands up-on the wave-kissed shore?



Pearls a-mid the o-cean spray;  
Sands up-on the wave-kissed shore,



Who can count the notes that tune the wood-land way?

Who can count the blossoms of the spring-tide o'er?



Notes that tune the wood-land way.  
Who can count those

won-ders o'er?

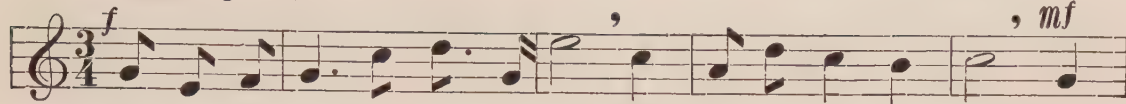


# Our Land

Words adapted by  
Sidney Rowe

Finnish Patriotic Song  
Friedrich Pacius

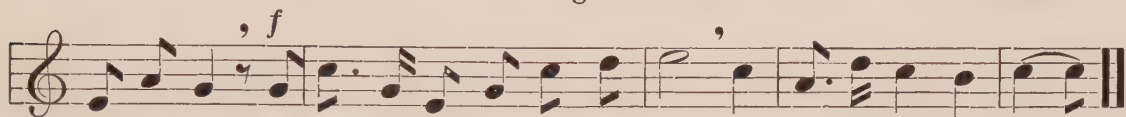
*Andante* ♩ = 80



1. Our land, our land, dear Fa - ther-land! Thy glo - ry we pro - claim! We
2. Our land, our land, proud Fa - ther-land! Thou dear and sa - cred name! Where



love thy hills and fond-ly - cher - ish'd shore, Our hearts and faith are thine for  
beats the broth-er's heart with warm - er glow? What brav - er sons of men dwell



ev - er-more; We hail thy con - se - cra - ted name, Dear land, our Fa - ther - land!  
here be - low? May God a - bove pre - serve thy fame, Dear land, our Fa - ther - land!

## The Bells of Aberdovey

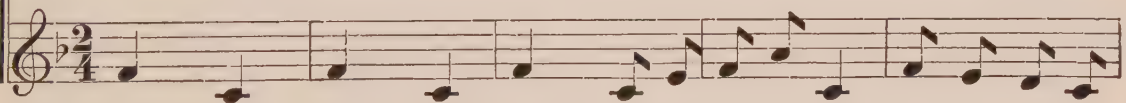
W. G. Rothery

Welsh Melody  
Arranged by John Vance

*Cheerfully* ♩ = 92



1. Lis - ten to the sil - v'ry bells Ring - ing o'er the dis - tant dells, Ding, dong, ding, dong,
2. When the hap - py day is done, "Work is o - ver, rest is won, Go to slum - ber



Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding dong, O'er dis - tant dells, —  
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding dong, "Your rest is won.



Ding, dong, ding, Ring the bells of A - ber - do - vey. Ding, dong, ding, dong, Sil - v'ry  
with the sun, "Ring the bells of A - ber - do - vey. Ding, dong, ding, dong, Sil - v'ry



bells; Of peace and rest their chim - ing tells, The bells of A - ber - do - vey.

Anon.  
David Stevens

# Christmas Song New Year's Song

Welsh Melody

*Con anima* ♩ = 152

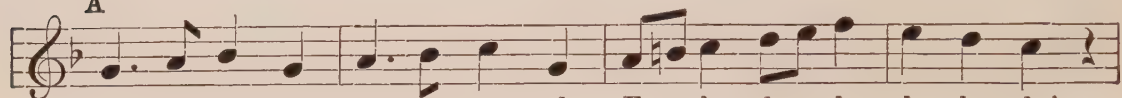


1. Deck the hall with boughs of hol - ly, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!  
 2. See the blaz - ing yule be - fore us, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!  
 1. Now the stee - ple bell is ring - ing, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!  
 2. Ring the bells with joy and laugh - ter, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!



- 'Tis the sea - son to be jol - ly, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!  
 Strike the harp and join the cho - rus, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!  
 Tid - ings of the New Year bring - ing, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!  
 Gone the old, the new comes aft - er, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!

A



- Don we now our gay ap - par - el, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!  
 Fol - low me in mer - ry meas - ure, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!  
 Speed the Old Year with his sor - row, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!  
 Grasp the hand you find the near - est, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!



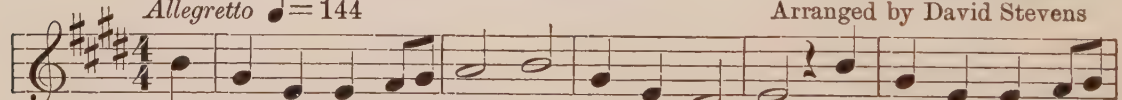
- Troll the an - cient Christmas car - ol, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!  
 While I tell of Christmas treas - ure, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!  
 Yes - ter - day is not to - mor - row, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!  
 Wish to all the hope that's dear - est, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!

## Good-Morning, Pretty Maid

A. J. Foxwell

Old Gloucestershire Melody  
Arranged by David Stevens

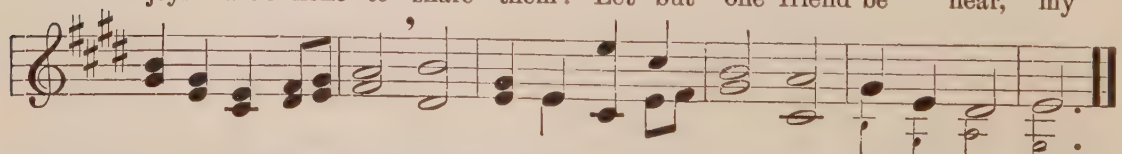
*Allegretto* ♩ = 144



1. "Good-morning, pret - ty maid, where are you go - ing, Be - fore the lag - gard  
 2. "Oh, morning is the time of peace and pleas - ure, When earth and sky be -  
 3. "But what are pleasant views if cares im - pair them, And what are all our



- sun o'er earth is glow - ing? Why wan - der thus a - far where  
 stow their dear - est treas - ure; To me the ver - dant field can  
 joys with none to share them? Let but one friend be near, my



- no com - pan - ions are, Up - on the care - less air your smiles be - stow - ing?"  
 full en - joy - ment yield And bring me more de - light than words can meas - ure."  
 lone - li - ness to cheer, The cares of life are light when comrades bear them!"



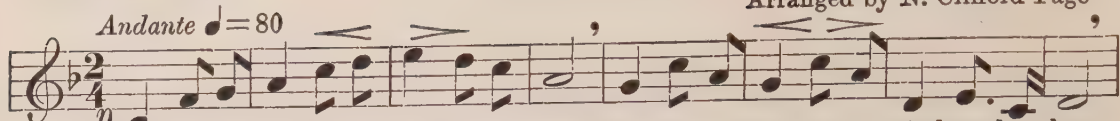


## Sailing Song

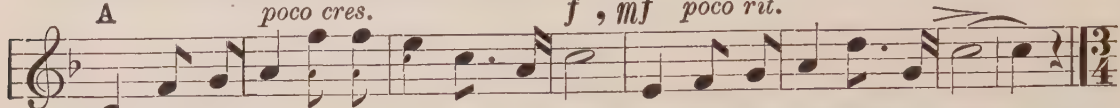
M. Louise Baum

Franz Lehar

Arranged by N. Clifford Page

*Andante* ♩ = 80

1. Sails are a-broad on a sil-ver-y sea, Flash-ing or fad-ing to windward or lee;  
 2. White lies the foam on their shimmering wake, See how they bow as the headland they make;

*A poco cres.**f, mf poco rit.*

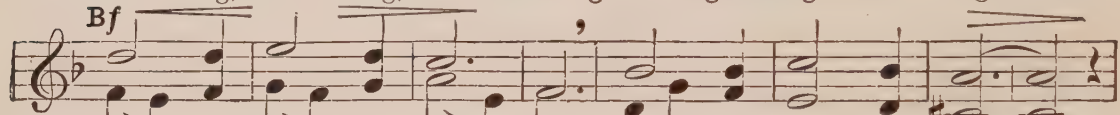
Now in the moonpath they darkle and gleam, Now they are gone like a dream.  
 Now it is homeward e'er dawn climbs the sky, Oh, star-ry o-cean, goodbye.

*Valse lente* ♩ = 63*marcato*

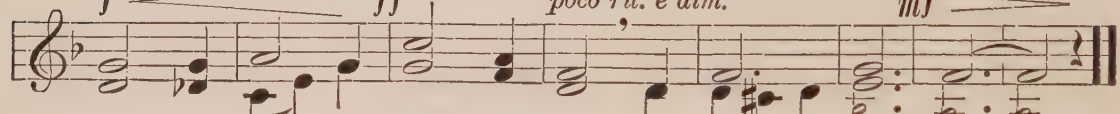
Sail-ing, sail-ing, swift-ly sail-ing, Com-rades, sing;  
 Sail-ing, sail-ing, swift-ly sail-ing, Laugh-ing light;



Dart-ing, dip-ping, Sea-ward slip-ping, Far a wing.  
 Hast-ing, slow-ing, Home-ward go-ing, Through the night.

*Bf*

Ah, through sheen and shad-ow, Star-ry clear or blue,  
 Winds may change or fresh-en, O'er the sil-ver foam,

*f ff poco rit. e dim.**mf*

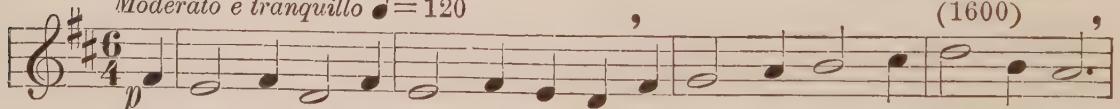
Boats o-bey a faith-ful helm And hearts are true.  
 Helms and hearts will heed the star That guides them home.

## In Leafy Nest

Cordelia Brooks Fenno

Old French Melody

(1600)

*Moderato e tranquillo* ♩ = 120

1. In leaf-y nest the bird is drow-sy, His eve-ning song is end-ing soon;  
 2. 'Tis time for birds and babes to slumber, So close thine eyes and nev-er fear;  
 3. Oh, thou, my joy, my heart's best treasure, Thy moth-er's love is ev-er near;



In the west, a thread of sil-ver, Shines the tender crescent moon.  
 Fragrant beezees gently whisper: Go to sleep, my dearest dear.  
 Sweetly sleep and wake at dawning, Rosy, happy, smiling, dear.



# The Miller of Tracadé

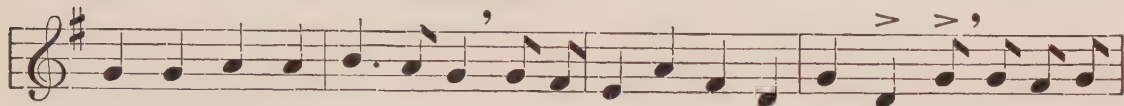
Sidney Rowe

Flemish Air

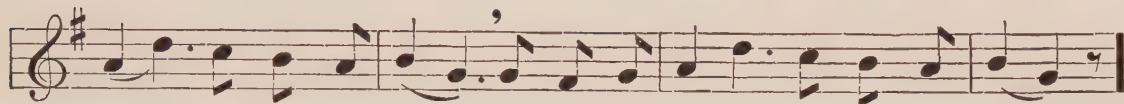
*Allegretto*  $\text{♩} = 84$



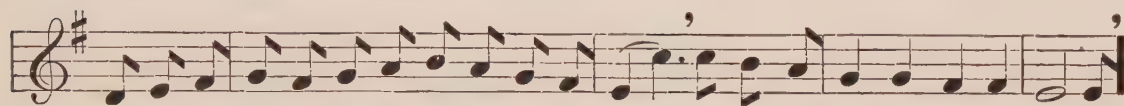
1. Once on a time a mil-ler dwelt On the riv-er Tra-ca-dé, Sing hey! And
2. At last a man went up and down, So the vil-lage folk do say, Sing hey! No



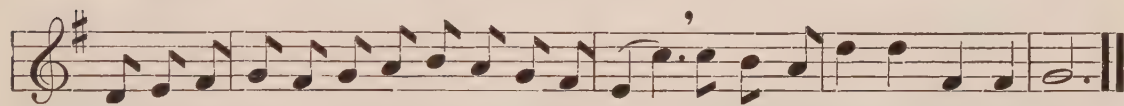
there he lived con-tent-ed-ly As he sang his round-e-lay; Sing hey! Tra-la-la-  
oth-er mil-ler could be found On the riv-er Tra-ca-dé! Sing hey! Tra-la-la-



lay, Tra-la-la-lay, . I'm ev-er hap-py, I'm ev-er gay,  
lay, Tra-la-la-lay, . And still he gai-ly pur-sued his way,



Oh there is not a mil-ler half so rich as I . Up-on the shores of Tra-ca-dé!



Oh there is not a mil-ler half so rich as I . Up-on the shores of Tra-ca-dé!

## Vesper Hymn

Thomas Moore

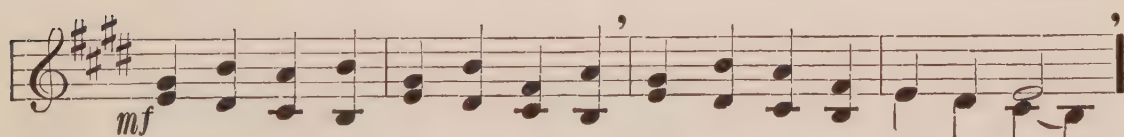
Russian Air

Adapted and Arr. by N. Clifford Page

*Allegretto*  $\text{♩} = 108$



1. Hark! the ves-per hymn is steal-ing O'er the wa-ters soft and clear,
2. Now like moonlight waves re-treat-ing, To the shore it dies a-long,
3. Once a-gain sweet voic-es ring-ing, Loud-er still the mu-sic swells.



Near-er yet and near-er peal-ing, Soft it breaks up-on the ear.  
Now like an-gry sur-ges meet-ing, Breaks the ming-led tide of song.  
While, on sum-mer breez-es wing-ing, Comes the chime of ves-per bells.



Ju-bi-la-te! Ju-bi-la-te! Ju-bi-la-te! A-men!

## The Vision

("Where there is no Vision, the People perish.")

## Thanksgiving Prayer

Cordelia Brooks Fenno  
Anon.

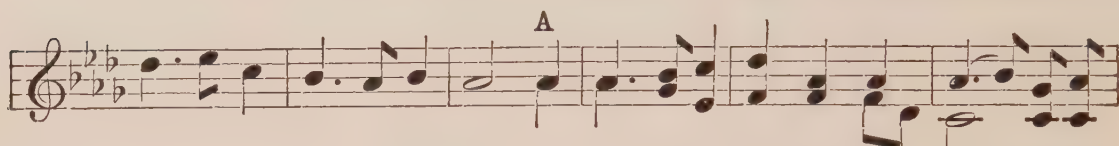
Netherlands Air

*Andante con moto* ♩ = 104



1. Great hearts that have bat-tled in a - ges be - hind us, For love of their
2. A her - it - age no - ble that bids us be wor - thy, Be brave and be
3. Oh, what shall we make it, this land of our fa - thers, This realm that ex -

1. We gath - er to - geth - er to ask the Lord's blessing, He chast - ens and
2. Be - side us to guide us, our God with us join - ing, Or - dain - ing, main -
3. We all do ex - tol Thee, Thou Lead - er in bat - tle, And pray that Thou



coun - try, for Jus - tice and Right, Be - held in a Vi - sion, a . Peo - ple tri -  
strong with the strength of the Truth; A task fit for he - roes, for . high - est en -  
pand - eth from sea un - to sea? Be ours the fair Vi - sion, the fair - er ful -

has - tens His will to make known; The wicked op - press - ing cease them from dis -  
tain - ing His king - dom di - vine, So from the be - gin - ning the . fight we were  
still our De - fend - er wilt be. Let Thy congre - ga - tion es - cape trib - u -



umph - ant, The shad - ows of dark Er - ror dis - pers'd by the Light.  
deav - or, A task for ev - 'ry one of us, maid - en and youth.  
fill - ment, A Na - tion shin - ing glo - ri - ous, might - y and free!

tress - ing, Sing prais - es to His name, He for - gets not His own.  
win - ning, Thou, Lord, wast at our side, Let the glo - ry be Thine!  
la - tion; Thy name be ev - er prais'd! and Thy peo - ple be free!

## Cuckoo, Welcome Your Song

From the German

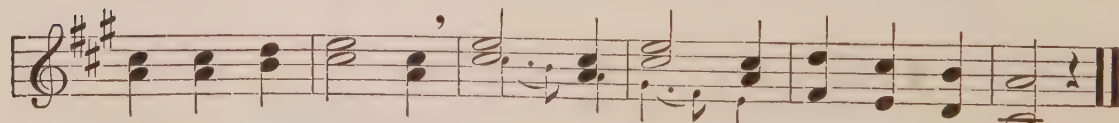
German Melody

Arranged by N. Clifford Page

*Allegretto* ♩ = 132



1. Cuck - oo, Cuck - oo, Wei - come your song! Win - ter is go - ing,
2. Cuck - oo, Cuck - oo, Loud your notes ring! Joy - ous - ly swell - ing,



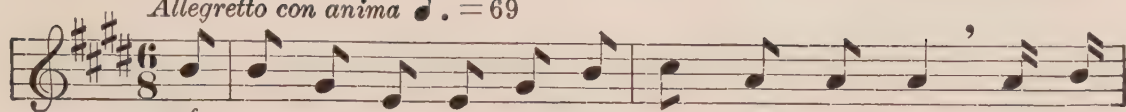
Soft breez - es blow - ing, Spring - time, spring - time soon will be here.  
Glad - ly fore - tell - ing, Spring - time, spring - time, beau - ti - ful spring!



## Dance Song

Sidney Rowe

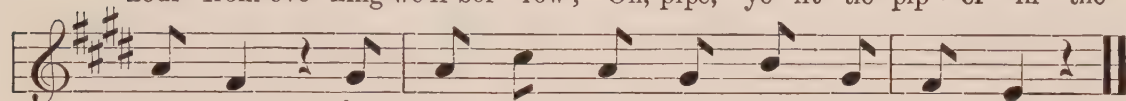
Danish Folk-Song

*Allegretto con anima* ♩. = 69*mf*

1. Come Hil - da, come O - laf, and Fre - da, come too, There is  
 2. Now bal - ance your part - ners and bal - ance a - gain, With a  
 3. Good - bye for to - day all our wea - ri - some toil, And an

*Lightly**p*

mu - sic play - ing so sweet - ly; Where pipes the lit - tle pip - er in the  
 laugh now set them a - spin - ning; Oh, pipe, ye lit - tle pip - er in the  
 hour from eve - ning we'll bor - row; Oh, pipe, ye lit - tle pip - er in the

*mf*

twi - light, We'll sing and we'll foot it so neat - ly.  
 twi - light! Our pleas - ure is on - ly be - gin - ning.  
 twi - light! We've noth - ing to do till to - mor - row.

## While Shepherds Watched

Traditional

Old Hampshire Christmas Hymn

*Lightly* ♩ = 80

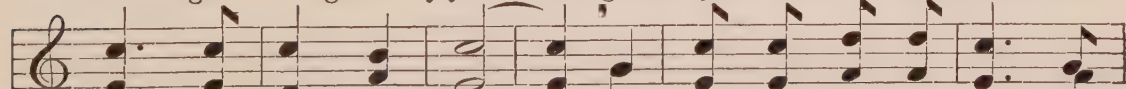
Arranged by David Stevens

*p*

1. While shep - herds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground, The  
 2. "Fear not," said he, for great dis - tress Had seized their trou - bled mind; "Good

*mf*

an - gel of the Lord came down And glo - ry shone a - round; And  
 tid - ings of great joy I bring To you and all man - kind; To



glo - ry shone a - round, . And glo - ry shone a - round, And  
 you and all man - kind, . To you and all man - kind, To



glo - ry shone a - round; The an - gel of the Lord came down And  
 you and all man - kind; Good tid - ings of great joy I bring To



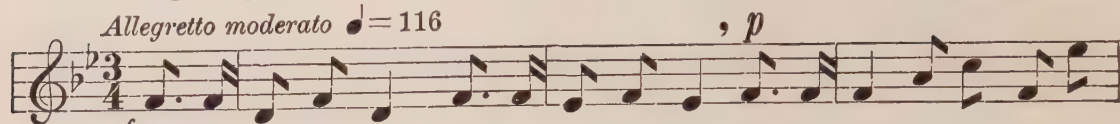
glo - ry shone a - round, And glo - ry shone a - round. .  
 you and all man - kind, To you and all man - kind. .

# On the Mountain Height

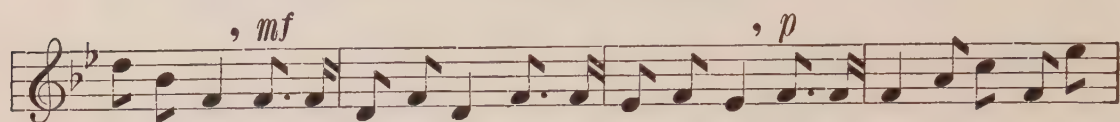
Words adapted by Sidney Rowe

Bavarian Yodel

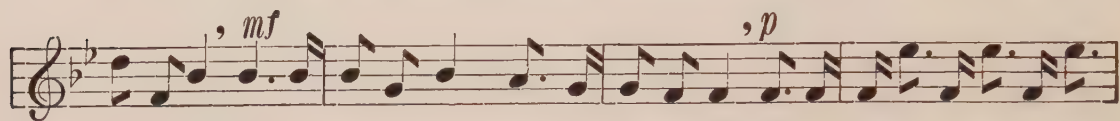
*Allegretto moderato* ♩ = 116



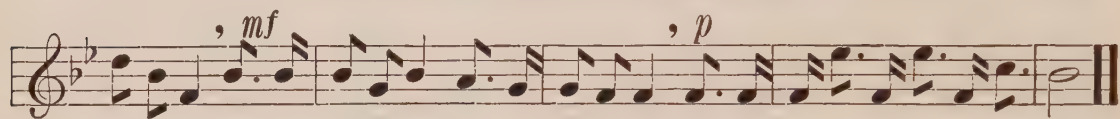
*mf*  
1. On the mountain height, Near a streamlet bright, U - li - o, U - li - o - e,  
2. On the mountain height, With the morning light, U - li - o, U - li - o - e,



*mf* *p*  
U - li - o! In a shad-y spot Stands a lit-tle cot, U - li - o, U - li - o - e,  
U - li - o! It is joy to be Where the winds blow free, U - li - o, U - li - o - e,



*mf* *p*  
U - li - o! In a garden there Bloom the ros-es fair, U - li - o - e, o - e, o - e,  
U - li - o! And when day-light ends And the night descends, U - li - o - e, o - e, o - e,



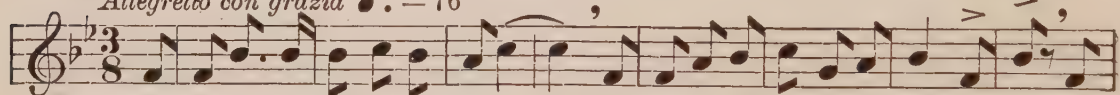
*mf* *p*  
U - li - o! And where'er I roam, That is still my home, U - li - o - e, o - e, o - e - o!  
U - li - o! Then we homeward go To the cot below, U - li - o - e, o - e, o - e - o!

## My Spanish Guitar

Words adapted by Stephen Fay

College Song

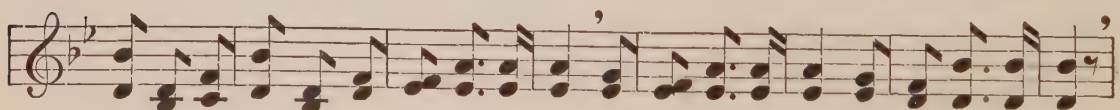
*Allegretto con grazia* ♩ = 76



1. If I were a student in Ca-diz, I'd play on the Spanish Guitar, La, la! I'd  
2. I'd sing when the moon shone in brightness, I'd sing to each far twinkling star, La, la! And



*mf* *p*  
learn what the best ser - e - nade is, And all the best tunes that there are, La, la!  
oh! with a del - i - cate light-ness, I'd twang on my Span - ish Gui - tar, La, la!



*mf* *p*  
Ring, ching, ching, Ring, ching, ching, Ring out, ye bells, Oh, ring out, ye bells, Oh, Ring out, ye bells!



*mf* *p*  
Ring, ching, ching, Ring, ching, ching, Ring out, ye bells, As I play on my Span - ish Gui - tar, La, la!





# Morning Prayer

Florence Hoare

P. I. Tschaikowsky, Op. 39, No. 1

*Andante non troppo* ♩ = 100



1. Day-light is steal-ing Down from a-bove, Low-ly we're kneeling, To  
2. Safe in Thy keep-ing, Safe there a-lone; Wak-ing or sleeping, The



ask for Thy love; Love that shall guide us Thro' all this fair day, What e'er be-  
hours are Thine own; Grant us to hold them A gift sent by Thee, Truth to en-



fold us, And wher-e'er we stray. For love to cheer our way, O Lord, we pray.  
fold them And sweet char-i-ty, That all this day may be A gift to Thee.

## Politeness

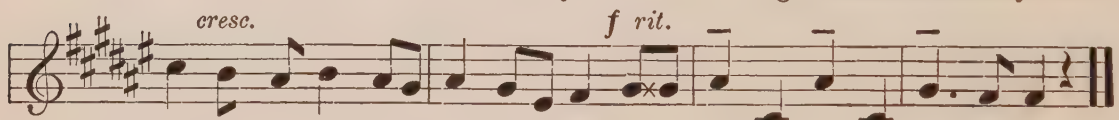
Old English

David Stevens

*Allegretto* ♩ = 138



Po-lite-ness is to do and say The kindest thing in the kind-est way; And



he that would live in peace and rest, Must hear and see and say the best.

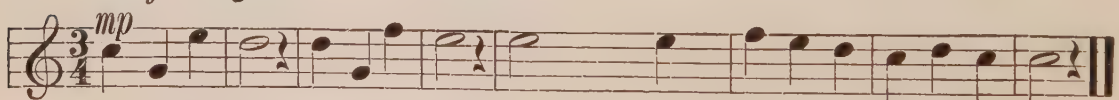
## Spring Morn

Harvey Worthington Loomis

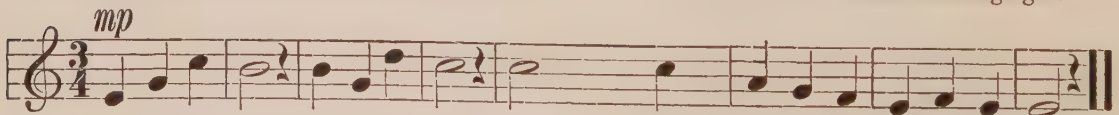
Round

Fr. Silcher

*Allegretto* ♩ = 52



I. Fled, the dark night; Cloudships all white Sail a-loft in the new morning light.



II. Birds on the wing Flutter and sing; Sweet and ten-der the mes-sage they bring.



III. Flow'rets ap-pear, Riv-u-lets clear Rip-ple in-to mer-ry laugh-ter, For Spring is here.



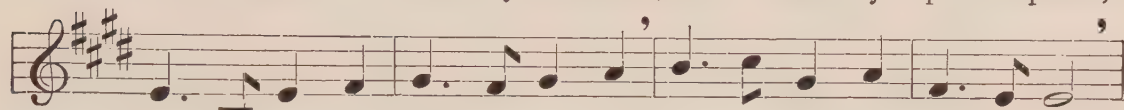
# The Country's Call

Thompson

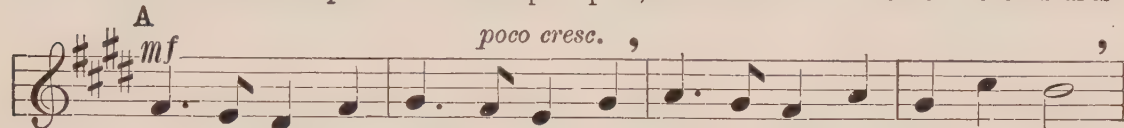
M. Teresa Armitage

*Maestoso* ♩ = 108

Give me men to match my moun-tains, Men to match my up - land plains;



Men with em-pires in their pur-pose, Men with e - ras in their brains.



Give me men to match my prai - ries, Men to match my in - land seas,



Men whose thoughts shall pave a path-way Up to am-pler des - ti - nies.

## Morning Thanks

John Pierpont

Westphalian Tune

*Con moto* ♩ = 92

1. O God, I thank Thee that the night In peace and rest hath passed a - way,
2. Be Thou my Guide and let me live As un-der Thine all - see - ing eye;



And that I see in this fair light My Fa-ther's smile that makes it day.  
 For Thou each day my bread dost give, And Thou wilt all . my wants sup-ply.

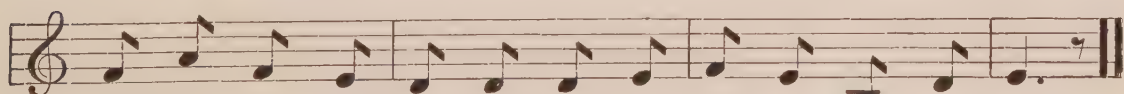
## Japanese Lullaby

David Stevens

Japanese Melody

*Andante* ♩ = 80

1. Sleep, my babe, the skies un - fold And fair - ies wait for thee With
2. Thou shalt see in Fair - y - land Bright but - ter - flies a - wing, And
3. When the sun, with crim - son flood, Shall paint the Sil - ver Sea, Sail



lit - tle dreams of blue and gold, A - cross the Sil - ver Sea.  
 on a beach of su - gar - sand, Are pret - ty shells that sing.  
 home a - gain, my cher - ry - bud, And show thy dreams to me.

# Trippole, Trappole

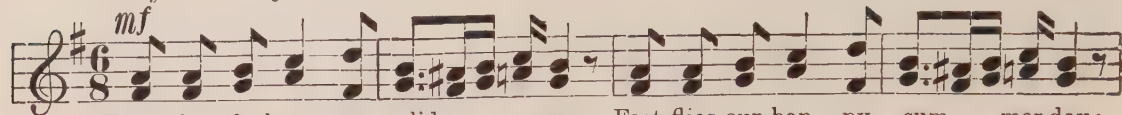
Cordelia Brooks Fenno

BARCAROLA

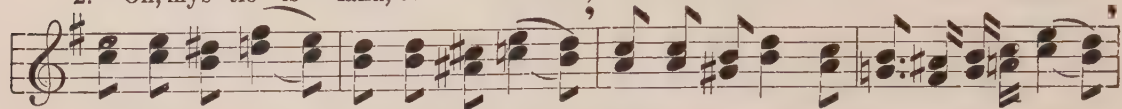
Italian popular Song

*Allegretto con grazia* ♩ = 152

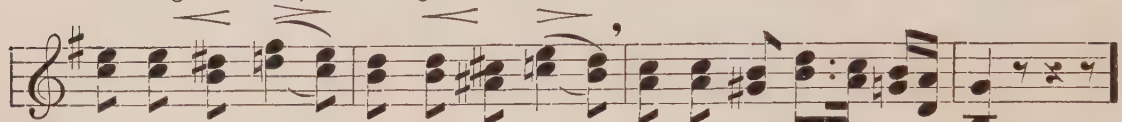
(of Spanish origin)



1. Borne by the breeze we glide . a way, Fast flies our hap - py sum - mer day;  
 2. Oh, mys - tic is - land, ev - er blest, Isle where the cur - lew makes her nest.

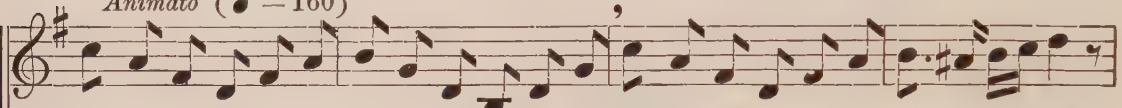


Sing-ing we go, . Blow, breez-es, blow, Swift to the shore where summer flowers grow.  
 Sail-ing to thee, Hearts light and free, Hith-er we come, oh, jew-el of the sea.

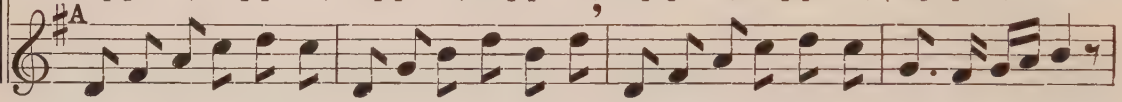


Fast flies the day, . Bear us a - way, Blow, gen-tle breez - es, blow!  
 Isle of the blest, Isle of the west, Gai - ly we sail to thee!

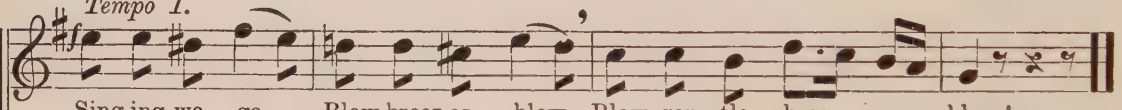
**A** *Animato* (♩ = 160)



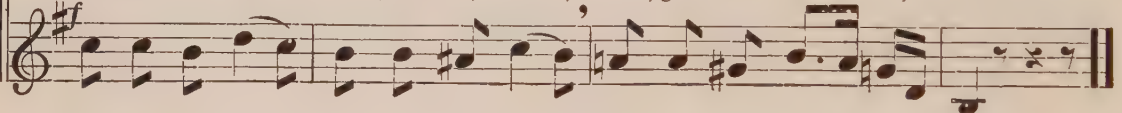
Trip-po - le, trap-po - le, trip-po - le, trap-po - le, trip-po - le, trap-po - le, trip-po - le, tra!



*Tempo 1.*



Sing-ing we go, . Blow, breez-es, blow, Blow, gen - tle breez - es, blow!



## The Poet

David Stevens

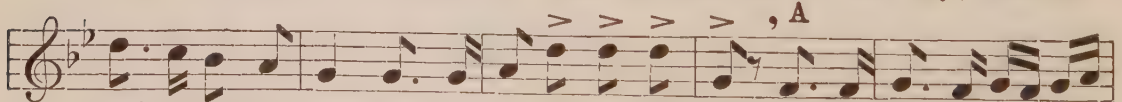
Greek Folk-Song

*Allegretto* ♩ = 88

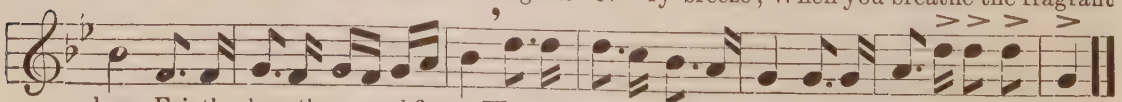
Ascribed to A. Christopulos



1. Gen - tle Po - et, come with me Where the lark is sing-ing free; He will  
 2. All the books are dull and dry, Come and read the o - pen sky; There are



teach a gay - er song, Gen - tle Po - et, come a - long! For your verse is grow - ing  
 vers - es in the trees, There's a song on ev - 'ry breeze; When you breathe the fragrant



lame, Faintly glows the sa - cred flame; We will rhyme you better far, Singing tra - la - la - la . la!  
 air You will know that life is fair. Poet, come where poems are, Singing tra - la - la - la . la!



## Boating Song

Stephen Fay

Italian Folk-Song

Arranged by N. Clifford Page

With easy swaying motion  $\text{♩} = 72$ *mf*

1. Row, com - rades, row, while the sum - mer night is young;  
 2. Row, com - rades, row, for our jour - ney's near - ly done,



Glide o'er the whis - per - ing bay, Laugh - ing the mo - ments a - way.  
 Home - lights are bright - ly a - glow, Haste, now, as home - ward we go.



Out on the wa - ter a shin - ing path is flung,  
 Row, com - rades, row, ev - 'ry heart and hand as one;



Lit by the moon's sil - ver beam, The star - light's ten - der gleam.  
 Friend help - ing friend at the oar Brings ev - 'ry boat to shore.

## Tic-e-tic-e-toc

M. Louise Baum

Italian Folk Song

*Allegro*  $\text{♩} = 144$ 

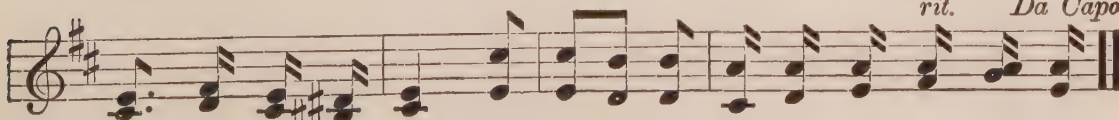
1. Tic - - tic-e - toc, my zith - er is ring - ing, Tic - e - tic - e - toc, sweet music sing - ing,  
 2. Tic - e - tic-e - toc, now forth we are far - ing, Tic - e - tic - e - toc, no sor - row wear - ing,



No, no, no, no, no, the world may pass by, Friends for - ev - er my zith - er and I.  
 No, no, no, no, no, 'tis fol - ly to sigh, Live for mu - sic, my zith - er and I.



Tra la la la la la la . . la la . . la



Tra la la la la la la . . la tic tic tic tic tic tic.

## Let Dread War Cease

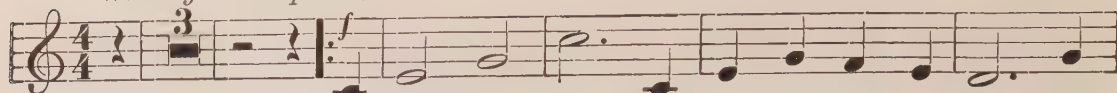
## Song of Peace

Frederick H. Martens

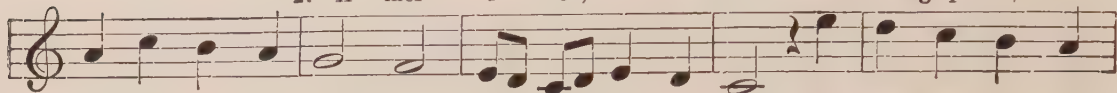
Agnes C. Heath

From "Scipio"

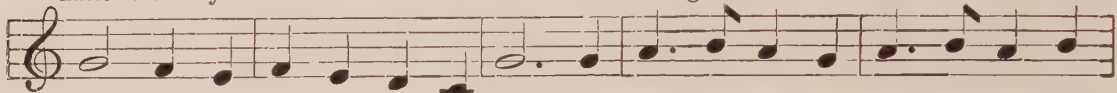
George Frederick Händel

*With vigor and spirit* ♩ = 116

1. Let dread war cease, No more a world in arms The  
 2. A - way with sword, With bat - tle flag and gun! Be  
 1. Hu - man - i - ty, — This be our clar - ion call; Our  
 2. A - mer - i - ca, Ful - fil a last - ing peace; God



calm of bless - ed peace Break down with wild a - larms! No more let roll of  
 "Peace" our ral - lying word! Let war's red race be run! The broth - er - hood of  
 watch - word, bless - ed peace, The her - it - age of all. The broth - er - hood of  
 haste the day when men Shall from their war - ring cease. A - rise, a - rise, O



drum Nor the tramp of war - rior host, That takes its way to smite and slay, Of  
 man Shall in ev - 'ry heart and soul U - surp the thirst of greed ac - curst, Am -  
 man, Reach - ing all the wide world round, De - mands our u - ni - ty, our love; Our  
 na - tions! Look up and see the light, — The dawn - ing of a glo - rious day, The



rage and ha - tred boast! But let the na - tions band - ed, In un - ion be re -  
 bi - tions san - guine goal! In Truth's fra - ter - nal un - ion Let man - kind be re -  
 hearts in one are bound. Let na - tions all u - nit - ed As broth - ers stand re -  
 fel - low - ship of right. With God's fra - ter - nal bless - ing Let world - wide peace be



veal'd, The torch of war be tram - pled Up - on . the bat - tle - field!  
 veal'd; The Dove of Peace our em - blem, The pow'r of love our shield.  
 seal'd; The Dove of Peace our em - blem, The pow'r of love our shield.

Traditional

## The Keel Row

Northumbrian Melody

*Allegretto* ♩ = 126

1. As I . . came thro' Sand - gate, Thro' Sand - gate, thro' Sand - gate, As  
 2. He wears a blue bon - net, Blue bon - net, blue bon - net, He



I . . came thro' Sand - gate, I heard a las - sie sing: "Oh,  
 wears a blue bon - net, A dim - ple in his chin. "Oh,



weel may the keel row, The keel row, the keel row, Oh,



weel may the keel row That my . lad - die's in."



## Old English

## Maypole Dance

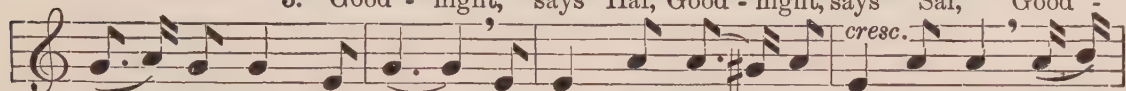
## English Folk-Song

*Allegretto giocoso* ♩. = 92

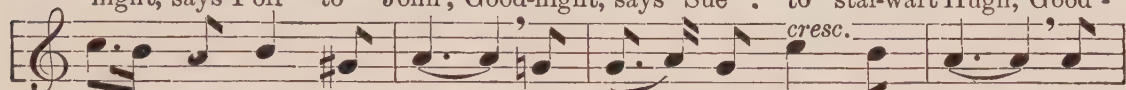
17th Century



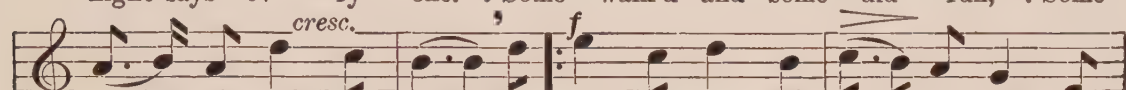
1. Come, las - sie and lad, Be blithe and glad, And a -
2. You're out, . says Dick, Not I, . says Nick, 'Twas the
3. Good - night, says Hal, Good - night, says Sal, Good -



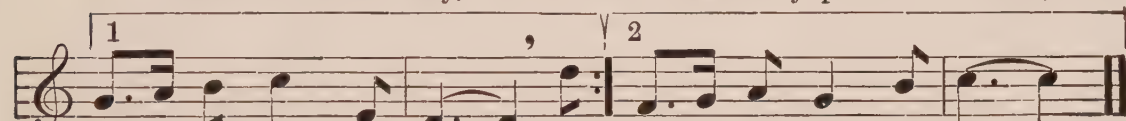
way to the May - pole hie, . For ev - 'ry fair has a part - ner there, And the  
fid - dler play'd it wrong; 'Tis true, says Hugh, and so says Sue, And  
night, says Poll to John; Good-night, says Sue . to stal-wart Hugh, Good -



fid - dler's stand - ing by; . For Wil - ly shall dance with Jane, . And  
so . says ev - 'ry one; . The fid - dler then be - gan . To  
night says ev - 'ry one. . Some walk'd and some did run, . Some



John - ny shall dance with Joan, And trip it, trip it, trip . it, trip it,  
play . the tune a - gain, And ev - 'ry girl did trip . it, trip it,  
loi - ter'd on the way, And bound them-selves by prom-is-es twelve, To



1  
Trip . it up and down, . And Trip . it up and down. .  
Trip . it to the men, . And Trip . it to the men. .  
meet . next hol - i - day, . And meet . next hol - i - day. .

David Stevens

## Roses Bloom Instead

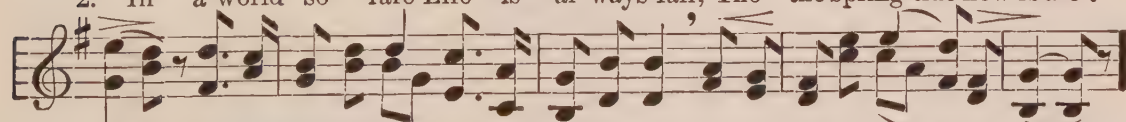
German Folk-Song

*Moderato* ♩ = 88

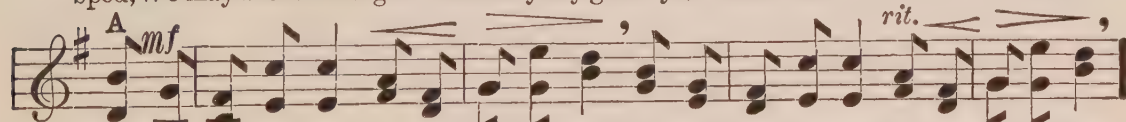
Arranged by J. Remington



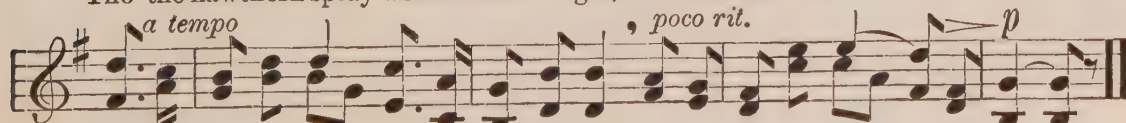
1. In a gar - den neat Sang a maid - en sweet: Oh, the ver - nal days are .
2. In a world so rare Life is al - ways fair, Tho' the spring - tide flow'rs are .



fled, And the flow'rs of May All are gone a-way But the ros - es bloom in - stead.  
sped, We may breathe a sigh When they say goodbye, But the ros - es bloom in - stead.



Tho' the hawthorn spray we can ne'er for - get, Tho' the heart be true to the vi - o - let,



Nev - er waste a tear nor a vain re - gret, For the ros - es bloom in - stead.

## Dance Song

Frederick H. Martens

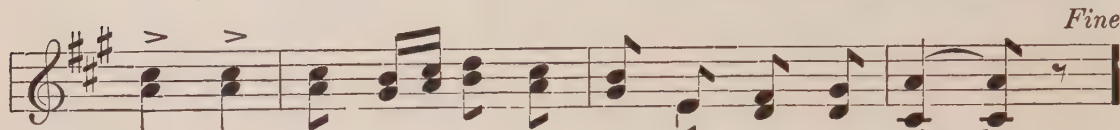
Swabian Folk-Song

*Allegretto moderato* ♩ = 104

Arranged by J. Remington



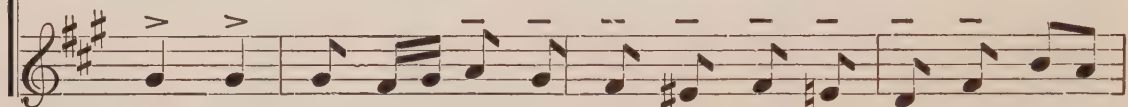
1. One, two, here's our chance To swing in - to the mer - ry dance ;  
 3. One, two, don't de - lay, Oh, don't you hear the fid - dles play?



- One, two, come be gay The while the fid - dles play. .  
 One, two, while they sound, Come dance an - oth - er round. .



2. Ah! . . . . .



2. One, two, foe to care, There's naught with danc - ing can com - pare ;



- Ah! . . . . . Oh! join the dan - cers' ring! .

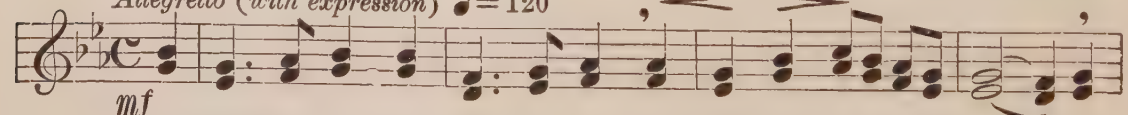


- One, two, with me swing, Oh! join the dan - cers' ring!

## Friendship

Frederick H. Martens

German Folk-Song

*Allegretto (with expression)* ♩ = 120

1. Oh, friendship is a pre - cious thing, In worth all else a - bove ; Be  
 2. If friendship round your heart would twine, Ah, turn it not a - way, Lest



- yond the wealth of prince or king, But free to kind - ly love. .  
 you should lose a gift di - vine, And lose that gift for aye. .



# Reuben Ranzo

*Moderato* ♩ = 80

(Hauling Chanty)



1. Oh, pit - y Reu - ben Ran - zo, Oh,
2. Oh, Reu - ben was no sail - or, Oh,
3. The mate he was a good man, Ran - zo, boys, a Ran - zo! The
4. He taught him nav - i - ga - tion, He
5. Now Reu - ben is a cap - tain, Now



- pit - y Reu - ben Ran - zo,  
 Reu - ben was no sail - or,  
 mate he was a good man, Ran - zo, boys, a Ran - zo!  
 taught him nav - i - ga - tion,  
 Reu - ben is a cap - tain,

## Our Native Song

Text adapted by Henry Snow

A. G. Methfessel

*Allegretto* ♩ = 132



1. With heart and voice in one ac - cord, Our hymn of free - dom sing - ing, Oh,
2. Of thee we sing, A - mer - i - ca, Thou land of faith un - dy - ing, We
3. To thee, dear land, we ded - i - cate Our hearts, our hands, for - ev - er; No



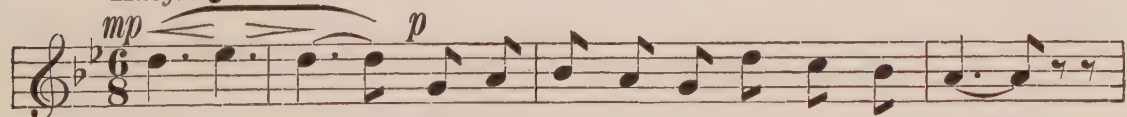
- let our fa - thers' na - tive song Set wood - land ech - oes ring - ing.  
 lift the voice and val - leys ring In joy - ous song re - ply - ing.  
 storm nor stress shall e'er pre - vail Our Un - ion to dis - sev - er.

## The Mosquito's Serenade

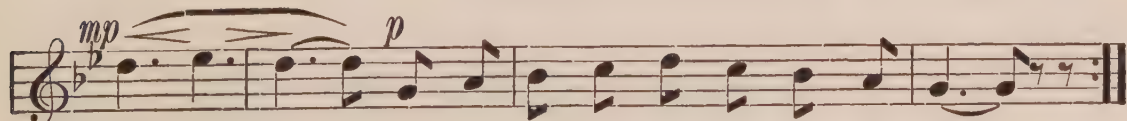
Harvey Worthington Loomis

Harvey Worthington Loomis

*Allegro* ♩ = 88



1. Izz . . . . . The mos - qui - to is sing - ing, O hark!
2. Izz . . . . . He has spec - ta - cles made for the night,



- Izz . . . . . But he likes to per - form in the dark.  
 Izz . . . . . So he's a - ble to see where to bite.

# Morris Dance

Traditional

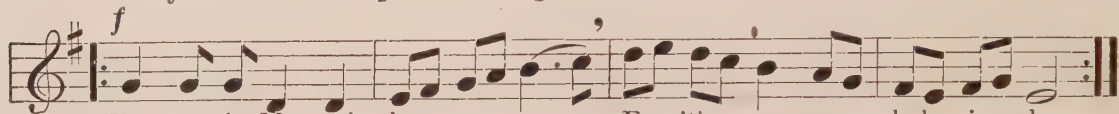
Morris Dance, 16th Century

*Allegro* ♩ = 144

1. Come, ye young men, haste a - long With your mu - sic, dance and song,
2. 'Tis the choice time of the year, For the vio - lets now ap - pear;
3. When you thus have spent your time, And the day is past its prime,



Bring your las - sies in your hands, For 'tis that which spring com - mands.  
 Now the rose re - ceives its birth, And the prim - rose decks the earth.  
 To your beds re - pair at night, There to dream of day's de - light.



Then to the May - pole haste a - way, For 'tis now a hol - i - day.

## Robin Hood

Leonard McNally

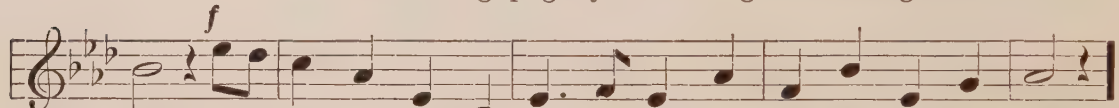
William Shield

*Allegro* ♩ = 144 *mf*

Arranged by David Stevens

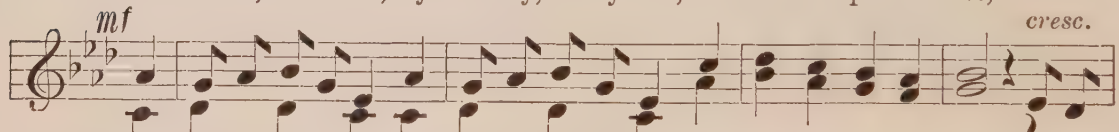


1. Let's seek the bow'r of Rob - in Hood, This is his bri - dal
2. Then danc - ing sprightly on the green, Each lightfoot lad and



day, And cheer - ful - ly in blithe Sherwood, Bridemaids and Bridemen play.  
 lass Shall sing a song for Rob - in's queen, As swift the mo - ments pass.

Then fol - low, fol - low me, my bon - ny, bon - ny lads, And we'll the pas - time see,



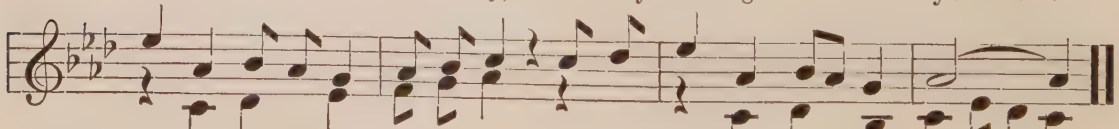
Then fol - low me, my bon - ny lads, And we'll the pastime see, For the  
 sweet bells ring, . . . . . And they



min - strels sing and the

Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong;  
*poco rit.*

feast right mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, And they feast right mer - ri - ly! . . .



They feast right mer - ri - ly,

They feast right mer - ri - ly!



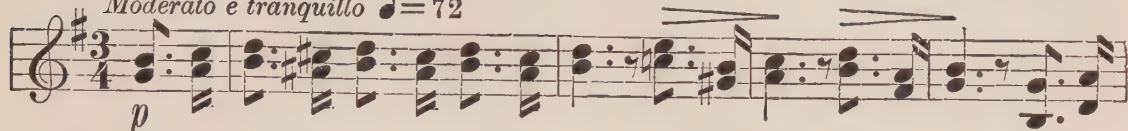
# Fleecy Clouds

Frederick H. Martens

Minuet in G  
Violin ad lib.

Ludwig van Beethoven  
Arranged by Glen Carle

*Moderato e tranquillo* ♩ = 72



Fleec - y clouds are drift-ing slow-ly by, Thro' the sky, Blue on high, Sil-ver



ar-go-sies of dreams that swim To vague ports be-yond ho-ri-zons dim.



Ye ships of the air, What . is it ye bear? Fleec-y



clouds that drift so soft-ly by Thro' the sky, Blue on high.

## Wait for the Wagon

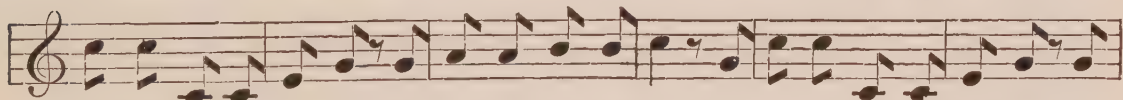
R. B. Buckley

R. B. Buckley

*Allegretto* ♩ = 108



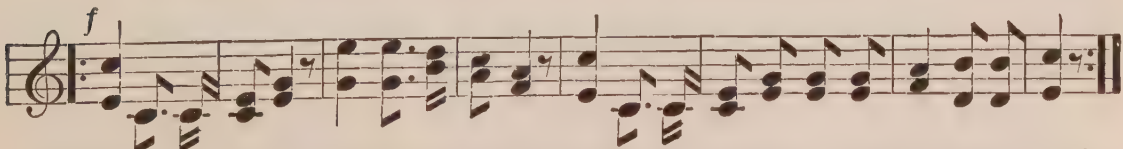
1. Will you come with me, my Phyl-lis, To yon blue moun-tain free? Where  
2. Where the riv-er runs like sil-ver, And birds they sing so sweet, I



blossom smell the sweetest, Come rove a-long with me. It's ev-ry Sun-day morning, When  
have a cab-in, Phyl-lis, And something good to eat. Come lis-ten to my sto-ry, It



I am by your side, We'll jump in - to the wa-gon, And all take a ride.  
will re-lieve my heart, So jump in - to the wa-gon, And off we will start!



Wait for the wa-gon, Wait for the wa-gon, Wait for the wa-gon and we'll all take a ride!

## The Ash Grove

Old Welsh Air

*Moderato* ♩ = 126

1. The sun smiles in beau - ty, O'er moun - tain and riv - er, The  
 2. The white haw - thorn, bloom - ing, The mead - ows per - fum - ing, The



leaves faint - ly quiv - er In morn - ing's soft breeze,  
 prim - rose and vio - let, How dear to my sight!



Where stream - lets me - an - der, I care - less - ly wan - der, And  
 The lil - y . and blue - bell, So grace - ful - ly droop - ing, The



list to the song birds And wild humming bees. Oh! I am not lone - ly, With  
 hedge rose and woodbine, How fragrant and bright! 'Mid these, from the cold world, From



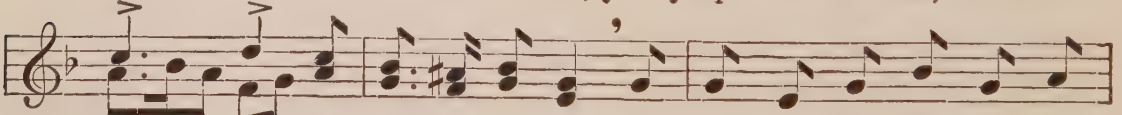
na - ture com - mun - ing, I love the rich blos - soms, The tall wav - ing trees.  
 tur - moil re - treat - ing, The heart then, is . beat - ing With pure - est de - light.

## Chanty

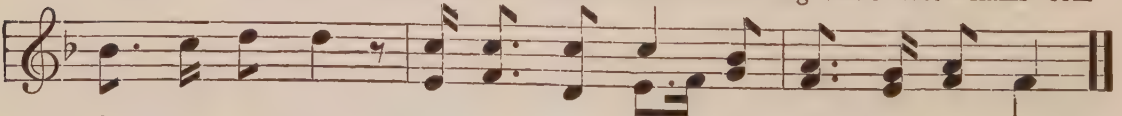
Sailor Song

*With swinging motion* ♩ . = 72

1. Come all ye young fel - lows that fol - low the sea, With a  
 2. On board the Black Ball - er I first served my time, With a  
 3. There were tin - kers and tai - lors and sol - diers and all, With a  
 4. 'Tis lar - board and star - board, you jump to the call, With a



yeo . . ho! we'll blow the men down! And please pay at - ten - tion and  
 yeo . . ho! we'll blow the men down! And in the Black Ball - er I  
 yeo . . ho! we'll blow the men down! That shipped for good sea - men on  
 yeo . . ho! we'll blow the men down! When "Kick - ing Jack Wil - liams" com -



lis - ten to me, Give us some time to blow the men down!  
 was - ted my time, Give us some time to blow the men down!  
 board the Black Ball, Give us some time to blow the men down!  
 mands the Black Ball, Give us some time to blow the men down!



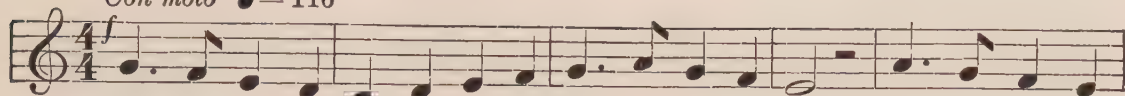
# Land of All the Heart's Devotion

Text adapted by Sidney Rowe

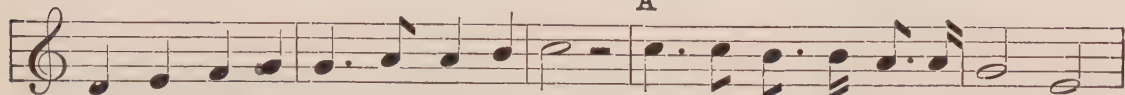
Norwegian Patriotic Song

Rikard Nordraak

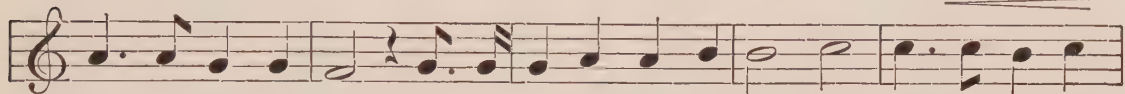
*Con moto* ♩ = 116



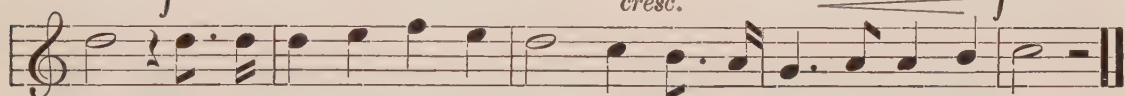
1. Land of all the heart's de-vo-tion, Home of loy-al love, Watch-ing o'er the
2. While the hills and green ex-pan-ses Ring with Harold's name, Ha-kon's migh-ty



storm-swept o-cean From thy place a-bove. All thy he-roessung in sto-ry,  
shade ad-van-ces, Crown'd with deeds of fame. Turn a-gain the glorious pag-es,



Ev-'ry heart re-veres; Come to us from realms of glo-ry, Dreams of an-cient  
Read of O-laf brave, While the sa-ga of the a-ges Sounds from hill to



years, Come to us from realms of glo-ry, Dreams of no-ble, an-cient years.  
wave, While the sa-ga of the a-ges Sounds from hill to crest-ed wave.

## A Cuckoo Call

*Allegro* ♩ = 108

(Round)

Text and Music by H. W. Loomis



Oh, ev-'ry sleep-er wak-en! The sun is in the sky. Come, rise, come, rise, And



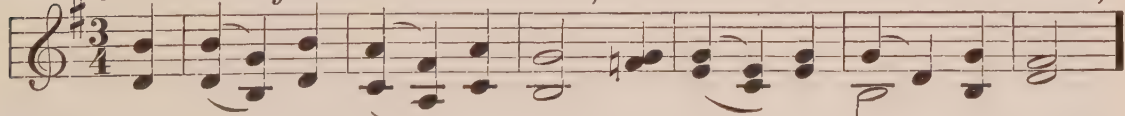
hear the cuck-oo cry. Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo! Wake up! Be spry!

## How Gentle God's Commands

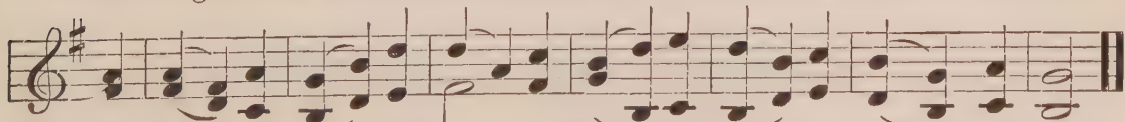
P. Doddridge

J. G. Nageli

*Moderato con grazia* ♩ = 108



1. How gen-tle God's com-mands, How kind His pre-cepts are!
2. Be-neath His watch-ful eye His saints se-secure-ly dwell:
3. His good-ness stands ap-proved, Un-chang'd from day to-day;

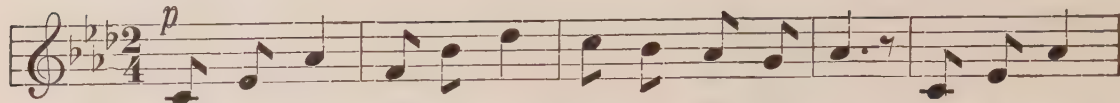


Come cast your bur-dens on the Lord, And trust His con-stant care.  
That Hand which bears cre-a-tion up. Shall guard His chil-dren well.  
I'll drop my bur-den at His feet, And bear a song a-way.

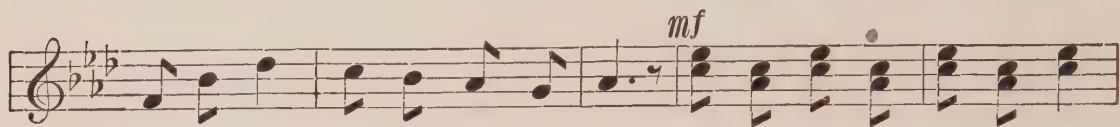
## Thistledown Dance

Cordelia Brooks Fenno

Bohemian Folk-Tune

*Allegro* ♩ = 116

1. This - tle-down, light as air, Sport of ev - 'ry breeze, Blow-ing here,
2. This - tle hears, This-tle nears, This-tle floats a - way; This-tle comes,
3. Quick they dash, in a flash, Cir-cling This-tle fast, Form a ring



blow-ing there, Un der-neath the trees. In our dance so light and gay,  
set-tles down Near the group at play; Wel-come, wel-come, This-tle -down,  
as they sing: "You are caught at last!" This-tle, soft-ly rest-ing there,

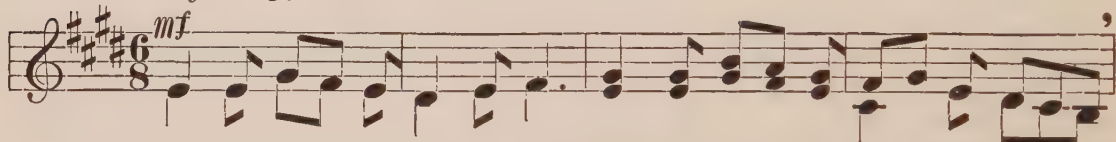


You will sure-ly come our way, This-tle-down, light as air, Sport of ev - 'ry breeze.  
In your white and fluf-fy gown; This-tle-down, light as air, Join our dance to-day!  
Feels a sud-den puff of air, Ris-es high in the sky, And their fun is past.

## The Country Pedler

M. G. Gillington

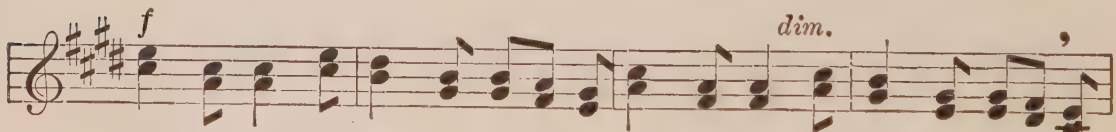
Old English Air

*Allegretto* ♩ = 96

1. I went up . to Lon-don town, There my for - tune for . to try, .
2. Lon-don dames, as I was told, Mic - kle mon - ey have to spend,



But eft - soon's full sore cast down, Sad . of heart was I .  
They on trin - kets man - i - fold, Greed - y eyes do bend.



All in vain my wares I cried, But none there would heed or care; My  
But they spurn'd my coun-try pack, And loud they gibed and jeer'd me there, And



lace and rib-bons no man eyed Nor buck-les a farth-ing a pair. .  
bid me to my vil - lage back, With buckles a farth-ing a pair. .



# Poland Fair

Adapted by Sidney Rowe

*Allegretto* ♩ = 116

A. Sowinski

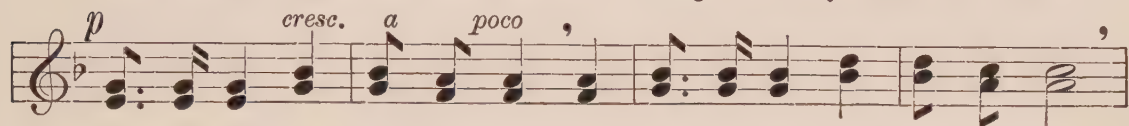
Arranged by Bertha Remick



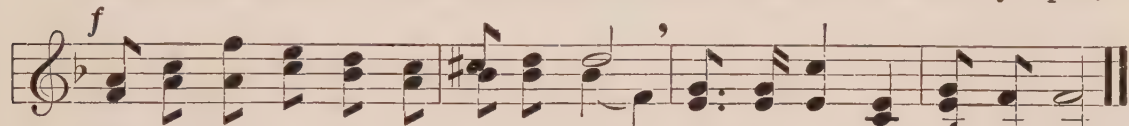
1. Po - land fair, thou bright and love - ly land, Ne'er to be for - sak - en;
2. Po - land fair, for thee our voic - es ring, Naught thy ties shall sev - er;



Loy - al sons o - bey thy proud com - mand: Ev - 'ry soul a - wak - en!  
While thy sons have heart and hand to bring, Thine they are for - ev - er.



Sa - cred land, we love thee well, Our hearts u - nite be - neath thy spell;



Take, O Coun - try, all thy sons can give, Po - land fair, thy name shall live!

## The Auld Scotch Songs

Rev. Dr. Bethune

J. F. Leeson

*Moderato* ♩ = 96



1. Oh, sing to me the auld Scotch songs, In the braid auld Scottish tongue; The
- 2 Sing o - ny o' the auld Scotch songs, The blithesome or the sad; They



sangs my fa - ther loved to hear, The sangs my mither sung, When she sat be - side my  
mak' me smile when I am wae, And greet when I am glad. My heart gaes back to



cra - die, Or . lulled me on her knee, And I wad - na sleep, she sang so sweet The  
Scotland, The . saut tear dims my e'e, And the Scotch blood leaps in a' my veins, As ye



auld Scotch sangs to me, And I wad - na sleep, she sang so sweet The auld Scotch sangs to me.  
sing the sangs to me, And the Scotch blood leaps in a' my veins, As ye sing the sangs to me.

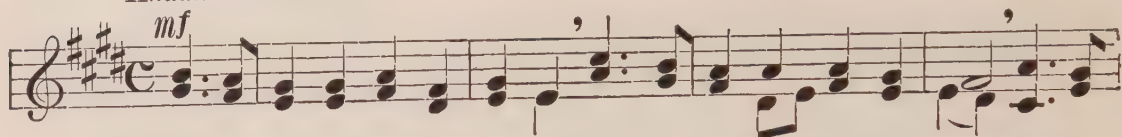
## The Seasons

Frederick H. Martens

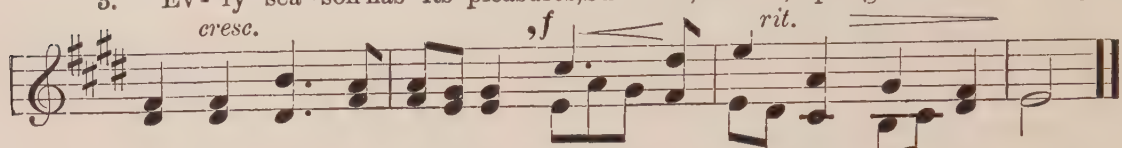
*Andante con moto* ♩ = 104

J. F. Reichardt (1752-1814)

Arranged by N. Clifford Page



1. Spring's the time of blossom-show-er, Song of birds and dai-sied lea; Summer
2. Autumn yields its harvest glowing, Red and gold on bough and vine; O'er the
3. Ev-'ry sea-son has its pleasures, Sum-mer, Winter, Spring and Fall; Ev-'ry



smiles on leaf-y bow-er, Bloom-ing rose and ver-dured tree.  
 snows of win-ter grow-ing, Christ-mas hol-ly ber-ries shine.  
 sea-son metes and meas-ures Fair and va-ried joys to all.

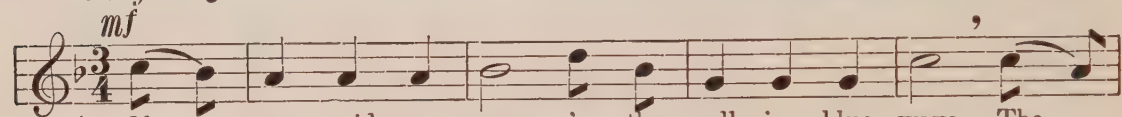
## Trancadillo

Caroline Gilman

*Allegretto* ♩ = 138

Francis H. Brown

Arranged by J. Remington

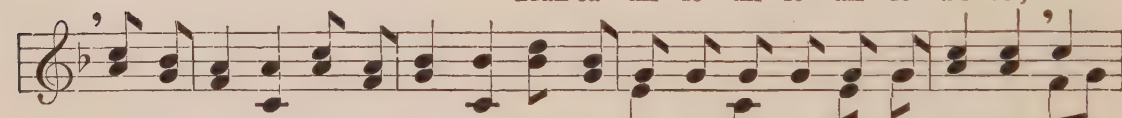


1. Oh . come, maid - ens, come, o'er the roll - ing blue wave, The .
2. Wake the cho - rus and song and our oars shall keep time, While our
3. See the helms-man look forth to yon bea - con - lit isle, So we
4. And . when on life's o - cean we turn our slight prow, May the

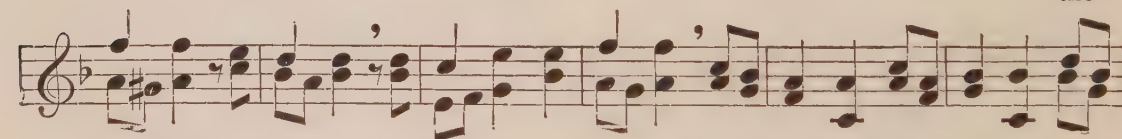


love - ly should still be the care of the brave.  
 hearts gen - tly beat to the mu - sic - al chime.  
 shape our heart's course by the light of your smile.  
 light - house of hope beam like thee on us now.

Tran-ca - dil - lo - dil - lo - dil - lo - dil - lo ,



Tran-ca - dil - lo, Tran-ca - dil - lo, Tran-ca - dil . lo, Tran-ca - dil - lo; With  
 the



moonlight and star-light we'll bound o'er the billow. Bright billow, Gay bil - low, the

bil-low, bil-low, bil-low, bil - low ; ,



bil - low, bil-low, billow ; With moon-light and star-light we'll bound o'er the billow



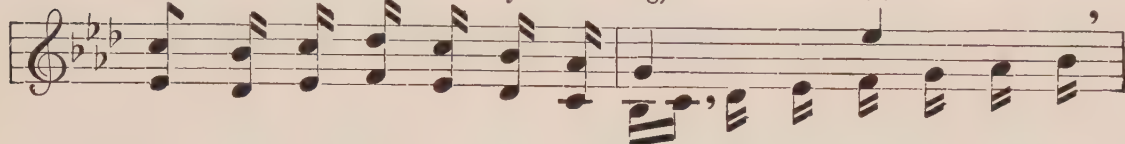
## On the Ling

David Stevens

French Folk-Song

*Moderato* ♩ = 84

1. Come a - way, the mor - ris - bells are light - ly tink - ling,  
 2. Hap - py is the heart in bon - ny sum - mer weath - er,  
 Come! we will dance up - on the ling, O!  
 Glad is the mel - o - dy we sing, O!



Come! we will dance up - on the ling, we will dance up - on the  
 Glad is the mel - o - dy we sing, glad the mel - o - dy we

Up a - bove the sil - ver stars are bright - ly twink - ling,  
 Hur - ry, we will trip and skip it all to - geth - er,



ling!  
 sing! sil - ver stars are bright - ly twink - ling,  
 trip and skip it all to - geth - er,

Dance! now, for Time is on the wing! . . . . .  
 Come! we will dance up - on the ling! . . . . .



Dance! now, for Time is on the wing, is on the wing!  
 Come! we will dance up - on the ling, up - on the ling!

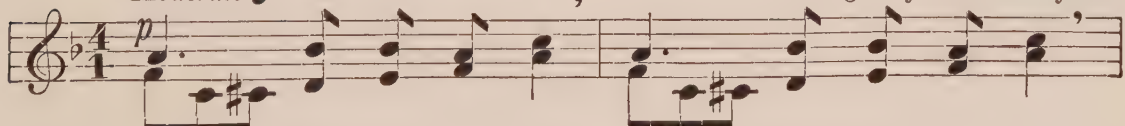
## O'er the Silv'ry Bay

Stephen Fay

Dalmatian Folk-Song

*Moderato* ♩ = 84

Arranged by Herbert Toyes



1. O'er . . the sil - v'ry bay Com - rades, sail a - way,  
 2. 'Neath . her lu - cent beam Gen - tly float and dream,



Borne by breez - es . sweet - ly blow - ing; In . . . the pur - ple sky,  
 Dream of hours that know not sor - row; Scenes . . of yes - ter - day

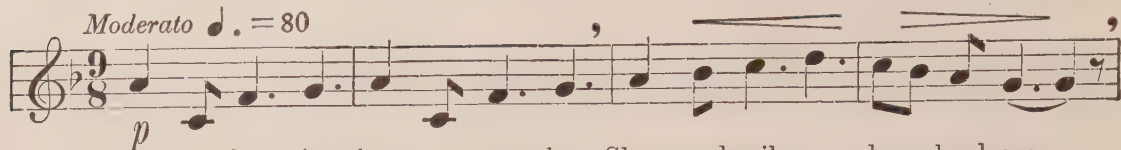


Proud - ly float - ing high, Soon will Lu - na fair be show - ing.  
 Swift - ly fade a - way, Dream of joys that come to - mor - row.

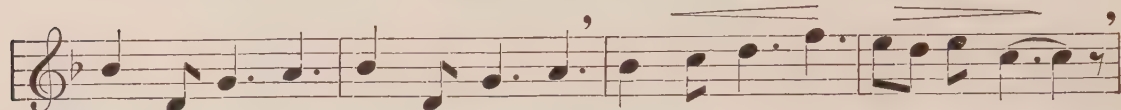
## Sleep, My Dearie

M. Teresa Armitage

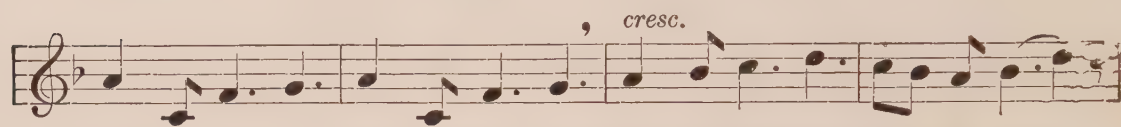
M. Teresa Armitage

*Moderato* ♩. = 80

1. Sleep, my dear - ie, sleep se - rene - ly, Sleep and sail a dreamland sea,  
 2. Slum - ber soft - ly, sway-ing gen - tly, Rocks a moon-boat in the sky,



Where the mid-night gnomes and fair - ies Come to rock the moon with thee.  
 While the soft ce - les - tial voic - es Sing a sooth-ing lull - a - by. .



Now the e - ven - tide is flood - ing All thy dreams with gold - en light,  
 Soon the wind of dawn will blow thee Songs of birds on wings of play,



Sleep, my lit - tle twi-light-dear-ie, Sleep, my sweet, good - night.  
 Sleep, my lit - tle dawn-child-dear-ie, Sleep till ros - y day.

## The Wandering Miller

Franz Schubert

*Allegro Moderato* ♩ = 92

1. To wan - der is the mil - ler's joy, To wan - der, to wan - der.  
 2. The con - stant mill-wheel ev - er turns, The mill - wheel, the mill - wheel.



A sor - ry mil - ler he must be, Who nev - er long'd the world to see, And  
 It nev - er cares to take re - pose, But all day long un - tir - ing goes, The



wan - der, and wan - der, To wan - der, and wan - der.  
 mill - wheel, the mill - wheel, The mill - wheel, the mill - wheel.

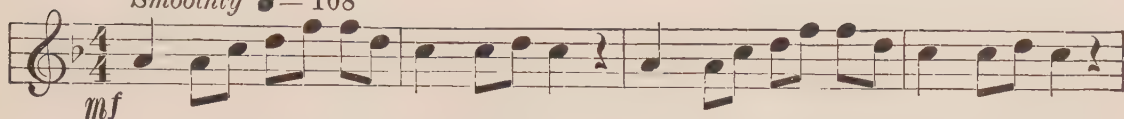


# The Jasmine Flower

From the Chinese

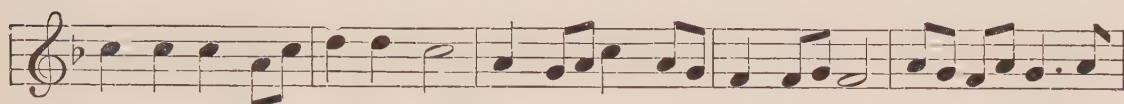
Chinese Melody

*Smoothly* ♩ = 108



*mf*

1. See this branch of sweet-est flow'rs, Pluck'd at dawn from dew - y bow'rs,
2. Sweet-est blos - som of the vine, Let me hide thy heart near mine,



Sent to me by friend-ly hand, Bear-ing love and sweet command. With companions  
En-vi-ous eyes I'd sure-ly meet If I bore thee thro' the street. With companions



thee I'll bind, And at home con - tent - ment, At home con - tent - ment find.

## Get Away from dis Co'nfiel'!

Stephen Fay

American Folk-Song

*Allegretto* ♩ = 120



1. Been here sence de ear - ly morn; Jim a - long Jo - seph - us!
2. Get - tin' late an' Di - nah fret; Jim a - long Jo - seph - us!
3. Yan - der see dat sol - lum crow; Jim a - long Jo - seph - us!



Boun' to hoe de fod - der co'n; Meet you by an' by! Get a -  
Says de fros' will ketch me yet; Meet you by an' by! Get a -  
Wait - in' for de co'n to grow; Meet you by an' by! Get a -



way from dis co'n - fiel', Don' pes - ter no mo'; For I caint leave till



Di - nah blow de ho'n Toot! toot! Get a - long yo' way an' stay, For dere



ain't no time to - day, I'm a done gwine to hoe de fod - der co'n!

# Skating Song

"The Skaters" Waltz

E. Waldteufel

Arranged by J. Remington

Stephen Fay

Valse lento  $\text{♩} = 69$



*mf*

Bright win - try day . . . Calls us a - way, . . .  
Hearts beat - ing high . . . Cold winds de - fy, . . .



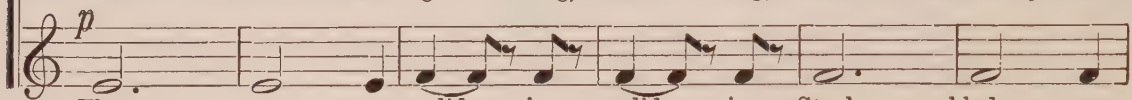
Swift in our flight o'er the lake we glide. . .  
Care flung a - way, on - ly joy our guide. . .

*Fine*

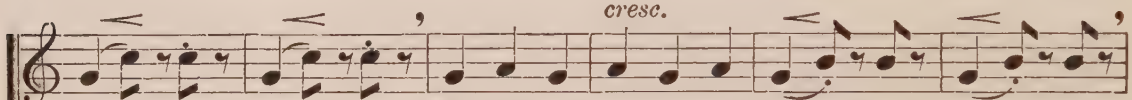
*p animato*



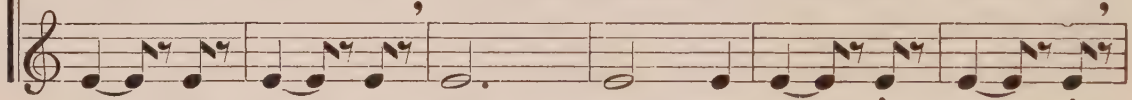
Fleet as the wind we are glid - ing, slid - ing, Steel in the frost-y air



Fleet we are glid - ing, slid - ing, Steel blades are



ring - ing, sing - ing, Ev - 'ry good com-rade is near - er, dear - er,



ring - ing, sing - ing, Com - rades are near - er, dear - er,

*A*



Hands close in friend-ship and young hearts u - nite; Ah! . . . . .



Hands close and young hearts u - nite; Fleet as the wind we are



Ah! . . . . .



dash - ing, flash - ing, Ev - 'ry good com-rade is near - er, dear - er,

*D.C. al Fine*



What is more glo - ri - ous, Winter vic - to - ri - ous, Sea-son of peer-less de - light! .



## Sing Again, Nightingale

M. Teresa Armitage

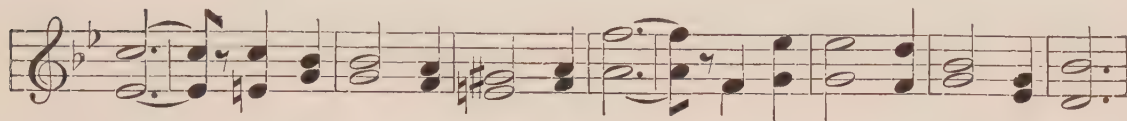
*Valse moderato* ♩ = 66

C. Zeller

Arranged by Humphrey Mitchell



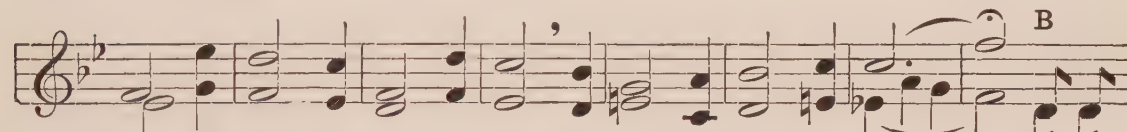
1. When the mel - low moon is low, . And the stars in bright-ness  
 2. When the vales in shad-ow lie, . . And a black-ness fills the



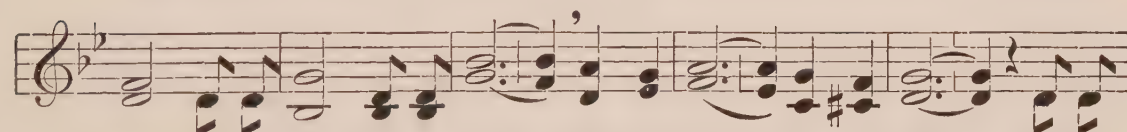
show, Then the lone - ly night - in - gale, From the still - ness of the vale,  
 sky, Then thy mu - si - cal re - frain Steals in - to my heart a - gain,



Chants the beau - ty and the pow'r Of the mys - tic mid-night hour. .  
 And thy mag - ic mel - o - dy Brings a sweet tran - quil - li - ty, . .



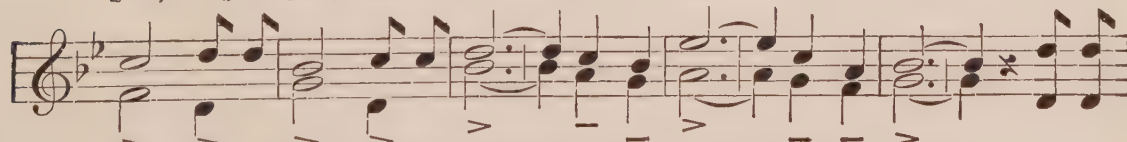
While a spell of love - li - ness Hangs o'er the moon - lit bow'r. . . Sing a -  
 Sooth - ing ev - 'ry sorrow'd heart With ten - der sym - pa - thy. . . . Sing a -



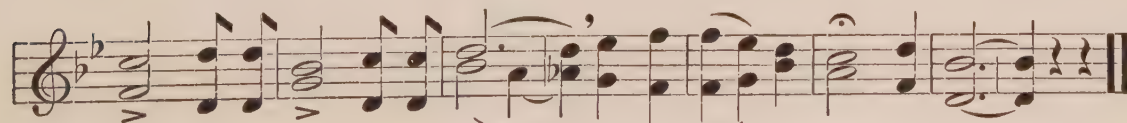
gain, sing a - gain, sing a - gain, night - in - gale, with de - light; Sing a -  
 Sing a -



gain, sing a - gain, sing a - gain, Oh, thou bird of dew - y night! Ah .  
 gain, sing a - gain, sing a - gain, night - in - gale, with de - light;



. . . . . Ah . . . . . Sing a -



gain, sing a - gain. sing a - gain, . Oh thou bird of dew - y night!

# Bridesmaids' Song

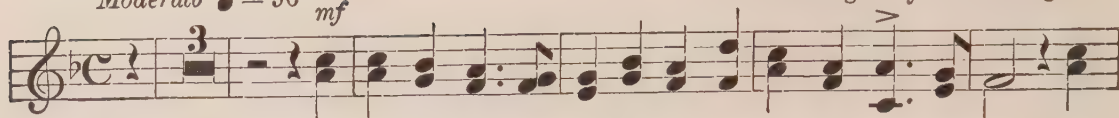
David Stevens

From "Satanella"

M. W. Balfe

Moderato ♩ = 96 *mf*

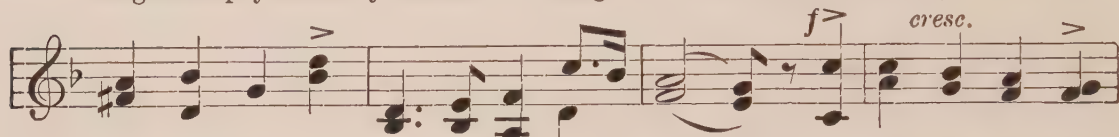
Arranged by J. Remington



1. Sweet marriage bells are ringing now, The village maids re-pair To  
 2. The lads and las-sies blithely dance Upon the vil-lage green, While



twine a wreath of or-ange In the maiden's bon - ny hair. Oh, sing a song of  
 fra-grant zephyrs sweetly breathe A blessing on the scene. Oh, sing a song of



hearts made one, When flow'rs of June are gay, In joy - ous chime ring  
 love and youth, When hearts are in their May, In joy - ous chime ring



out, sweet bells, Pro - claim the wed-ding day, Ring out, proclaim the wed-ding day!

## Little Mary of the Dee

Anon.

John Parry

Allegretto ♩ = 100



1. I've got a lit - tle farm and I've got a lit - tle house, And I've  
 2. No an - ger ev - er sways me or frets my peace - ful mind And I

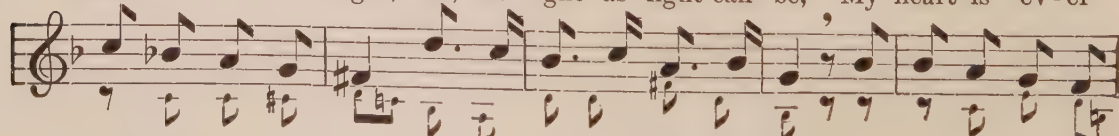


got a man - y pret - ty lit - tle milk - ing cows; I've got a lit - tle dog and I've  
 try to nev - er do or say a thing un - kind. I care not for the scoffs and I



got a lit - tle nag, And I've got a lit - tle mon - ey in a silk - en bag. My  
 do not mind the frowns Of the proud and haughty la - dies in their sat - in gowns. My

heart is ev - er light, Yes, as light as light can be, My heart is ev - er

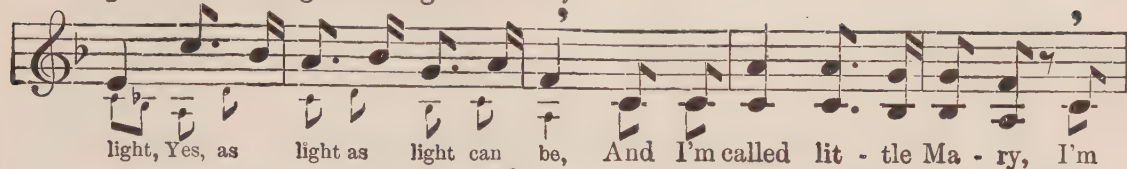


My heart is light, yes, as light as light can be,

My heart is



light, Yes, as light as light can be,



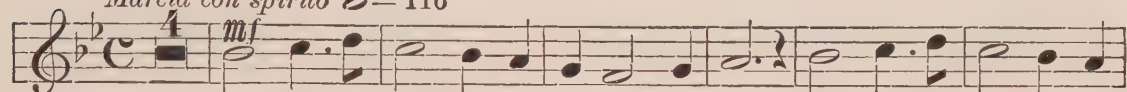
called lit - tle Ma - ry, I'm called lit - tle Ma - ry, lit - tle Ma - ry of the Dee.

## The Birthright

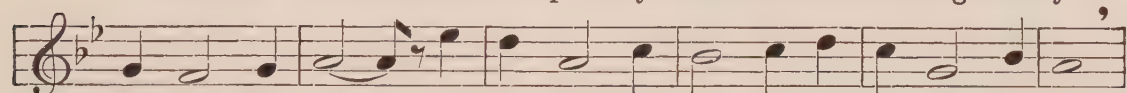
David Stevens

N. Clifford Page

*Marcia con spirito*  $\text{♩} = 116$



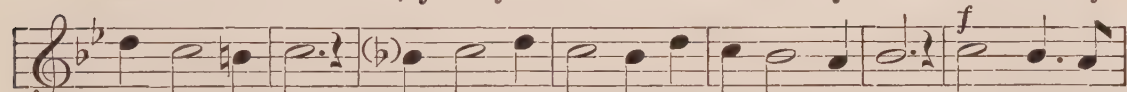
1. Sons of a land where the Goddess of Light Lifts high the torch that shall
2. Sons of the Free, tread the pathway of Men! Deeds that were great may be,



done once a - gain. Keep brave - ly the road tho' the jour - ney be far,



March ev - er for - ward, your eyes on a star. Read - y to meet ev - 'ry



pit - fall and snare, Read - y to do, when to do is to dare, True to your -



self and to Hon - or's com - mand, True to your Birthright, your Na - tive Land.



do when the deed is right; Al - ways Truth and False - hood



nev - er, Through all the strug - gle keeping Hon - or . bright!



nev - er, Through all the strug - gle keeping Hon - or . bright!

*Moderato* ♩ = 80

1. Wel - come, sweet Springtime! We greet thee in song, Mur - murs of glad - ness  
 Sun - shine now wakes all the flow - 'rets from sleep, Joy - giv - ing in - cense  
*Sing then, ye birds: raise your voic es on high; Flow - rets, a - wake ye!*



fall on the ear, . Voic - es long hush'd now their full notes pro - long,  
 floats on the air; , Snow-drop and prim - rose both tim - id - ly peep,  
 burst in - to bloom! *Spring-time is come! and sweet Sum - mer is nigh,*

*Fine A*

Ech - o - ing far and near. Balm - y and life-breath-ing breez-es are  
 Hail - ing the glad new year.  
*Sing then, ye birds, O sing!*



blow - ing, Swift-ly to na - ture new vig - or be-stow - ing. Ah! how my  
*rit. D.S.*



heart beats with rap-ture a - new, As earth's fair-est beau-ties a - gain meet my view.

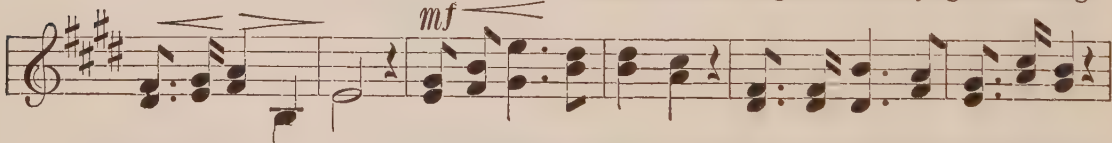
Mrs. Norton

## Juanita

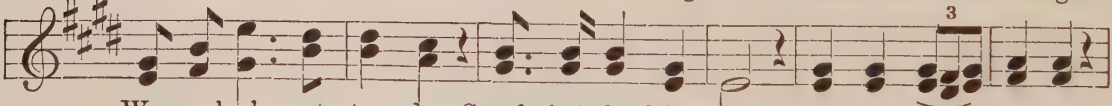
Spanish Melody

*Tranquillo* ♩ = 84

1. Soft o'er the fountain, Ling'ring falls the southern moon; Far o'er the mountain,  
 2. When in thy dreaming, Moons like these shall shine again, And daylight beaming,



Breaks the day too soon! In thy darkeyes' splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,  
 Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re-lent-ing, For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh?



Wea-ry looks, yet ten - der, Speak their fond farewell! Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta!  
 In thy heart, con-sent-ing To a pray'r gone by? Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta!



Ask thy soul if we should part; Ni-ta, Jua ni-ta, Lean thou on my heart!  
 Let me lin-ger by thy side. Ni-ta, Jua ni-ta, Be my own fair bride!

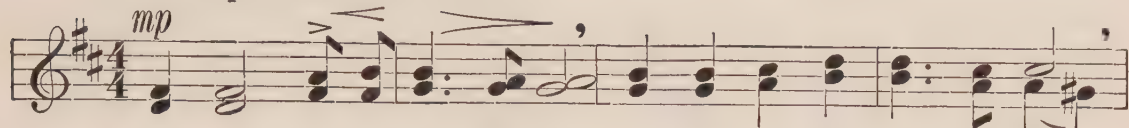


# Music, When Soft Voices Die

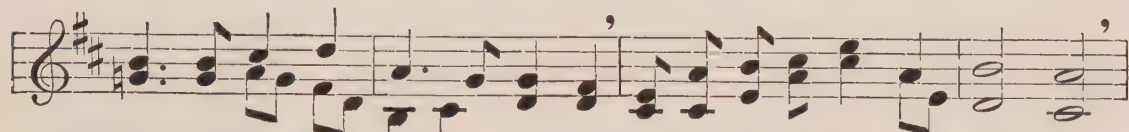
Percy Bysshe Shelley

*Moderato quasi Andante* ♩ = 88

A. Walter Kramer



Mu - sic, when soft voic - es die, Vi - brates in the mem - o - ry;



O - dors, when soft vio - lets sick - en, Live with-in the sense they quick - en;



Rose - leaves, when the rose is dead, Are heap'd for the be - lov - ed's



bed, And so my tho'ts when thou art gone, Love it - self will slum - ber on.

## The Mill-Wheel

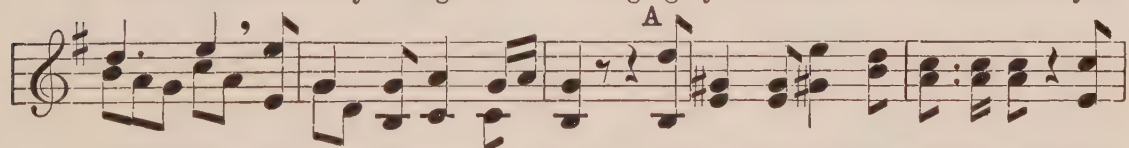
David Stevens

Giovanni Paisiello

Arranged by J. Remington



1. Oh, hear the bus - y mill-wheel, up-on a summer's day, It stays to turn the  
2. The mil - ler's comely daugh - ter is singing by the stream, And when the day is



mill - stone while runs the stream a - way. The days may come, the days may go, And  
fad - ing she dreams a maid - en's dream. Be - neath the shade of leaf - y trees, The



stream - lets in - to riv - ers grow, But still, with gen - tle sound, The  
dust - y mil - ler takes his ease, And still, with gen - tle sound, The



wheel goes round and round, But still, with gentle sound, The wheel goes round and round.  
wheel goes round and round, And still, with gentle sound, The wheel goes round and round.

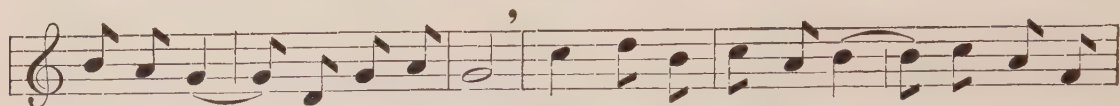
## Joy and Courage!

David Stevens

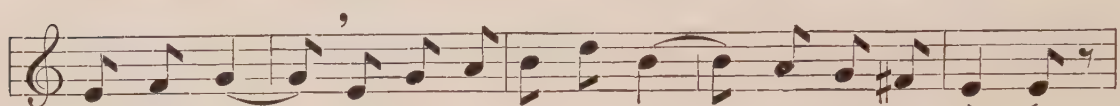
P. Mario Costa

*Con spirito* ♩ = 120

1. What tho' the day be dark and all the world go wrong, Tho' gloomy  
 2. Rough runs the Road of Life with man - y a tri - al there, Be - set with



clouds for bid the sun to shine; What tho' un - wel come rain has hush'd the  
 bo - gies grim a - long the way; What tho' you meet a throng of trou - bles



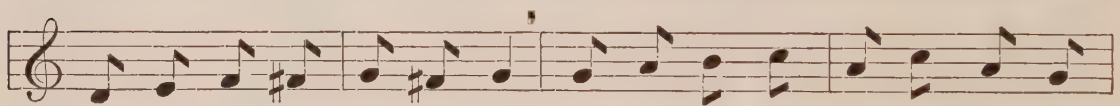
lin - net's song, And made the ten der rose . in sad - ness pine?  
 ev - 'ry - where, What tho' you trip and fall . some luck - less day?



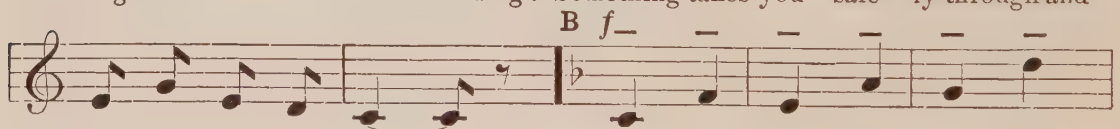
Laugh! for an oth - er day Will drive the clouds a - way, The sun will  
 Up! and a - way you go! For that's the time to show There's no such



fol low rain, The birds will sing a gain; Laugh! and the world will laugh,  
 thing as luck, The word you want is *Pluck!* Laugh! and the world will laugh,

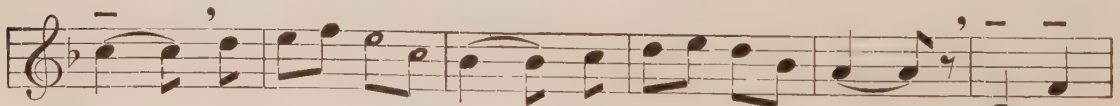


Sing! and all the world will sing! Sum - mer's al - ways sum - mer, and the  
 Sing! and all the world will sing! Something takes you safe - ly through and

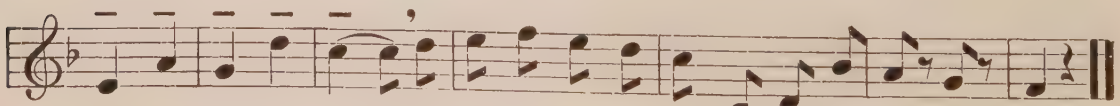


spring is al - ways spring!  
*Cour - age* is the thing!

Joy and Cour - age, Hearts of



cheer! A - way with care . For Life is fair. . Up with



Faith and down with Fear! A mer ry laugh is bet - ter than a mourn - ful tear!

# Gypsy Song

M. Louise Baum

*Allegretto con spirito* ♩ = 100

*f* Unis.

Russian Folk-Song

Arranged by N. Clifford Page



1. High, low, I . de - clare! Now we're off for Mos - cow Fair;
2. Low, high, pass her by, Tho' she look with lur - ing eye,
3. High, low, just a throw, Tell me what I wish to know,
4. Click, clack, down the track, What's that yon - der, still and black?

*mf* A MINOR



There we'll watch the gyp - sy trad - ers Call their wares with know - ing air.  
 Cross the gyp - sy's hand with sil - ver, Lis - ten to her sing - song cry.  
 Who has stol en my black year - ling, Tell me whith - er did she go?  
 Sure e - nough 'tis our black year - ling, Down be - side the mead - ow stack.

*ff*



"Sell - ing hors - es, tell - ing for - tunes, Come, now, have your share!"  
 "Know your for - tune, here you are, sir, Now's your time to try!"  
 "Ere the night - fall you will sure - ly Hear her call - ing low!"  
 "Ho, you! far - mer, truth we told, Thy year ling has come back!"

# Easter Hymn

Stephen Fay

*Allegro* ♩ = 108

W. A. Mozart



1. Hail the day, . . ye sons of men; Eas - ter morn . now
2. Blooms the lil - y pure and fair, Crown'd are hills . with



dawns a - gain; Hail the day . . of . prom - ise bright,  
 ver - dure rare; Men and an - gels joy - ful sing:



Day of wak - ing earth's de - light, Day of wak - ing earth's de - light.  
 All is well and God is King! All is well and God is King!



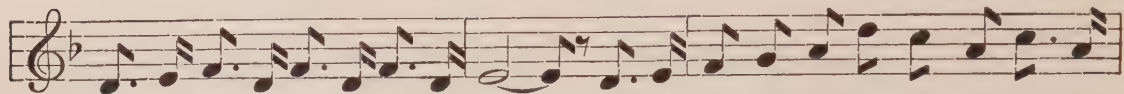
# When the Maytime Comes Again

David Stevens

Victor Herbert

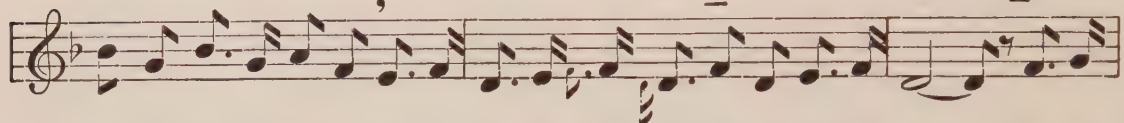
*In free time, rather slowly*

1. Gold-en summer lies a - dy - ing, And the lit - tle maid is sigh - ing, For the  
2. But the maid-en, un - be - liev - ing, For the springtime still is griev - ing, And the

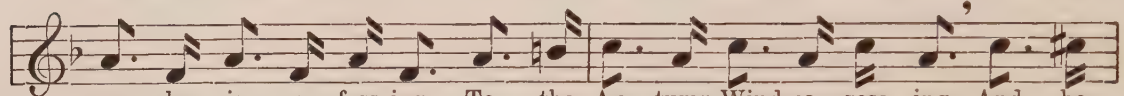


win - ter-time is wea - ry and for - lorn, All the love - ly flow'rs are sleeping And the  
tear-drops soft - ly fall, a pearl - y show'r; Low - er still her head is bend - ing, Half in

A



lead-en skies are weeping, For a - las! the sun - ny, shin - ing days are gone! All her  
ear-nest, half pre - tend - ing, As she i - dly plucks a fad - ed, bro - ken flow'r. Till the



care she is con - fess - ing To the Au - tumn Wind ca - res - sing, And he  
wind, more sweet - ly blow - ing, Bold and bold - er now is grow - ing, And he



whis - pers, as he dries her tear - ful eye: "Tho' with grief the heart be la - den, Weep no  
whis - pers, as she breathes a ten - der sigh: "Wed - ding bells will be a - ring - ing When you



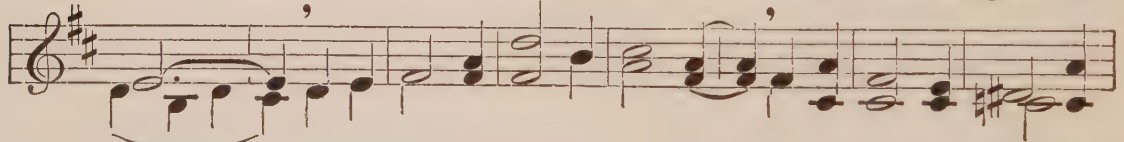
more, my lit - tle maid - en, There's an - oth - er May - time com - ing by and  
hear the thros - tle sing - ing And an - oth - er May - time blos - soms by and

*Slow waltz*

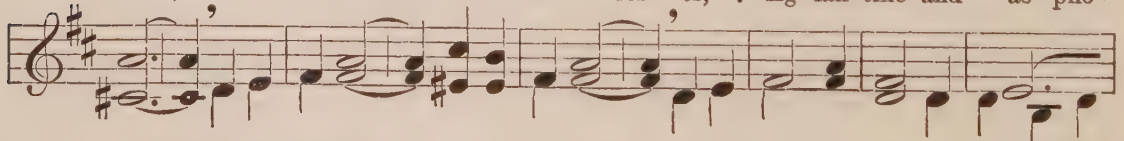
B



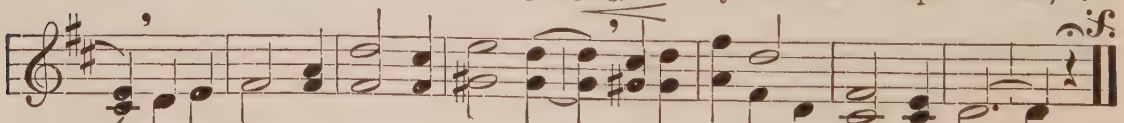
by!" You shall gath - er . . pret - ty pos - ies, . Mi - gn - on - ette and gold - en



bell; . . . You shall twine a wreath of ros - es, . Eg - lan - tine and as - pho -



del; Scar - let lil - ies . will be springing, New - ly bath'd in A - pril rain, .



There will be a thros - tle sing - ing When the Maytime comes a - gain.

## Necken's\* Polska

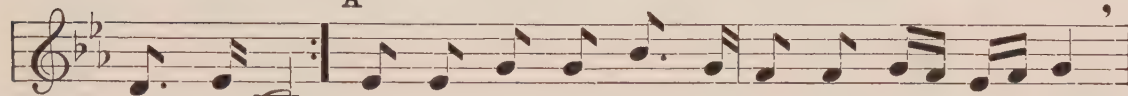
Arvid August Afzelius

Swedish Folk-Song

*Moderato* ♩ = 92

- mf*
1. { Far be-neath the crys - tal wa - ter dream-ing, Neck - en sleeps in his  
Mist - ty shad - ows thro' the twi-light gleam-ing, Veil the groves in their
  2. { See his char - iot drawn by †Æ-gir's daughters, O'er the waves as they  
Sweet - ly sounds his harp a - cross the wa - ters, Yet it speaks but of

A



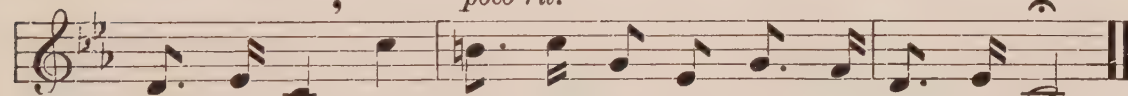
az - ure hall.  
dusk - y pall. Night sweeps slow - ly on, in sa - ble garb ar - ray'd,  
dance be - low;  
end - less woe. Not a star has pierc'd the gloom and clouds a - bove,



All is hush'd and still o'er sea and hill and glade;  
Bring - ing ten - der greet - ings from the queen of love.



Not a breath trem - bles o'er the wave When Neck - en ris - es from his  
Oh, how wea - ry his heart must be, While thus his song sweeps sad - ly

*poco rit.*

glit - t'ring cave, When Neck - en ris - es from his glit - t'ring cave.  
o'er the sea! While thus his song sweeps sad - ly o'er the sea.

\*Necken: A legendary river-dweller

†Pronounced A-jir.

## Night

David Stevens

Finnish Rune

*Andante moderato* ♩ = 72

- p*
1. { Comes the south-wind faint - ly sigh - ing, Faint - ly sigh - ing;  
Tears of dew the ferns are weep - ing, Ferns are weep - ing,
  2. { Sprites their mag - ic spells are weav - ing, Spells are weav - ing;  
Sil - ver light o'er all is gleam - ing, Soft - ly gleam - ing;



Sweet - ly sings the thrush re - ply - ing, Sweet re - ply - ing,  
Gen - tly tread for Night is sleep - ing, Night is sleep - ing.  
Sad the night - in - gale is griev - ing, Ev - er griev - ing;  
Gen - tly tread for Night is dream - ing, Night is dream - ing.

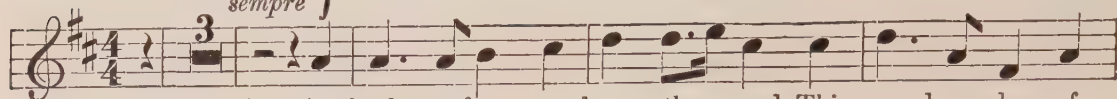
# The Call of the Road

## George Washington

Cordelia Brooks Fenno  
Frederick H. Martens

Old French Air  
Arranged by Humphrey Mitchell

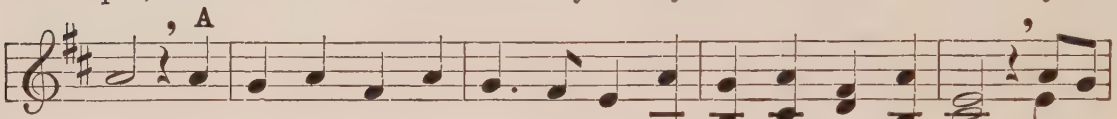
*Tempo di Marcia* ♩ = 116  
*sempre f*



1. As forth we fare a - long the road, This won-drous day of
2. Ah, who would waste the day in . town, When all the hills are
1. When for - eign foe by right of might Our na - tive land as -
2. When Freedom's bat - tles had been gain'd, Who, wise, se - rene and
3. In Peace the first, as first in . war, And prais'd by po - et's



spring, We'll sing a song of joy - ous youth, A song of life we'll  
ours! The sweet - ness of the for - est air, The dew up - on the .  
sail'd, Who led the pa - triot host in fight, And o'er the foe pre  
great, A pa - triot's part in peace sus - tain'd And steer'd the Ship of .  
pen, Who rules the hearts since days of yore, Of all his coun - try -



sing. The sun - shine floods the moor and vale, It spar - kles on the sea, The  
flow'rs. So shoul - der pack and come a - way, Good fel - lows all, with me, For  
vail'd? Who was the man whose glo - rious name Still makes a na - tion's fame? 'Twas  
State? Who was the man whose glo - rious name Still makes a na - tion's fame? 'Twas  
men? Who is the man whose glo - rious name Still makes a na - tion's fame? 'Tis



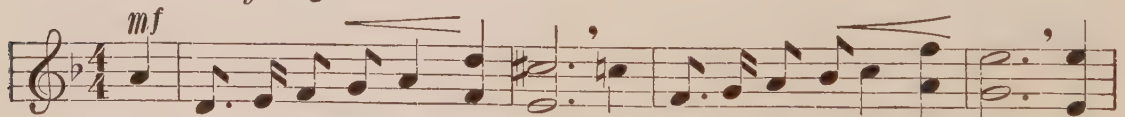
breath of dawn is . in the air And all the world is free!  
we must out up - on the road, The wide, wide world to see!  
Wash - ing - ton, George Wash - ing - ton, The he - ro we . ac - claim!  
Wash - ing - ton, George Wash - ing - ton, The states - man we . ac - claim!  
Wash - ing - ton, George Wash - ing - ton, 'Tis he whom we . ac - claim!

Ralfsen

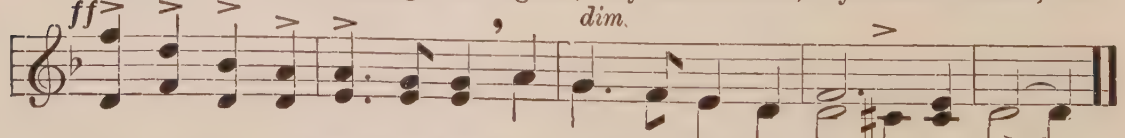
## O God of Hosts

Edvard Grieg

*Andante religioso* ♩ = 100



1. O God of Hosts, with Thy strong hand Pro - tect our homes and our fair land! Be
2. De - fend, O God, our land of peace! Oh, may its love of right in - crease; Thy
3. Teach us in truth and light to grow, Thy laws to love, Thy word to know; In



Thou our God of end - less peace And guide our steps till life . shall cease.  
bless ing be up - on it shed Like morn - ing dew on flow - 'ry bed.  
Thee we will for aye a - bide, O King of Glo - ry, be . . our guide.



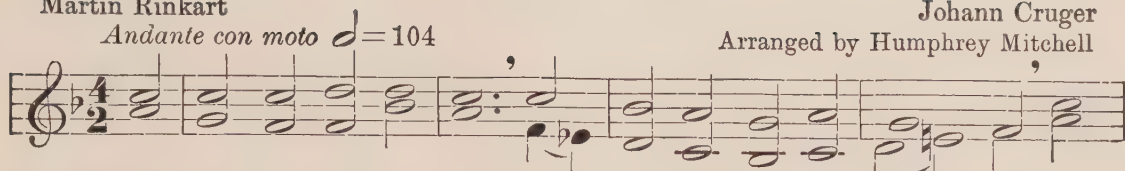
## Thanksgiving

Martin Rinkart

*Andante con moto*  $\text{♩} = 104$ 

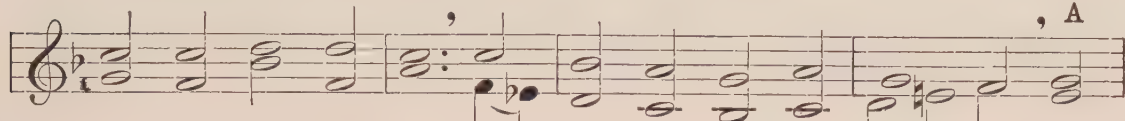
Johann Cruger

Arranged by Humphrey Mitchell



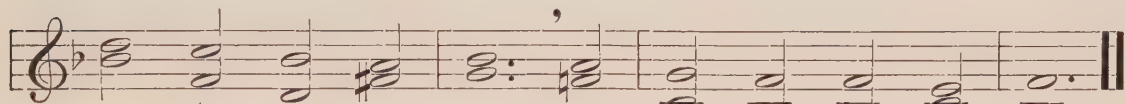
1. Now thank we all our God, with heart and hands and voice - es, Who

2. O may this boun-teous God, thro' all our life be near us, With



won-drous things hath done, in whom this world re-joice-es; Who,

ev-er joy-ful hearts and bless-ed peace to cheer us; And

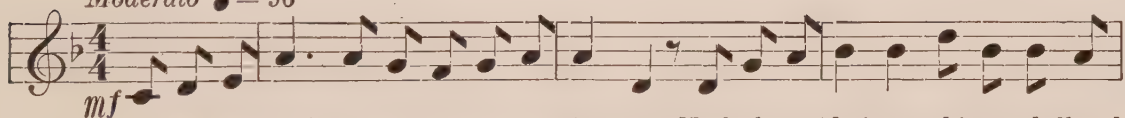
from our moth-er's arms, hath bless'd us on our way With  
keep us in His grace and guide us when per-plex'd, Andcount-less gifts of love, and still is ours to-day.  
free us from all ills in this world and the next.

## A Farewell

Charles Kingsley

*Moderato*  $\text{♩} = 96$ 

Rossetter G. Cole

My fair-est child, I have no song to give you; No lark could pipe to skies so dull and  
*cresc.*

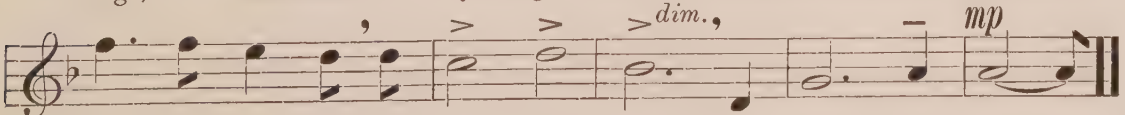
gray; Yet, ere we part, one les-son I can give you For ev-'ry day, For



ev-'ry day. Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clev-er; Do no-ble



things, not dream them all day long; And so make life, death, and that



vast for-ev-er One grand, sweet song, One grand, sweet song. .

## Come Again, Beautiful Spring

Words adapted by Henry Snow

French Folk-Song

*Allegretto* ♩. = 84

Arranged by David Stevens

*mf*

Oh, come a - gain, beau - ti - ful spring, Let na - ture be filled with a

life new - ly born; The colors you lav - ish - ly fling Our meadows and fields will a - dorn.

*f* *rit. a tempo*

Now with flow'rs all gardens are gay, 'Tis time for the bud - ding of ros - es; Soon their

Now with flow'rs all gar dens, the gar - dens are gay;

*dim. rit.* *A*

glo - ries they will dis - play, When the dawn their beauty dis - clos - es. The

Soon their glo - ries they will dis - play When dawn dis - clos - es.

lark with me - lo - di - ous tone, fills the for - est with song from the branches of green;

They tell us in words of their own, . That Spring is queen, love - ly

Spring is queen. Spring, love - ly Spring, Come a - gain, . . love-ly Spring!

## Bird Song

Henry Snow

From "Satanella"

M. W. Balfe

*Allegretto con grazia* ♩ = 76

Arranged by N. Clifford Page

1. All wrapp'd in his feath'-ry coat, A lit - tle bird war-bled to
2. I o - pened the door and cried: "What meaneth your sorrow-ing

me, And this was his plain - tive note: "Tu-weet! Tu-weet!" 'Neath the leafless  
plea?" And blithely the bird re-plied: "To eat! To eat!" 'Neath the leaf-less

tree. 'Twas win - ter and all a - round The snow drifted o'er the ground,  
tree. "Oh, come, lit - tle bird - ling, come, I'll feed you with crust and crumb!"

Cold was the breath of the wind, Lone - ly the bird-ling re - pined, I  
Quick-ly he came, at my word, Nev - er so hap - py a bird, For

heard him a - gain re - peat . The sad lit - tle note: "Tu - weet!"  
there was a roy - al treat, . And gai - ly he sang: "To eat!"

Dear lit - tle bird, Sweet lit - tle bird, Un - der the leaf-less tree.

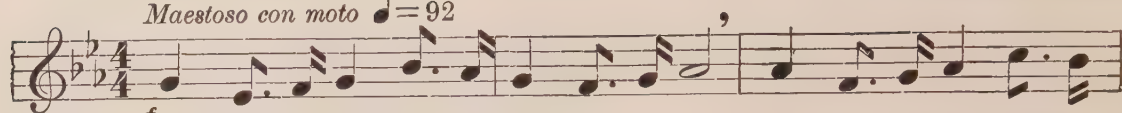


# Freedom Our Queen

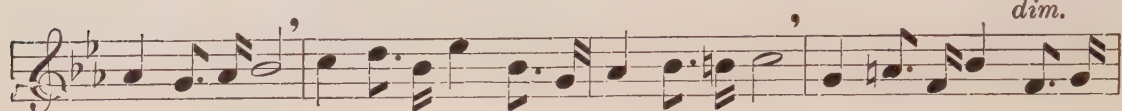
Oliver Wendell Holmes

N. Clifford Page

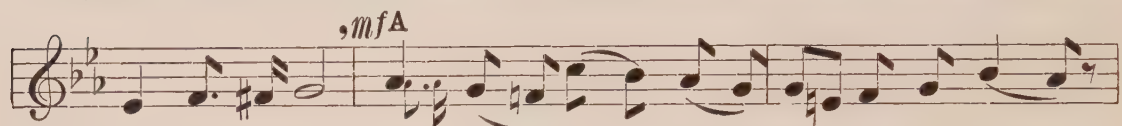
*Maestoso con moto* ♩ = 92



- f*  
 1. Land where the ban-ners wave last in the sun, Bla-zon'd with star-clus-ters  
 2. Free-dom, sweet freedom, our voic-es re-sound, Queen by God's blessing un-



man-y in one, Float-ing o'er prairie and mountain and sea, Hark! 'tis the voice of thy  
 scepter'd, uncrown'd! Freedom, sweet freedom, our praises repeat Warm with her lifeblood, as



chil-dren to thee! Here at thine Al-tar our vows we re-new,  
 long as they beat. Fold the broad Ban-ner stripes o-ver her breast,



Still in thy cause to be loy-al and true, True to the flag on the  
 Crown her with star jew-els Queen of the West! Earth for her her-it-age,



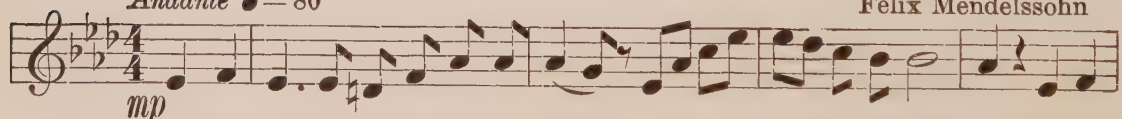
field and the wave, Liv-ing to hon-or it, dy-ing to save.  
 God for her friend, She shall reign o-ver us world with-out end.

## But the Lord is Mindful of His Own

From "Saint Paul"

*Andante* ♩ = 80

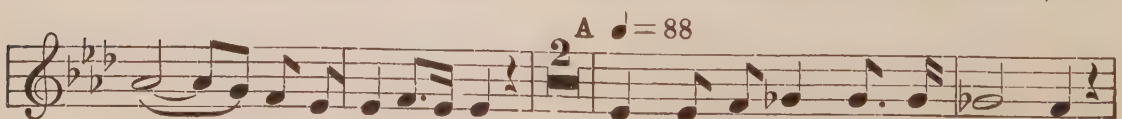
Felix Mendelssohn



*mp*  
 But the Lord is mindful of His own, He re-mem-bers His children. But the



Lord is mind-ful of His own; The Lord re-mem-bers His chil-dren, re-



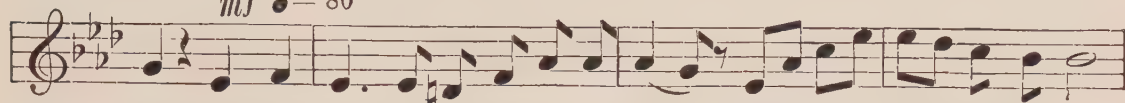
mem-bers His chil-dren.

Bow down be-fore Him, ye might-y,

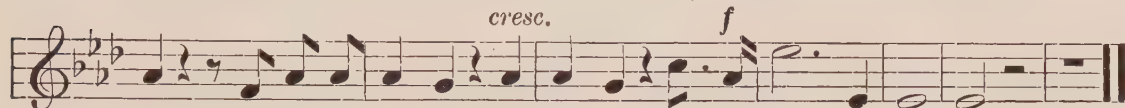


For the Lord is near us! Bow down before Him, ye mighty, For the Lord is near

*mf* ♩ = 80



us! Yea, the Lord is mindful of His own; He re mem-bers His chil-



dren. Bow down be-fore Him, ye might-y, for the Lord is near us!

## Andalusia

Stephen Fay

*Moderato con grazia* ♩ = 72

Old Spanish Song

Arranged by Herbert Toyen



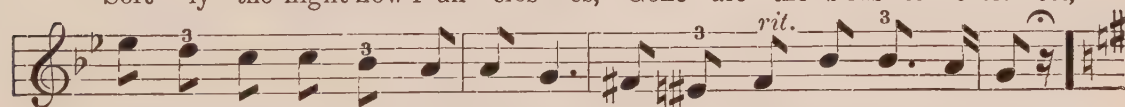
1. Where hon-ey'd blos-soms are grow-ing, Robbed ev-'ry morn by the
2. Slow-ly the night is de-scend-ing, Faint gleams a sil-ver-y



bees, Where balm-y breez-es are blow-ing, Whis-per-ing songs to the trees,  
star, Now with the e-ven-song blending, Mur-murs a dis-tant gui-tar.



There in my fan-cy I'm turn-ing, There am I long-ing to be,  
Soft-ly the night-flow'r un-clos-es, Gone are the birds to their rest,

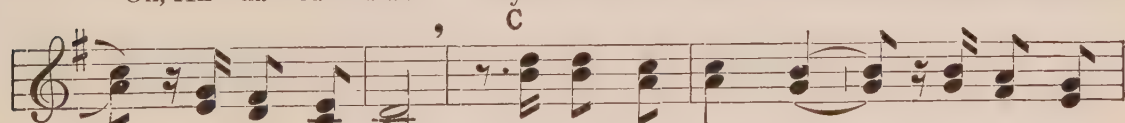


Land of my love and my yearn-ing, Ev-er I'm dream-ing of thee!  
Lad-en with per-fume of ros-es, Blows a sweet wind from the west.

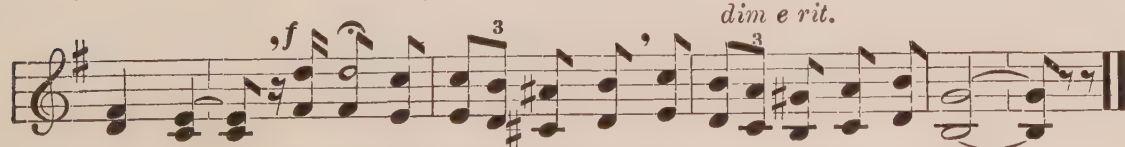
*Bmf rit. a tempo* (♩ = 80)



Oh, An-da-lu-sia! . My An-da-lu-sia! . Dear land where fond hearts



are ev-er true; Oh, An-da-lu-sia! . My An-da-



lu-sia! . No sun so bright as thine, no sky so fair, so blue! .

# Forget-Me-Not

From "Boccaccio"

David Stevens

(Commencement Parting-Song)

F. von Suppé

*Andante espressivo* ♩ = 76

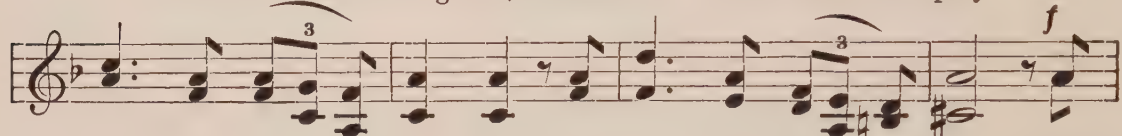
Arranged by J. Remington



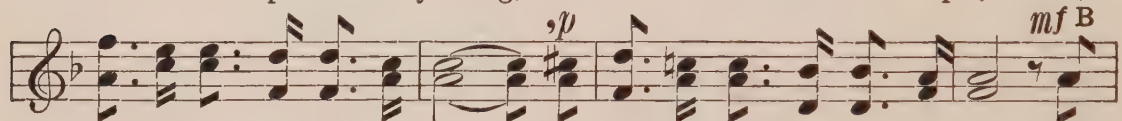
1. There blooms in Youth's fair gar - den One flow'r of heav'n-ly hue; Half -  
2. The flow'rs in Youth's fair gar - den We gath - er while we may; The



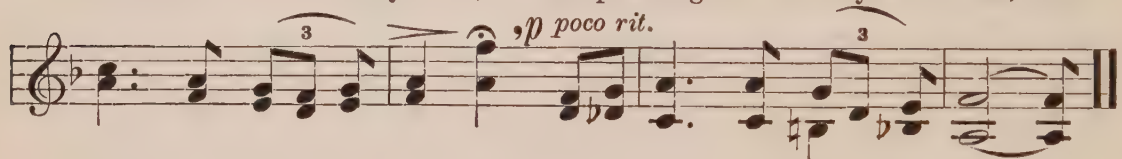
hid - den by her sis - ters gay, She lifts her eyes of blue. Tho'  
blos - soms wet with morn-ing dew, White bud and scar - let spray. Fare



lil ies proud and state ly A - dorn the love - ly spot, Tho'  
well our lips are say - ing, Yet ere we leave the spot, Oh,



ros es bloom in bright ar - ray, . She hides her mod - est grace a - way, And  
take the flow'r of heav'n-ly hue, . The plead-ing flow'r with eyes of blue, And



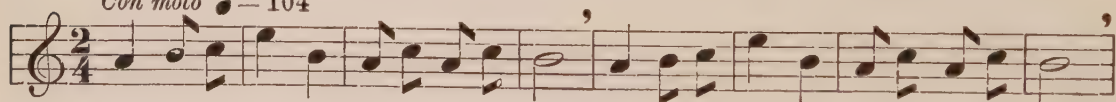
breathes her mes - sage ten - der: "Dear Hearts, for - get me - not!" .  
breathe her mes - sage ten - der: "Dear Hearts, for - get me - not!" .

## Young Maid, Remember

English by M. Teresa Armitage

Bergeret 18th Cent.

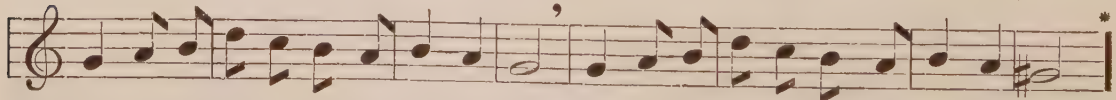
*Con moto* ♩ = 104



1,2&3. Young maid,remember time is fly-ing fast; Vi - o-lets with-er soon as Spring is past.



Tra la la la la la la Tra la la la la la la la!



1. Flow'rs often bloom to fade in one short day, All that's of earth some time will pass away.  
2. While there is youth the sun does always shine, Live in the rays and make their beauty thine.\*

\* After 2d verse, D. C. al Fine.



## Psalm of Peace

M. Teresa Armitage

*From "Sonata in A♭" Opus 26*

L. van Beethoven

*Andante con espress* ♩ = 76

*cresc.*

*Andante con espress.*  $\text{♩} = 10$  *, cresc.*

mn

1. Oh, Lord, our God and King, Our Ho - ly sov'-reign, Now we come be -  
2. Oh, Thou, whose hand the sun and stars en - clos - eth, Ev - 'ry cloud Thy

fore Thee with our pe - ti - tion; O Lord, let peace and love en-fold Thy  
rai-ment, the Heav'ns Thy like-ness, Thy chil - dren now with fer-vent pray'r en -

[illegible]

King-dom, Then shall all the glo - ry be . . . to Thee.  
 treat Thee, Send Thy white-winged dove of Peace . . . to earth.

*Amf* *cresc.* *f*

Lord, we be-seech Thee, Hear our pe - ti - tion, Send us Thy light of end-less  
On her soft pin-ions Bear us Thy message: Peace be to earth, good-will to

love, Thine end - less love. O Lord, let peace and love en - fold Thy  
men, Good - will to men! Thy chil - dren now with fer - vent pray'r en -

King-dom, Then shall all the glo - ry be . . . to Thee.  
 treat Thee, Send Thy white-wing'd dove of Peace . . . to earth.

## Cock Robin's Roundelay

## “Mother Goose”

Harvey Worthington Loomis

*Allegro moderato* ♩ = 108

The first system of the musical score for 'The Little Boat' is written for a single melodic line in treble clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegro moderato' with a metronome marking of 168. The dynamics are marked *mp* (mezzo-piano) at the beginning, *pp* (pianissimo) in the middle, and *mp* and *pp* again towards the end. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests.

Cock Robin wak'd up ear-ly, At the breaking of the day, And went to Jenny's window, For to

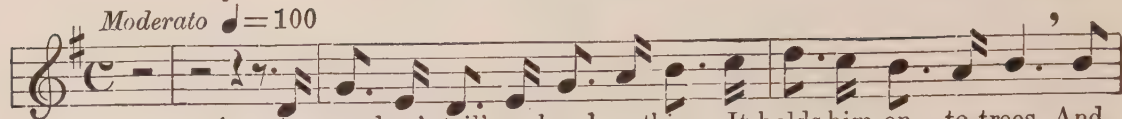
sing a round-e - lay. He sang Cock Robin's love To the bon - ny Jen - ny Wren, And

when he got un - to the end, He then began a - gain, A - gain, A - gain ! . . . .

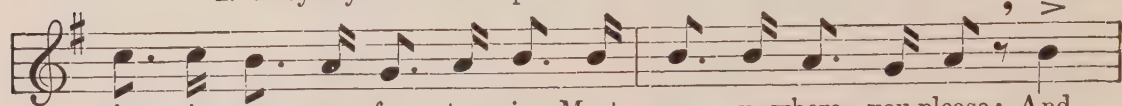
## A Monkey's Tail

Frederic Manley

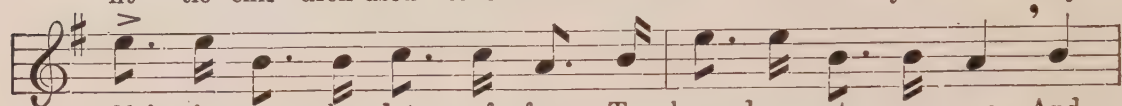
Arthur Bergh

*Moderato* ♩ = 100

1. A mon-key's tail's a hand-y thing, It holds him on - to trees And  
 2. They say that once up - on a time Just when the world was new, The



makes it ea - sy for to swing Most an - y - where you please; And  
 lit tle chil - dren used to climb The same as mon - keys do. They



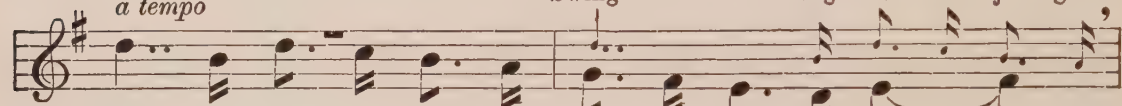
Oh! it must be lots of fun To hang down at your ease And  
 played at cir - cus ev - 'ry day A - mong the tall - est trees And  
*rit.*



dan - gle from the branch - es in a gen - tle jun - gle breeze.  
 dan - gled from the branch - es in a gen - tle jun - gle breeze.

*a tempo*

Swing - - ing in the jun - gles,



Swing - ing in the jun - gles Where the ti - gers grow, . .



Watch - ing bears and pan - thers prowling round below; . Eat - ing nuts and paw - paws  
 Eat - - - ing nuts and paw - paws, Oh! a mon - key's tail's



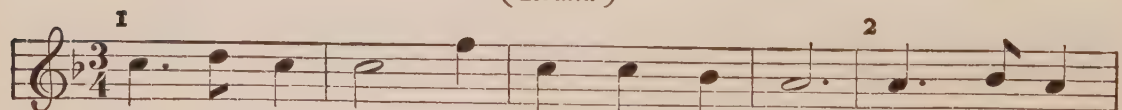
while you play and swing, Oh! I think a mon - key's tail's a



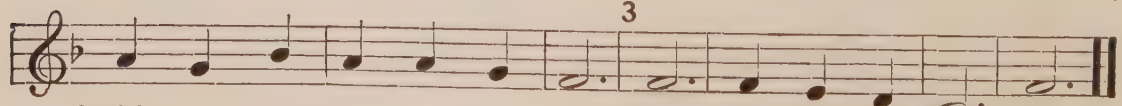
ver y hand y thing, Oh! I think a monkey's tail's a ver y hand - y thing.

## Early to Bed

(Round)



Ear - ly to bed and ear - ly to rise, Makes a man



health - y and wealth - y and wise, Wise, health - y, and wealth - y.

# Magyar Dance Song

David Stevens

Hungarian Folk-Song

Adapted by Humphrey Mitchell

*Con brio* ♩ = 104*mf*

1. Hark, the fid-dle's mer-ry meas-ure, Now ad-vance! All ad-vance!  
 2. See the rose in Tel-ka's tres-ses, See the rose! Hap-py rose!



Here's a day of live-ly pleas-ure, Hap-py chance! Festal dance! Maidens fair, With  
 Whence it came her blush con-fes-ses, Tel-ka knows, So it goes! Nev-er mind, The



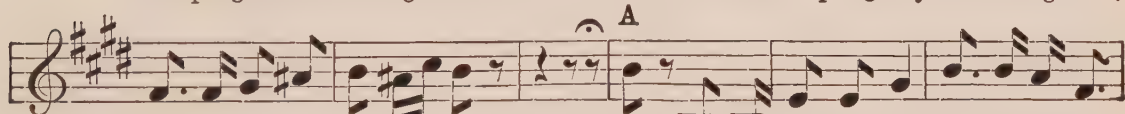
modest glance and smile discreet, Over there, Are waiting now with tapping feet,  
 garden grows them by the score; We shall find As fair a rose and twenty more!

*Molto meno mosso* ♩ = 132

Now we count three; Read-y are we; Bal-ance to me:

*Vivace* ♩ = 132

Hop! go the twinkling feet! Let the music fast-er beat. Hop! light-ly touch the ground,



Catch and whirl your partner round! Hop! go the twinkling feet! Let the music



fast-er beat. Hop! light-ly touch the ground, Catch and whirl your partner round.

## Don't Worry

David Stevens

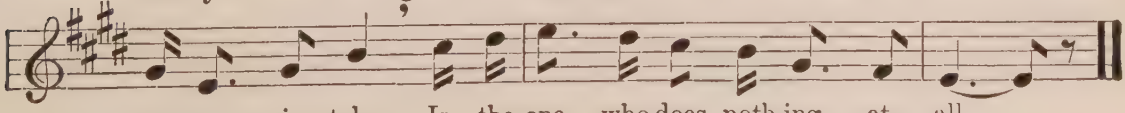
David Stevens

*Con anima* ♩ = 80

Don't wor-ry in vain at the er-rors you make; If you



run you must oft get a fall; . And the mor-tal who nev-er makes



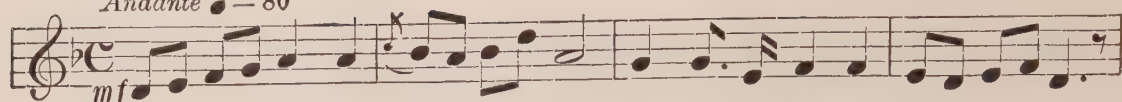
an-y mis-take, Is the one who does noth-ing at all. . .



## Song of Hope

Sidney Rowe

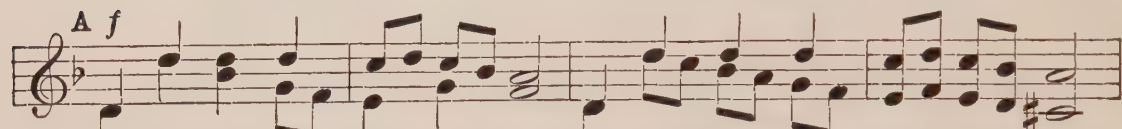
Traditional Hebrew Melody

*Andante* ♩ = 80

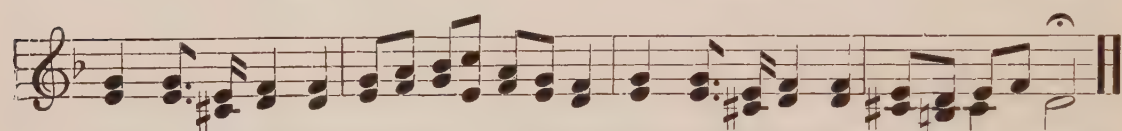
1. Lift thine eyes, be - hold the light! Turn to the east where dawns the day.
2. Let the tear no long - er fall, Joy shall at - tend us ev - er - more.
3. An - gel Hope, whose snow-white wing Bears ev - 'ry heart to realms of love,



Hope and Faith for - ev - er bright, Guide and pro - tect us on our way.  
 Bright - ly gleams our Cit - y wall, Safe is its shel - ter, wide its door.  
 O'er our grief thine æ - gis fling, Lead and in - spire us from a - bove.



On - ward, strong and fear - less soul! Yon - der stands the shin - ing goal.



Lift up the voice with prais - es ring - ing, Turn to the east where dawns the day.

## Joy of Living

Frederick H. Martens

J. A. P. Schulz

*Moderato* ♩ = 96

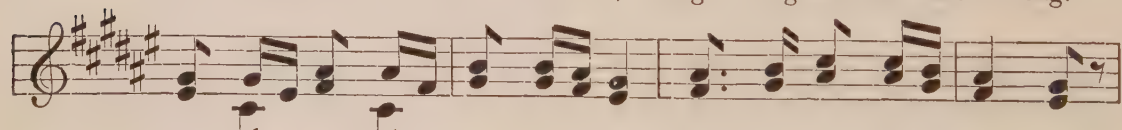
Arranged by Herbert Toyes



1. Wan - der free, with - out a care, Thro' the wood - land stray - ing,
2. Wan - der free, with - out a care, When the day is dawn - ing,



Watch the glad birds ev - 'ry - where, On the branch - es sway - ing.  
 Like the dwell - ers in the air, Sing to greet the morn - ing.



Ne'er a one but in his lay Chants the joy of liv - ing;



Sing - ing of the per - fect day Sun and sky are giv - ing.

# The Bee and the Rose

Stephen Fay

Arthur S. Sullivan

*Allegretto* ♩ = 112

Arranged by Harvey Worthington Loomis

1. Round a Rose in the <sup>\*</sup>close Once a hum-ble Bee was hum-ming; "I sup-  
2. "Good-ness me!" said the Bee, "I had no i - dea of com-ing, But I

*p*  
Humming or "Loo"

pose," said the Rose, "I shall set a cup for you."  
think I could drink Just a drop of hon - ey dew."

\* A small enclosed garden

# Stars of the Summer Night

Henry W. Longfellow

I. B. Woodbury

*Andante* ♩ = 92

Arranged by Humphrey Mitchell

1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps,  
2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west - ern steeps,

Hide, hide your gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps,  
Sink, sink in sil - ver light,

*mf* She . . . sleeps, *mp* She sleeps, *rit.* my la - dy sleeps.





# Pleyel's Hymn

Anon.

*Religioso*  $\text{♩} = 80$ 

Ignaz Joseph Pleyel (1757-1831)

Arranged by Humphrey Mitchell

*p*

1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, heav'n - ly King! O'er me spread Thy guard - ian wing;
2. Warn me with Thy gen - tle voice, Point my path and guide my choice;

*mf*

When by trem - bling fears dis - tress'd, Let me flee to Thee and rest.  
Let me, Lord, in Thee pos - sess Wis - dom, peace, and right - eous - ness.

*mf*

## Vive L'Amour!

Text adapted by Stephen Fay

*Animato*  $\text{♩} = 116$ 

College Song

Arranged by J. Remington

*mf* UNISON

1. Let ev - 'ry good fel low now join in a song! Vi - ve la com - pag - nie!
2. A friend on the left and a friend on the right, Vi - ve la com - pag - nie!
3. Should time or oc - ca - sion com - pel us to part, Vi - ve la com - pag - nie!

*f* THREE PART

*mf* UNISON

Suc - cess to each oth er and pass it a - long, Vi - ve la com - pag - nie!  
In will - ing en - deav - or our hands we u - nite, Vi - ve la com - pag - nie!  
These days shall for - ev - er en - liv - en the heart, Vi - ve la com - pag - nie!

*f* THREE PART

Vi - ve la, vi - ve la, vi - ve l'a - mour, Vi - ve la, vi - ve la, vi - ve l'amour,

*ff*

Vi - ve l'a - mour, vi - ve l'a - mour, vi - ve la com - pag - nie!

# "When the Frost is on the Punkin"\*

James Whitcomb Riley

Victor Herbert

*In moderate time* ♩ = 88

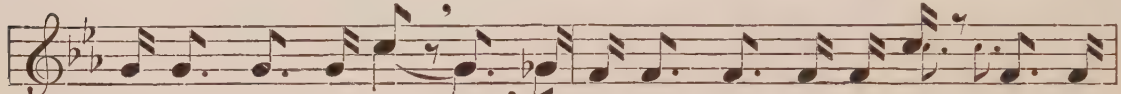
1. When the frost is on the pun-kin and the
2. They's . some-thing kind o' hart y - like a -
3. The . hus - ky, rus - ty rus - sel of the



fod - der's in the shock, And you hear the kyouk and gob-ble of the  
bout the at - mus-fere When the heat of sum-mer's o-ver and the  
tos - sels of the corn, And the ras - pin' of the tangled leaves as



strut - tin' tur - key cock, And the clack-in' of the guin-eyes and the  
cool - in' fall is here. Of course we miss the flow-ers and the  
gold - en as the morn'; The stub - ble in the fur - ries, kind o'



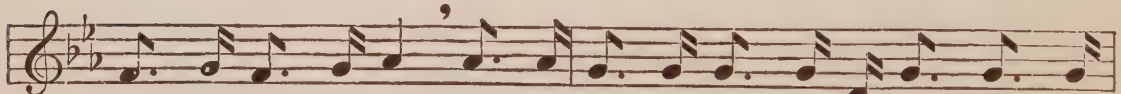
cluck-in' of the hens, And the roos-ter's hal - ly-loo-yer as he  
blos-ums on the trees, And the mum-ble of the hum-ming birds and  
lone-some-like but still A-preach-in' ser - muns to us of the



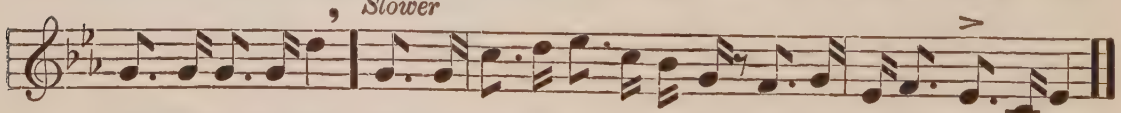
tip - toes on the fence; O it's then's the times a fel - ler is a  
buz - zin' of the bees; But the air's so ap - pe-tiz-in' and the  
barns they grow'd to fill; The straw-stack in the med-der, and the



feel - in' at his best, With the ris - in' sun to greet him from a  
land - scape thro' the haze Of a crisp and sun - ny morn-in' of the  
reap - er in the shed, The hoss - es in the stalls be - low, the



night of peace - ful rest, As he leaves the house, bare-head-ed, and goes  
air - ly au - tumn days, Is a pic - tur' that no pain-ter has the  
clo - ver o - ver-head, O it sets my heart a-click-in' like the



out to feed the stock, When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.  
col - or-in' to mock, When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.  
tick-in' of a clock, When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

\* Text by permission of THE BOBBS-MERRILL Co., owners of the copyright

# Sleep Song Home Song

57

Cordelia Brooks Fenno

Anon.

German Folk-Melody

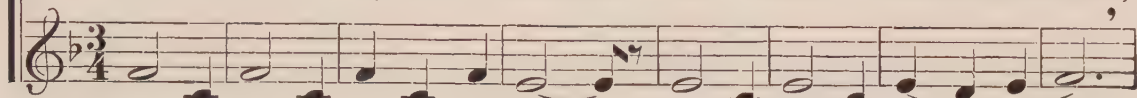
Arranged by N. Clifford Page

*Moderato con espress.* ♩ = 120

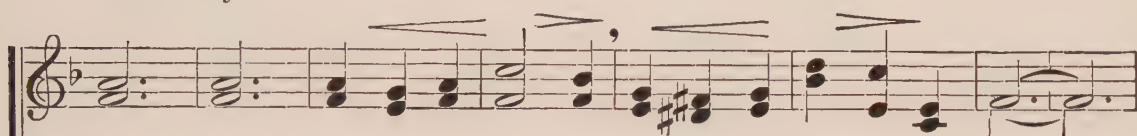


*pp*

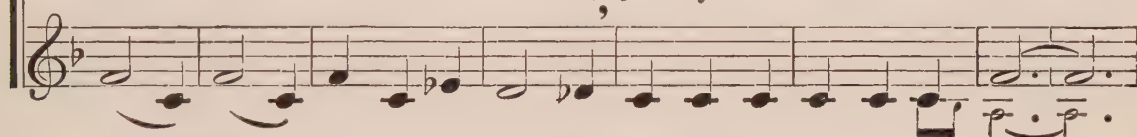
1. Sleep, sleep, dear lit - tle bird - ling, Sleep, sleep, safe in thy nest;  
 2. Dream, dream, out from the west - land, Blow, blow, soft - ly the breeze;  
 1. Home, home, why did I leave thee? Dear, dear, dear - ly-lov'd home;  
 2. Home, home, why did I leave thee? Dear, dear friends do not mourn;



*Humming or "loo"*



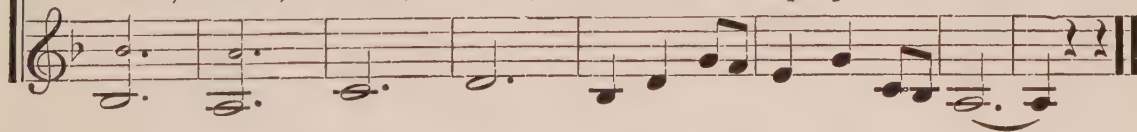
Love, love, sweet - ly en - gird - ling, Ten - der - ly watch - es thy rest. .  
 Come, come, back from the rest - land, When the dawn shines thro' the trees. .  
 No, no, still I re - gret thee, Tho' I may far from thee roam. .  
 Home, home, once more re - ceive me, Quick - ly to thee I'll re - turn. .



*(Sing text)*



*p* Low, low, . bye - low; . Love watches o - ver thy rest. .  
 Low, low, . bye - low, . Till the dawn shines thro' the trees. .  
 Home, home, . home, . home, . Dear - est and hap - pi - est home. .



## Father and Friend

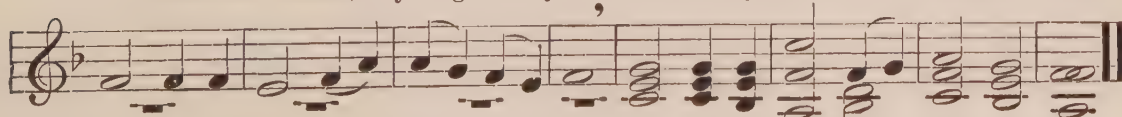
John Bowring

Lowell Mason

*Con moto* ♩ = 112



Fa - ther and Friend, Thy light, Thy love, Beaming thro' all Thy works, we see;



Thy glo - ry gilds the heav'ns a - bove, And all the earth is full of Thee.

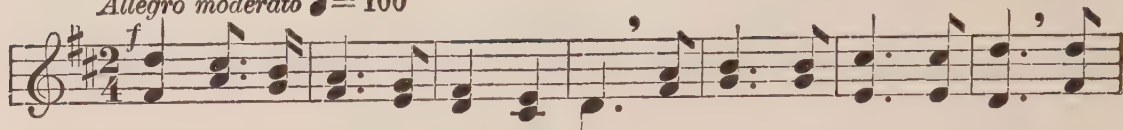


## Joy to the World

Antioch

Isaac Watts

George Frederick Handel

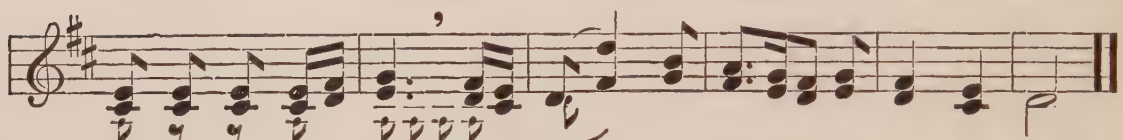
*Allegro moderato* ♩ = 100

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re-ceive her King; Let  
 2. Joy to the world! the Fa-ther reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy, While  
 3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The



And heav'n and nature

ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And  
 fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re-peat the sounding joy, Re-  
 glo-ries of . . His right-eous-ness, The wonders of His love, The



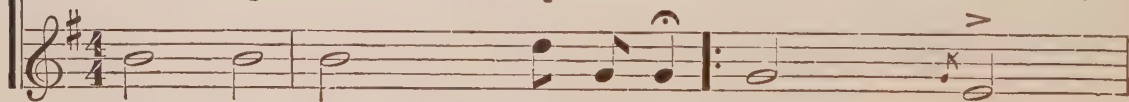
heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing.  
 peat the sound-ing joy, Re-peat, re-peat . . the sound-ing joy.  
 won-ders of His love, The won-ders, won-ders of His love.

## The Strawberry Vendors

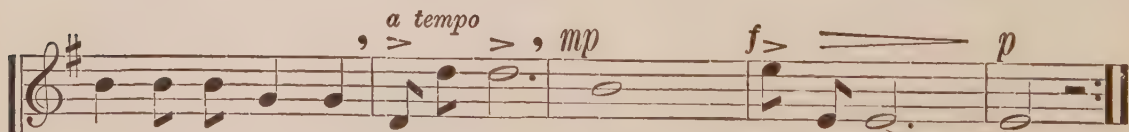
Harvey Worthington Loomis

*Moderato e con umore**mf più mosso*

All ripe! Straw-ber-ries, ripe! Ten cen' a bas-ket!



All ripe! Fine straw-ber-ries! All ripe!



Ten cen' a bas-ket! Straw-ber-ries! Fine straw-ber-ries! . .



All ripe! Fine straw-ber-ries! . . All ripe!

# Evening Prayer

59

M. Louise Baum

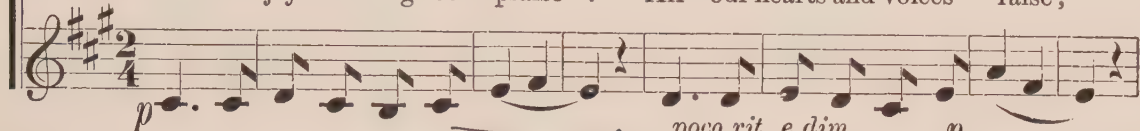
A. Randegger

*Moderato con espress* ♩ = 84

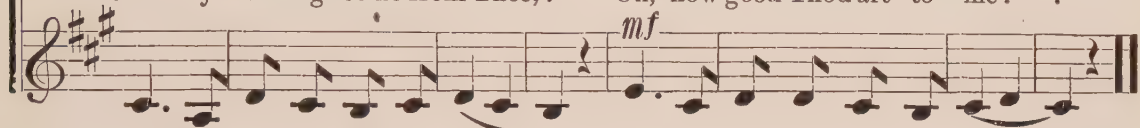
Arranged by Bertha Remick



1. God who send-eth night and day, . Hear and bless me while I pray;
2. O-pen Thou mine eyes to see . . All my joy in serv-ing Thee;
3. Now a joy-ful song of praise . All our hearts and voices raise;



Thou art love and Thou a-lone, . On-ly Thou canst guard Thine own. .  
 Be my heart's fra-ter-nal love, . Kin-dled still by Thine a-bove. .  
 All my bless-ings come from Thee, . Oh, how good Thou art to me! .



## Good-Night

Henry Snow

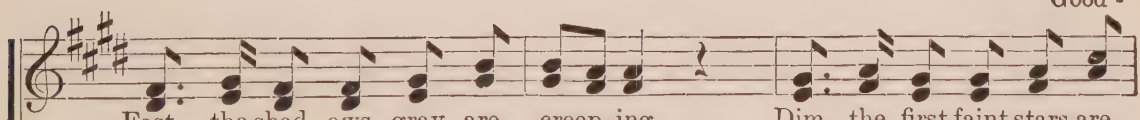
L. Spohr

*Andante espressivo* ♩ = 72

Arranged by J. Remington



1. Good - night, Good - night! Eve-ning chimes to rest in - vite; .
2. Good - night, Good - night! Wak-ing fan - cies take their flight;



Fast the shad-ows gray are creep-ing, Dim the first faint stars are  
 Slum-ber weaves her drow-sy bless-ing, With her ten-der dreams ca-



night, . . . . . Good - night, . . . . .



peep-ing, Si-lence yields its sweet de-light, Good-night, Good-night!  
 ressing, Sleep, till breaks the morn-ing light, Good-night, Good-night!



## Gobble Duet

From "La Mascotte"

B. R. Sharon

Edmond Audran

*Allegretto moderato* ♩ = 96

Adapted by Bertha Remick

SOPRANO



1. When blaz - ing on his dai - ly course The  
hid - den in the long cool grass, 'Tis  
2. When day is o'er un - to the farm My  
eve - ning star has wak'd the breeze, The

ALTO



sun is high in noon-tide glo - ry; When sing-ing birds and hum-ming  
love - ly as a fair - y bow - er, Be - neath the shade tree, cool I  
tur-keys go with me be - side them; My sheep I call from near and  
west-ern sky is faint - ly glow - ing, Our path-way leads thro' dark-'ning

1 SOPRANO 2 rit.



bees With crick-et's chirp tell sum-mer's sto - ry; I'm  
sit, And gar-lands weave of ev - 'ry flow - er.  
far, Un - to the fold I gen - tly guide them. The  
vale, While home-ward we are glad - ly go - ing.

SOPRANO

ALTO

SOPRANO



Tur - keys cry to me. Sheep are mine, you see. Lis - ten while they cry,  
"Gob-ble, gob-ble, gob-ble,"

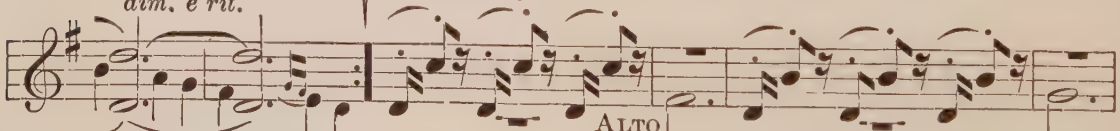
ALTO



Hear them soft-ly bleat, "Baa!" Ah! . . . . .

dim. e rit.

"Gob-ble, gob-ble, gob-ble," "Gob-ble, gob-ble, gob-ble,"  
2 SOPRANO



"Baa!"

"Baa!"

"Gob-ble, gob-ble, gob-ble, gob-ble, gob-ble, gob-ble, gob-ble, gob-ble, gob-ble," Ah!



"Baa!"

"Baa!"

Ah!

NOTE: The Soprano represents Bettina, the keeper of the turkeys; the Alto represents Beppo, a shepherd.



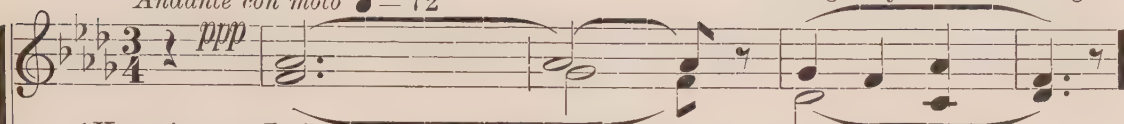
# Hush, My Babe

Words adapted by Stephen Fay

Old Melody

Arranged by N. Clifford Page

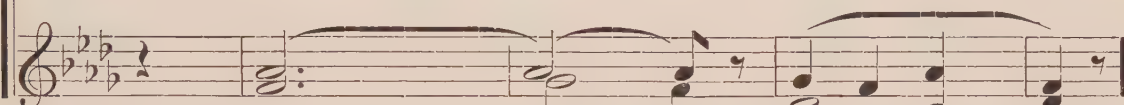
*Andante con moto* ♩ = 72



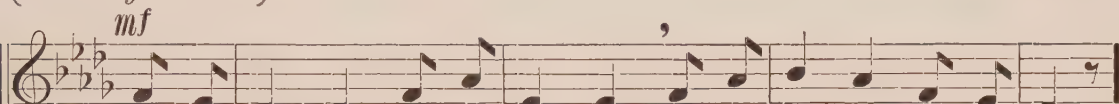
(Humming or "Loo")



1. Hush, my babe, lie still and slum - ber, Ho - ly an - gels guard thy bed.
2. Round thy cra - dle dreams are bid - ing, Till thine eyes are closed in sleep.



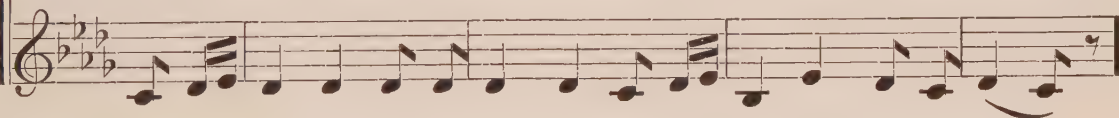
(Humming or "Loo")



Heav'n - ly bless - ings with - out num - ber Gen - tly fall - ing on thy head.  
Then they'll come from out their hid - ing, While my ba - by slum - bers deep.



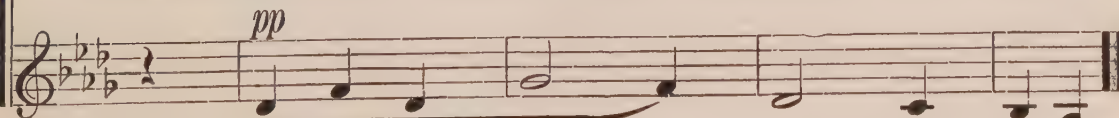
While thy mother, soft - ly sing - ing, Breathes for thee her ten - der love, .  
They will gen - tly hov - er round thee, Bright with fan - cies fair and gay, .



(Humming or "Loo")



Go to sleep, for night is bring - ing Sweet re - pose from realms a - bove.  
With sweet vi - sions to sur - round thee Till there dawn an - oth - er day.



(Humming or "Loo")



# Hear, O Ye Nations!

Frederick Lucien Hosmer

Lyons

Franz Joseph Haydn

*Allegro moderato* ♩ = 132

Arranged by J. Remington

1. Hear, hear, O ye na-tions, and hear-ing o-bey The  
 2. Lo, dawns a new e-ra, tran-scend-ing the old, The  
 3. And thou, O my coun-try, from man-y made one, Last -

cry from the past and the call of to-day! Earth wearies and wastes with her  
 po-et's rapt vi-sion by pro-phet fore-told! From war's grin tra-di-tion it  
 born of the na-tions, at morn-ing thy sun, A-rise to the place thou art

fresh life out-pour'd, The glut of the can-non, the spoil of the sword.  
 mak-eth ap-peal To ser-vice of all in a world's common-weal.  
 giv-en to fill, And lead the world-tri-umph of peace and good will!

## Memorial Song

Adapted by A. Bode

German Air

*Andante con moto* ♩ = 76

Arranged by G. F. Wilson

1. Bring the buds of spring-time, Fair-est blooms of May;  
 2. 'Tis the day our na-tion Mourns the true and brave,  
 3. While the flag they died for Floats a-bove each head,—

Rev-er-ent-ly lay them On the graves to-day, On the graves to-day.  
 So with sweetest flow-ers Deck the he-ro's grave, Deck the he-ro's grave.  
 Grate-ful homage ren-der To the no-ble dead, To the no-ble dead.



## Sky-Born Music

Ralph Waldo Emerson

G. Marschal-Loepke

*Leisurely and happily* ♩ = 72

Let me go wher-e'er I will, I hear a sky-born mu-sic still: It sounds from  
all things old, It sounds from all things young; From all that's fair, from all that's foul,  
Peals out a cheerful song. It is not on-ly in the rose, It is not on-ly in the bird, Not  
on-ly where the rain-bow glows, Nor in the song of wo-man heard, But in the dark-est,  
mean-est things There al-way, al-way something sings, Sings, sings, something sings!

## Voices

Frederic Manley

Edith Lang

*Allegro misterioso* ♩ = 104

1. Who are the children that frolic and play In the woods, a-way in the woods?  
2. Where do they hide when I fol-low their song Thro' the woods, a-way in the woods?  
Low, low, ten-der-ly low, The soft-ly breath'd mel-o-dies rise and flow, In  
Soft, soft, soft-ly I go, By still mos-sy plac-es the veer-ies know, And  
haunts of the star-ry a-nem-o-nes, Silvery clear, se-rene-ly slow. . .  
flow'rs like wee nuns in their lil-y-white hoods, Gen-tly I go on tip-a-toe.  
Thro' the peace of the dawns and the stars of Spring, Thro' the gold-en hush of the  
But there's nev-er a child, and there's no sweet song, But the brook's low song as it  
, *Allegro* ♩ = 104 *cresc. mf, poco rit. , f>*  
noons of Spring, In the woods, In the woods, the re-joic-ing woods!  
flows a-long Thro' the woods, Thro' the woods, the re-joic-ing woods!

# Invocation

## God Be With Us

Rudyard Kipling  
Leonard Baker

John Hatton, 1790  
Arranged by Herbert Toyes

*Religioso* ♩ = 108

*mf*

1. Fa - ther in Heav'n, who lov - est all, Oh, help Thy  
 2. Teach us the strength that can - not seek By deed or  
 3. Teach us de - light in sim - ple things, And mirth that  
 1. O God, be - neath Thy guid - ing hand, Our ex - iled  
 2. Laws, free - dom, truth and faith in God Came with those

*mf*

, A

chil - dren when they call; That they may build from  
 thought, to hurt the weak; That un - der Thee we  
 has no bit - ter springs; For - give - ness free of  
 fa - thers crossed the sea; And when they trod the  
 ex - iles o'er the waves; And where their pil - grim

, A

*f*

age to . age . An un - de - fil - ed her - i - tage.  
 may pos - sess . Man's strength to com - fort man's dis - tress.  
 e - vil done, And love to all . . men'neath the sun!  
 win - try strand, With pray'r and psalm . they wor - shipped Thee.  
 feet have trod, . The God they trust - ed guards their graves.

*f*

## O Lord, My God

*Moderato* ♩ = 92

P. C. Warren

*p*

O Lord, my God, in Thee do I put my trust. O  
 in Thee do I put my trust. .

*mf*

Lord. my God, in Thee do I put my trust. .

## Vernal Day

David Stevens

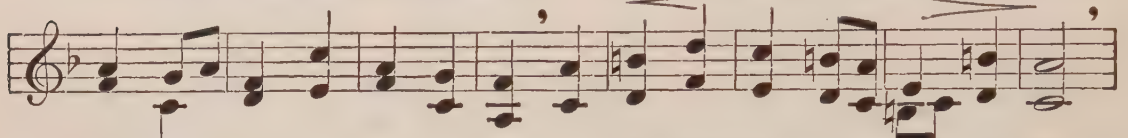
*Moderato con grazia* ♩ = 88

Old French Melody

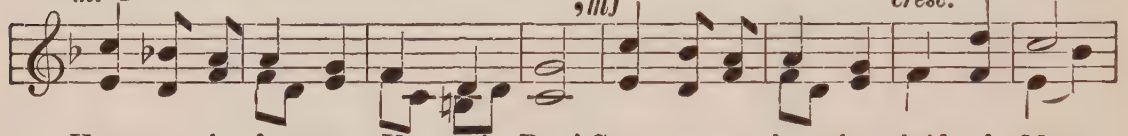
Arranged by N. Clifford Page



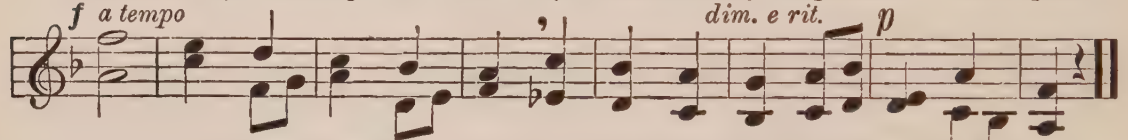
1. Thro' the new-ly bud-ding trees Gen-tly sighs the south-ern breeze;  
 2. Wil - lows wake a-bove the rill; Shy-ly peeps the daf - fo - dil;



O'er the plain, on ea - ger wing, Fly swal-lows bear - ing news of spring.  
 Soon will spring the lil - y fair, The song of birds will fill the air.

*Amf più animato*

Haste now thy foot-step, Ver - nal Day! Come, snow-y haw-thorn, bride of May;  
 Haste now thy foot-step, Ver - nal Day! Come with thy fra-grance, li - lac spray;



Oh, come, thou skies of . blue, And bring the time when dreams are true!

## Swan Song

*Lento* ♩ = 72

From "Lohengrin"

Richard Wagner

Adapted by John Vance



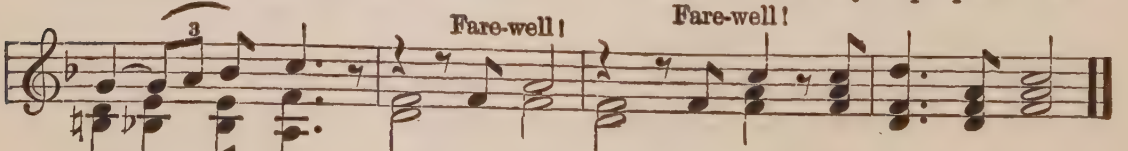
Fare-well to thee, my trust - y swan! Back o'er the spread - ing  
 wa - ters glide;



wa - ters glide; Re - turn whence came thy bark a - non,



Where bliss for-ev - er doth . . a - bide. Well thy ap - point - ed



task . . is done: Fare . well! Fare well! be - lov - ed swan!



# Praise to Thee, Father

Adapted by Sidney Rowe

Arranged by Bertha Remick

*Andante con moto* ♩ = 84

1. { Praise to Thee, Fa-ther in heav-en, Thy coun-te-nance lend . . us.  
Give us Thy strength and from e-vil, O Fa-ther, de-fend . . us.

2. { Now at Thine al-tar in meek-ness we bow down be-fore . . Thee.  
Grant us, O Fa-ther, Thy fa-vor, we hum-bly im-plore . . Thee.

Guide us a-right, Ev-er in dark-ness or light, May Thy pure spir-it at-tend . . us.  
Thro' all our days Thy name we grate-ful-ly praise, Hon-or, ex-alt and a-dore . . Thee.

## Bohemian National Hymn

M. Louise Baum

Bohemian Folk-Song

*Moderato* ♩ = 108

1. Where is my home? Where is my home? Where the mead-ows laugh with  
2. Where is my home? Where is my home? Where the peo-ple all are

flow-ers, Where the snow-clad moun-tain tow-ers; Where the woods are dark with  
brothers, Lov-ing hearts that strive for oth-ers, Loft-y souls of pur-pose

pine, 'Tis a par-a-dise, and mine. Lit-tle land so great in  
pure, Firm and con-stant to en-dure. Land be-lov'd, I sing thy

sto-ry, Fair Bo-he-mia is my home, Fair Bo-he-mia is my home!  
glo-ry, Fair Bo-he-mia is my home, Fair Bo-he-mia is my home!

# Laughing Song

Stephen Fay

From "A trip to Africa"

F. von Suppé

Rather slow waltz time ♩ = 144

Arranged by David Stevens

*mf*  
When the world goes a - wry, And the mist hides the sky, Nev-er fear, then, Per-se -  
vere, then, It will clear by and by. Tho' our plans all go wrong, Troubles  
come in a throng, We will mend them, We will end them With a laugh and a  
A As a - long Life's broad high-way we fare, When we  
*mf*  
song. Tra-la-la-la-la!  
meet with the Drag-on of care, *poco cresc.* We will ral - ly and flout him  
Tra-la-la-la-la! We'll flout him, At -  
Trouble flies a -  
*f*  
tack him and rout him With a laugh, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!  
way, Sor - row can - not stay If we laugh him a - way!\*  
Laugh! Laugh! laugh him a - way!  
*ff*  
Laugh a-way! Chaff a-way! Nev-er say Lack a-day!  
Sor-row can-not stay  
*f* Ha, ha! Ha, ha! Ha, ha! *ff* Laugh away! Chaff a-way!  
Sor-row can-not stay If we  
Nev-er say Lack a-day! We will laugh him a-way!  
•The song may end here

# The Angel and the Shepherd

69

English text by Cordelia Brooks Fenno

Old French Noël (Béarnais)

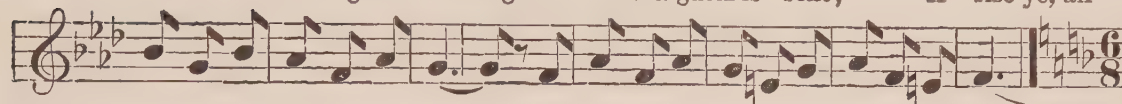
*Andantino* ♩ = 100 The Angel (ALTO)

Arranged by N. Clifford Page



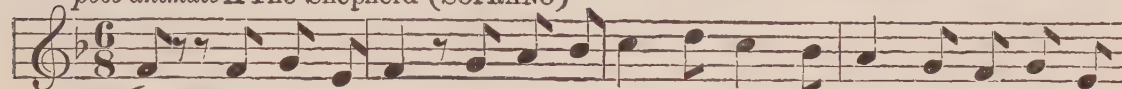
*mp*

1. Oh, Shepherd, a-wak-en! a - rise from your sleep,  
And hast-en your watch near the Master to keep. Thro' Him, by His
2. Quick, lift up your eye-lids, the heavens are rent;  
A glo - ri - ous light o'er the Kingdom is sent; A - rise ye, all



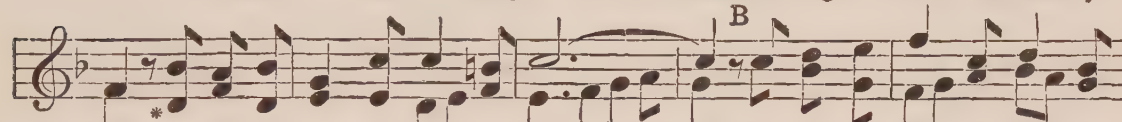
prom-is - es sent from a - bove, All strife shall be end-ed and peace shall bring love. . .  
fear-less, set forth in the night, And fol-low the pathway that leadeth to light. . .

*poco animato* A The Shepherd (SOPRANO)

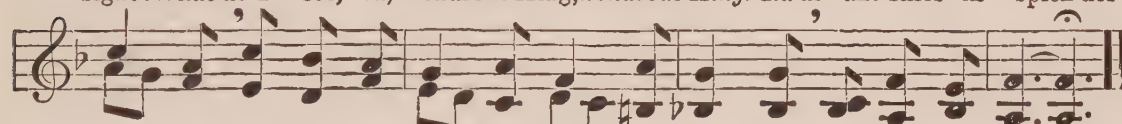


*mp*

. . . Oh, let me sleep! Wea-ry am I and fain would slumber, Oh, let me  
. . . What do I see! An-gel of God! what shin-ing vi-sion daz-zles my



sleep! Go on your way and let me sleep, *let me sleep!* Let oth-ers wake, your words but  
sight! What do I see, oh, wondrous King, *wondrous King!* Ra-di-ant skies in splen-dor



grieve me; I am a wea-ry, prith-ee leave me, Oh, let me sleep!  
beam-ing! Far o'er the world Thy glo-ry stream-ing, O Lord, most high!

\* If desired the lower voice may hum or sing *loo* during 1st verse.

## Sweet Day Is Softly Dying

Frederic Manley

*Moderato cantabile* ♩ = 76

Old French Melody

Arranged by N. Clifford Page

*p* SOPRANO



1. Sweet day is soft-ly dy-ing Up-on the hills of gold;  
Night winds are soft-ly sigh-ing Thro' wood-lands drear and cold;
2. Soft sound of sil-ver voice-es From brooks that laugh a-long;  
Sweet noise, where earth-re-joice-es When winds wake woods to song;



Still a host of min-strels soon will sing Cheer-ful and bold, The  
Hear the crick-et's cheer-ful car-ol ring O-ver the hill! The



dark will soon be thrill-ing, . . The hills and mead-ows ring.  
Joy of Na-ture's mu-sic . . Is nev-er, nev-er still!



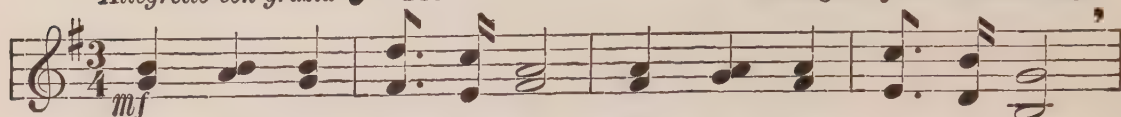
## Over the Summer Sea

From "Rigoletto"

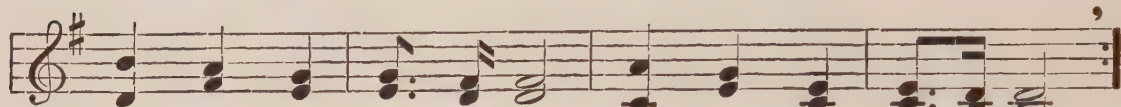
Giuseppe Verdi

*Allegretto con grazia* ♩ = 116

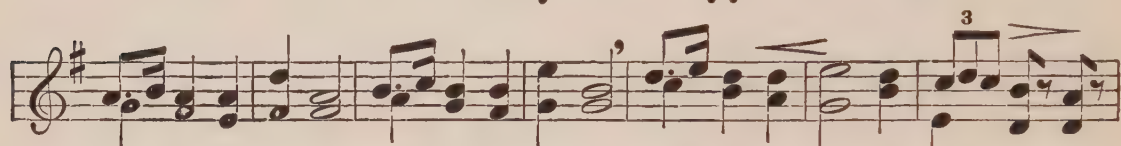
Arranged by N. Clifford Page



1. O ver the sum-mer sea, With light hearts gay and free,  
 Swift flows the rip-pling tide, Light-ly the zeph-yrs glide,  
 2. Hark to the bird on high, Far in yon az-ure sky,  
 "Come," its song seems to say: "Ban-ish dull care a-way;

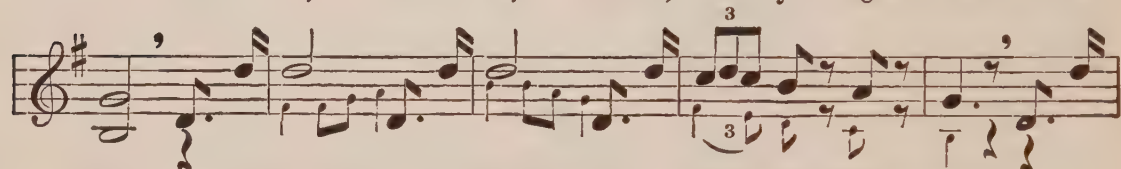


Join'd by glad min-strel-sy, Gai-ly we're roam-ing;  
 Round us on ev-'ry side Bright crests are foam-ing.  
 Fling-ing sweet mel-o-dy, Each heart to glad-den;  
 Nev-er let sor-row stay Brief joys to sad-den."



Fond hearts, en-twin-ing, Cease all re-pin-ing; Near us is shin-ing Beau-ty's bright

Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la, Beau-ty's bright smile. Tra-la-



smile. Shines o'er all, shines o'er all Beau-ty's bright smile.

la, tra-la-la, tra-la-la, . . . . . Beau-ty's bright smile.

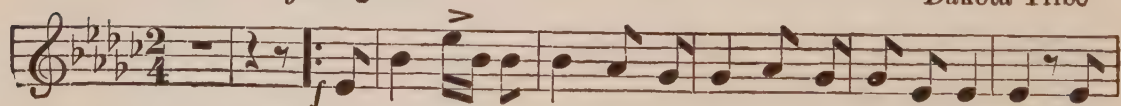


Shines o'er all, shines o'er all; Beauty's smile, Beauty's smile, Shines Beau-ty's smile.

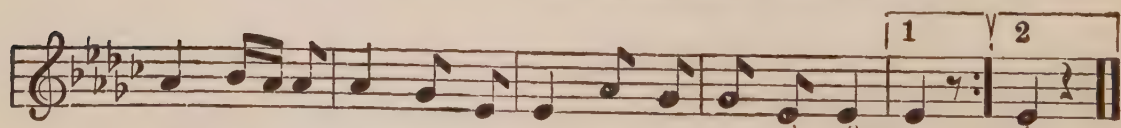
## Indian Song

*With marked rhythm* ♩ = 120

Dakota Tribe



He: A-ha! Hi-a-ha! Hear the cry of the warrior bold; A-  
 She: A-ha! Hi-a-ha! Fearless chief, I will weave for thee; I



ha! Hi-a-ha! Fear-less I of the foes of old. . . .  
 sing: Hi-a-ha! Val-iant chief, thou shalt fight for me. . . .

# April Song

Cordelia Brooks Fenno

From "Richard Cœur de Lion"

André E. M. Grétry

Arranged by Herbert Toyes

*Moderato con grazia* ♩ = 112

*p* *mf*

1. 'Tis A - pril, soft the ear - ly blooms Are peeping thro' the snow, (the snow,) The  
 2. The az - ure sky is fleck'd with white, The sun now beams, now fades, (now fades,) The  
 3. The com - ing of an - oth - er spring, An - oth - er seed - time fair, (so fair,) In

*cresc.* *f* *dim. e rit.* *p*

brim - ming brook goes rush - ing down To join the stream be - low, (be low.)  
 wind is keen, but on . its wings Comes Spring to fields and glades, (and glades.)  
 mys - tic re - a - wak - 'ningswift, Up lifts my soul in air, (in air.)

## Morning

Prudentius

Adapted by Samuel Longfellow

Attributed to Ludwig van Beethoven

Arranged by Humphrey Mitchell

*Con moto* ♩ = 96

*A*

1. Now with cre - a - tion's morning song Let us, the children of . the day, With  
 2. O may the morn, so pure, so clear, Its own sweet calm in us . in - still! *A*

*A*

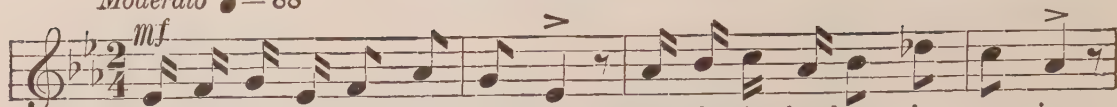
wak - en'd heart and pur - pose strong, The works of dark - ness cast a - way.  
 guile - less mind, a heart sin - cere, Sim - ple - i - ty of word and will.

## The Smith

Stephen Fay

From "Cavalleria Rusticana"

Pietro Mascagni

*Moderato* ♩ = 88

1. Winds of eve are fresh-ly blow-ing, Home the shepherd boy is go-ing,  
 Hammer on the an-vil ring-ing, Lust-i-ly the smith is sing-ing,  
 2. Hap-py is the smith and jol-ly; Foe to grief and mel-an-cho-ly;  
 Bus-i-ly his trade pur-su-ing, While there is a horse for shoe-ing,

*poco rit.*

Still the forge is brightly glow-ing, Tho' the sum-mer day is sped.  
 Rud-dy sparks are up-ward fling-ing, As he smites the i-ron red.  
 Dis-con-tent to him is fol-ly, So he sings the hours a-way.  
 He is up and ev-er do-ing, At the dawn-ing of . . the day.

*poco animato* ♩ = 100*a tempo*

Kling! Klang! Here's a prop-er shoe, sir; Kling! Klang! Twice as good as new, sir!



Tap! Tap! tap it light-ly, Rap! Rap! rap it right-ly, Tap a-way;

*ff a tempo*

Kling! Klang! Rea-dy in a wink, sir; Kling! Klang! Just an-oth-er

*animando**rit.*

clink, sir; One crown is the bill, and so fare-well un-til an-oth-er day!

## A Letter

Abbie Farwell Brown

From "La Perichole"

Jacques Offenbach

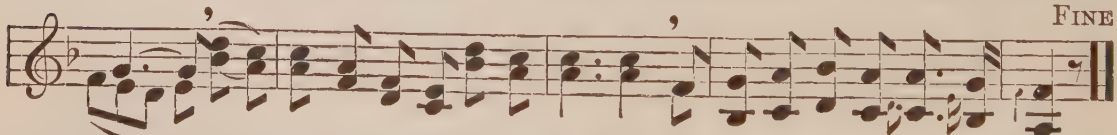
*Allegretto* ♩ = 132

Arranged by J. Remington



1. An age it has been since in an-guish I left you when Springtime was  
 win-ter has come to the cit-y, The pavements are i-cy and  
 2. I long for the daysweet and sun-ny, I long for the grass and the  
 friend, I am long-ing to meet you Once more in the mead-ows we

FINE



fair, . Now here in the cit-y I lan-guish, And long for the sweet country air.  
 cold, . And I think of the summer with pit-y That joy like the year must be old.  
 trees, . For flow-ers all la-den with hon-ey, The murmuring chorus of bees.  
 love; . Oh! how hap-pi-ly then shall I greet you When summer is smiling a-bove.





The meadows were green in the morn - ing, The birds were as hap - py as we, And  
Oh, say, is the lit - tle brook fro - zen, Or still does it mer - ri - ly sing, And

*a tempo*

*f poco rit.*



blos - soms the bank were a - dorn - ing, All un - der the old wil - low tree. Now  
down in the nook we had cho - sen, Are an - y first to - kens of Spring? Dear

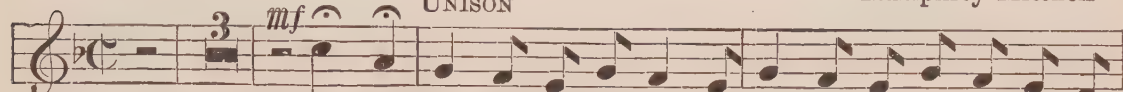
## Marching Song

Sidney Rowe

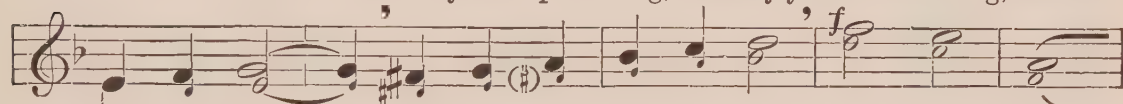
*In March time* ♩ = 112

UNISON

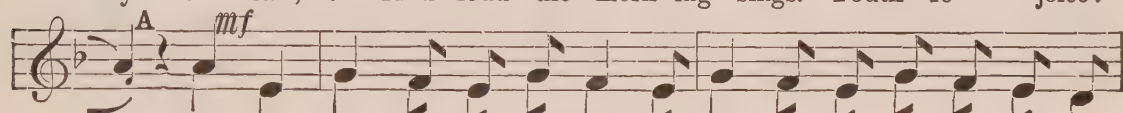
Humphrey Mitchell



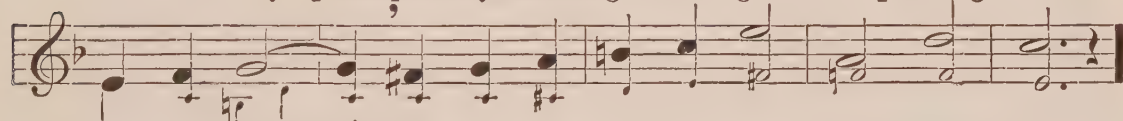
1. Now the bu - gle is sound - ing And young hearts are bound - ing As the  
2. As our way we're pur - su - ing, There's joy in the do - ing, For the



clear notes ring . And wake the ech - oing hills, Hear the call!  
day is fair, . And loud the morn - ing sings: "Youth re - joice!"

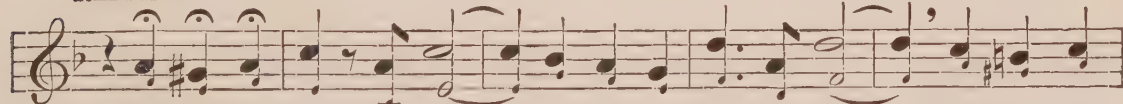


. . Ev - 'ry eye shin - ing bright - ly And feet step - ping light - ly As we  
. . Ev - 'ry pulse quick - ly beat - ing, Our song we're re - peat - ing To the

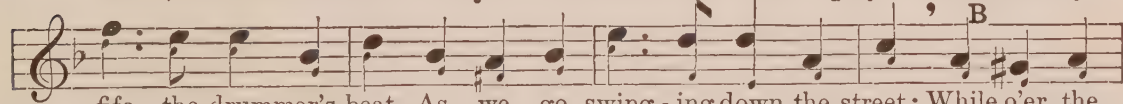


gai - ly sing, . The cry is: Up! a - way! Com - rades all!  
morn - ing air, . . U - ni - ted now are we, Heart and voice.

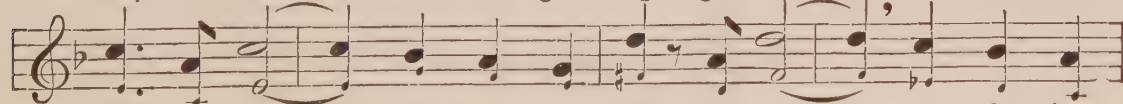
REFRAIN



Then, for - ward march! a - way! Oh, hear the mu - sic play! The mer - ry



fife, the drummer's beat As we go swing - ing down the street; While o'er the



thrill - ing scene, There proud - ly floats se - rene, . The glo - rious



flag, be - neath whose star - ry folds Bright Free - dom is Queen!

# The Brotherhood of Man

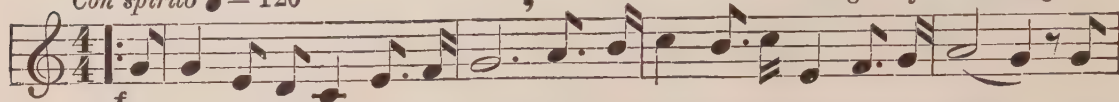
Frederick H. Martens

From "Masaniello"

D. F. E. Auber

*Con spirito* ♩ = 120

Arranged by J. Remington

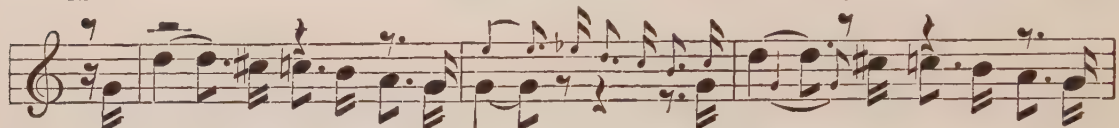


1. The glo - ry of Truth is our cry; Right and Jus - tice the arms of our might; No  
2. And on - ward we march with a song, Bid - ding na - tions and brothers to band, Till



ea - gle of gold Tops our standard unroll'd, Ol - ive crown'd is our ban - ner of white!  
break-eth the morn Of a world new - ly born, All in friendship to - geth - er we stand.

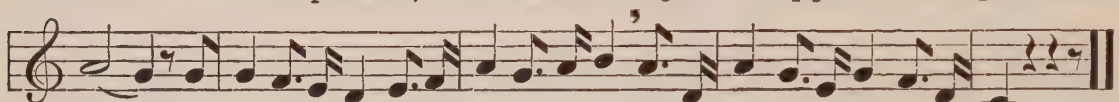
A Let all unite in Freedom's name; The



Let all . . u - nite in Freedom's name; The glo - rious word of Truth pro -  
glo - rious word of Truth proclaim.



claim! Truth pro-claim, Till the shadows of night Dis - appear in the light from a -



bove; A kingdom shall rise With its crest in the skies, Call'd the Kingdom of Brotherly Love!

Frederic Manley

## Morning Praise

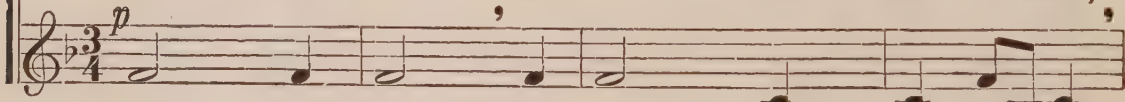
C. W. von Gluck

*Andante tranquillo* ♩ = 72

Arranged by J. Remington



1. Pure as dawn, fre - quent as dew's, Let hymns and prais - es rise,  
2. Let them rise un - to the One Who holds the sea in thrall,



Pure as dawn, Let hymns and prais - es rise,  
Un to One who holds the sea in thrall,



Soon as the star in the day's splen - dor dies.  
Fa - ther of Heav - en and Rul - er of all.





# Camp-Fire Song

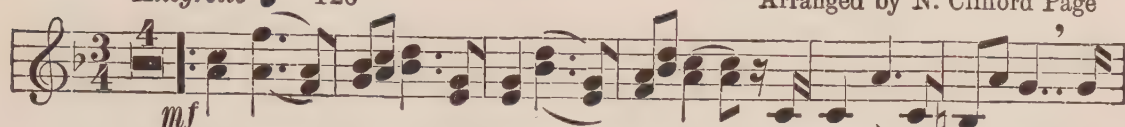
Frederick H. Martens

From "Daughter of the Regiment"

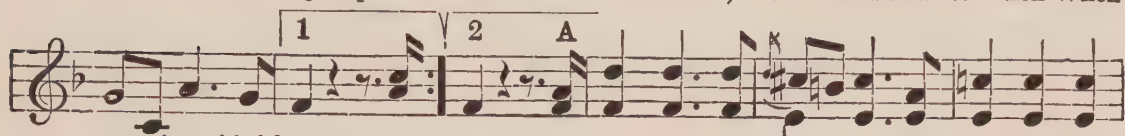
Gaetano Donizetti

*Allegretto* ♩ = 126

Arranged by N. Clifford Page



- mf*
1. Twi - light fail - ing in dark night's veil - ing: On cool winds trail - ing The bird - note call - ing, yet soft song fall - ing, The fair moon thrall - ing A -
  2. Bright stars showing, like rare gems glow - ing, The sweet song flow - ing Of kind thought spo - ken of faith ne'er bro - ken, Is Truth's own to - ken When



sweet breath of dreams. No  
loft, bright - ly beams.  
Love's mag - ic rite. The The chant round the Camp - fire, As dim shad - ows  
young hearts u . . nite. *a tempo*



close Mys - te - ri - ous ris - es, The flame red - ly glows. *rit.* Work, Health, Love, the



fair maids sing . "Wo - he - lo! Wo - he - lo!" The clear voic - es ring.

# The Boy Scouts

David Stevens

From Overture "Light Cavalry"

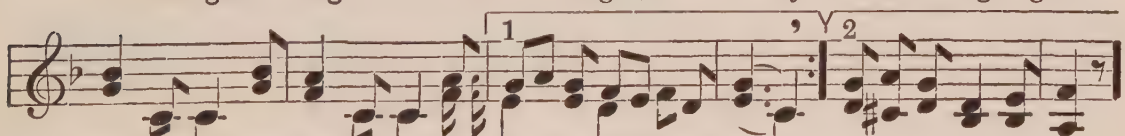
Franz von Suppé

*Con anima* ♩ = 116

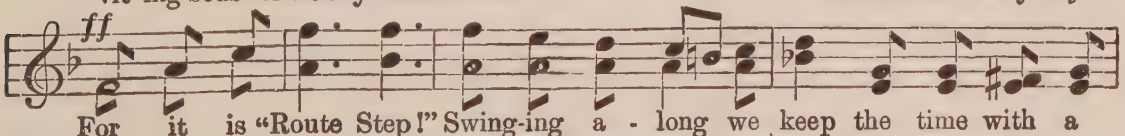
Arranged by J. Remington



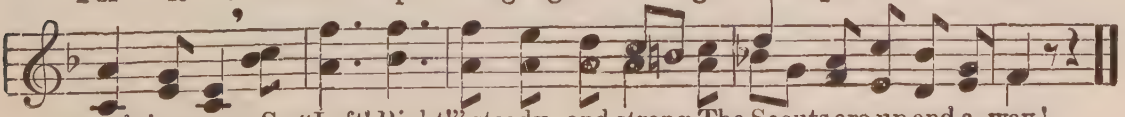
1. On a hol - i - day it is up, a - way! At the peep of ear - ly morn - ing, With In the drum and fife there is joy of life, As the earth our feet are scorn - ing, And
2. Thro' the val - ley low at our ease we go, To the tune the brook is sing - ing, We For the goal's in sight and we know the night, To the hard - y band is bring - ing In -



staff in hand, an ea - ger band Our hearts as light as air. .  
off we start with buoyant heart And never a tho't of care.  
mount the hill with sturdy will And spir - its ev - er high.  
vit - ing beds for wea - ry heads At the Inn of the Starry Sky.



*ff* For it is "Route Step!" Swing - ing a - long we keep the time with a



march - ing song: So "Left! Right!" steady and strong, The Scouts are up and a - way!



## Wiegenlied

Frederic Manley

Arthur Bergh

*Andante moderato* ♩ = 112

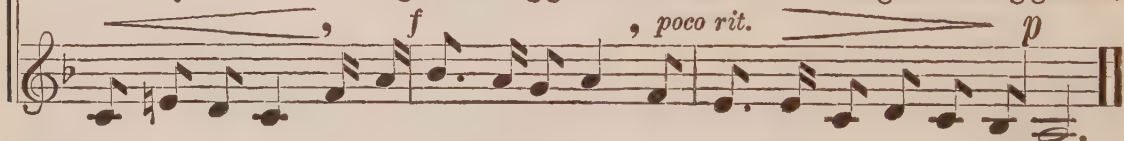
1. Lit-tle ba-by, good-night; Ev 'ry blos-som so bright Now is go-ing to sleep In the  
2. Go to sleep, ba-by dear, For the night is now here With her sweet gift of sleep For each



moon's peace-ful light. Close your own wea-ry eyes In the cool, fra-grant dark, Till the  
tir'd lit-tle dear. Thou wilt fly on her breast To the King-dom of dreams, And re-

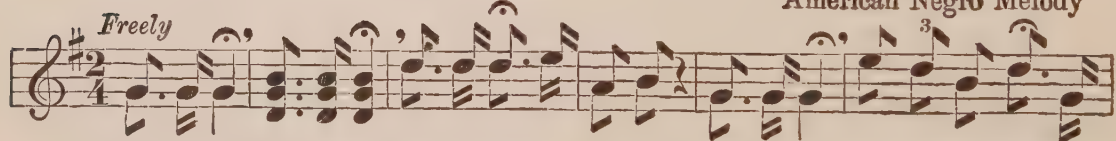


flow'rs all a-rise With the song of the lark, A-rise with the song of the lark.  
turn to thy nest When the bright morning gleams, Re-turn when the bright morning gleams,

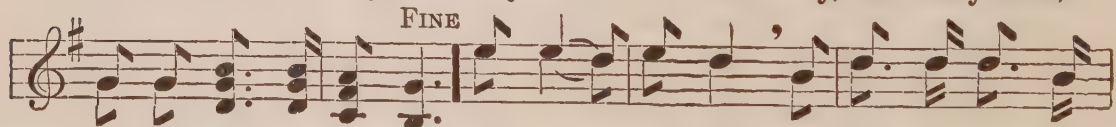


## Steal Away

American Negro Melody



Steal a-way, steal a-way, Steal a-way to Zi-on! Steal a-way, steal a-way home, I've



not got long to stay here. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the  
My Lord calls me, He calls me by the



thun-der, The trumpet sounds it in my soul: I've not got long to stay here.  
light-ning; The trumpet sounds it in my soul: I've not got long to stay here.

Frederick H. Martens

# Canoe Song

## CIRIBIRIBIN

A. Pestalozza

Adapted by N. Clifford Page

Scherzando  $\text{♩} = 54$ 

ALTO

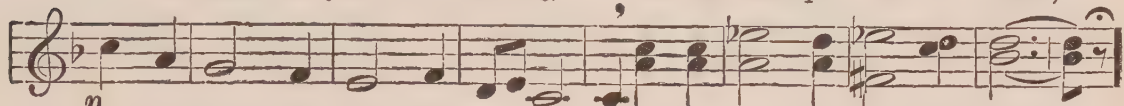
, SOPRANO AND ALTO



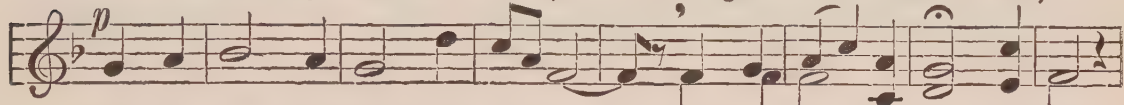
- p*  
 1. Oh, the shad'wy clouds are shifting, And the rippling wa - ters flow,  
 2. Oh, the whippoorwill is wail - ing, And the cooling breeze now blows,



As a - down the riv - er, drift - ing, . In our light ca - noe we go; . .  
 On its breath the jas - mine's trail - ing, . As the tran - quil riv - er flows; .



*p*  
 And a dream lies on the riv - er, . . And a glam - our veils the night,  
 And we're drift - ing with the riv - er, . . And its glam - our'd dream seems true; .



While a - bove the white stars quiv - er . . With a ten - der, mute de - light.  
 As the spread - ing rip - ples quiv - er . . From our lit - tle light ca - noe.



Soft on the air, Ech - o - ing there, Drift - ing a - long, Ris - es our song, .



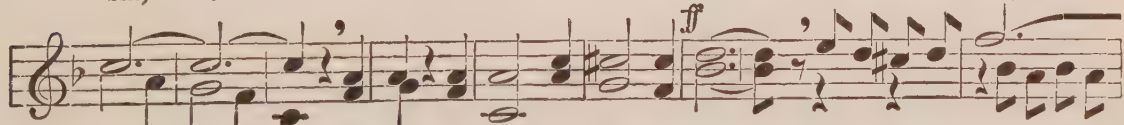
our song, . our song, . "Ci - ri - bi - ri - bin, Ci - ri - bi - ri - bin, Ci - ri - bi - ri - bin!" .

*a tempo*

"Ci - ri - bi - ri - bin," the star - lit skies Are mir - rored in your laughing eyes! "Ci - ri - bi - ri -



bin," as swift - ly flies Our dream su - preme with night that dies! . "Ci - ri - bi - ri -  
 bin, . . . . . Ci - ri - bi - ri - bin, . . . . .



bin," in our ca - noe Up - on the stream a - drift with you! .  
 Ci - ri - bi - ri - bin, . . . . . Ci - ri - bi - ri - bin,"

"Ci - ri - bi - ri -



bin,

Ci - ri - bi - ri - bin,"

In our ca - noe! .



# Christmas Bells

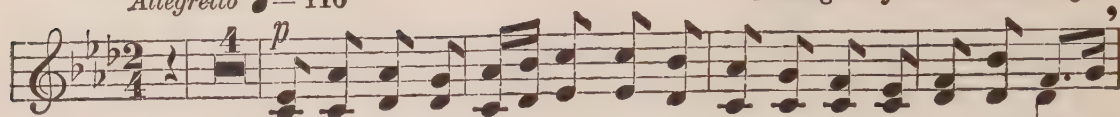
Frederick H. Martens

From "Stradella"

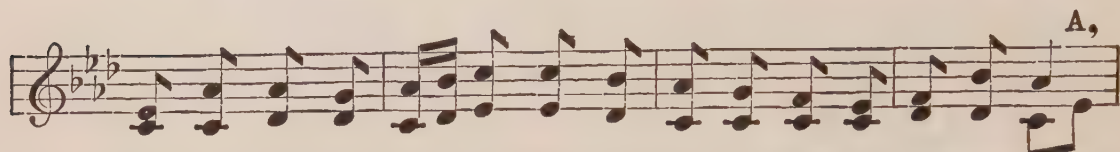
Fr. von Flotow

*Allegretto* ♩ = 116

Arranged by N. Clifford Page



1. Christmas-bells are gai - ly ring-ing, Ring-ing in the Christmas-time;
2. Christmas-bells are loud - ly swell-ing, Thro' the vale and o'er the hill;



Sil - ver sleigh-bells, soft - ly swing-ing, Sound a sweet me - lo-dious chime.  
All their mu - sic now fore - tell - ing Joys that bring a hap - py thrill.



How their crys - tal ech - oes min - gle, Tink - ling forth in hap - py rhyme;  
Ring, ye bells, your Christmas greet-ing, Sing your sto - ry loud and clear!



Joy - ous as their mer - ry jin - gle Sounds the joy of Christ-mas-time!  
Far and wide the tale re - peat - ing: Christmas-time at last is here!



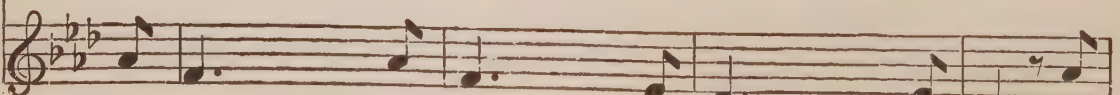
Christ-mas bells are gai - ly swing-ing, Hear their glad tri - um-phiant chime!  
Christ-mas bells are gai - ly swing-ing, Hear their glad tri - um-phiant chime!



Loud their joy - ful voice is sing-ing, Ring - ing in the Christ-mas - time.  
Loud their joy - ful voice is sing-ing, Ring - ing in the Christ-mas - time.



Ding-dong! the church-bells loud re-sound, A joy - ous clang - or raise! Ding -



Ding-dong!

Ding-dong!

Ding-dong!

Ding-dong! Ding -



dong! let peace on earth a-bound, Ring forth its peal of praise! Christ-mas  
 dong! Ding-dong! Ding-dong! Ding-dong!  
 bells, . . . . their mu - sic swells . . . . With buoy - ant  
 Ding-dong, ding-dong! Ding-dong, ding-dong!  
 voice, . . . . Bid-ding ev - 'ry heart re joice! . . .  
 Ding-dong,ding-dong,ding-dong,ding-dong, O heart, re - joice! . . . .

## Abide With Me

H. F. Lyte

*Religioso* ♩ = 100

W. H. Monk

Arranged by J. Remington

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide; The darkness deep - ens, Lord, with me a - bide!  
 2. I need Thy presence ev - 'ry passing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?  
 3. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness;  
 When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!  
 Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a - bide with me!  
 Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory? I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bide with me!

# The Nightingale

M. Louise Baum

Russian Air

*Lento espressivo* ♩ = 76

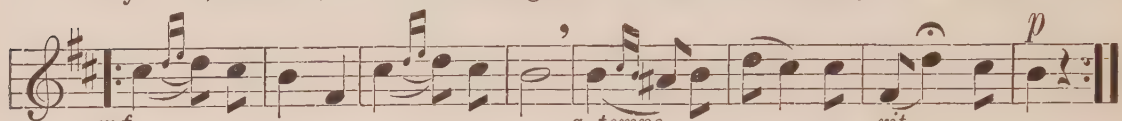
A. Alabieff



1. Night - in - gale, O Night - in-gale, Bird whose song de - lights the vale,  
 2. Dost thou fear me, tune - ful friend? Ah, with thine my notes shall blend,



- Why art si - lent o - ver - soon? Thou who know'st so sweet a rune?  
 Try me, trust me, bird so bright, Come, en - chant my lone - ly night.



- Night - in-gale, O Night - in-gale, Tell me why thy song doth fail.

## My Bonnie

College Song

Arranged by J. Remington

*Allegretto* ♩ = 160

1. My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, . My Bon - nie lies  
 2. Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean, . And blow, ye winds,



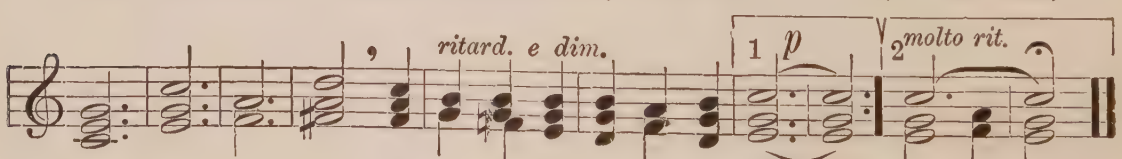
- o - ver the sea, the sea; My Bon - nie lies o - ver the  
 o - ver the sea, the sea; Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the



- o - cean, . Oh, bring back my Bon - nie to me. . .  
 o - cean, . And bring back my Bon - nie to me. . .



- Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to me, to me;



- Bring back, bring back, Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me. . me. (to me.)

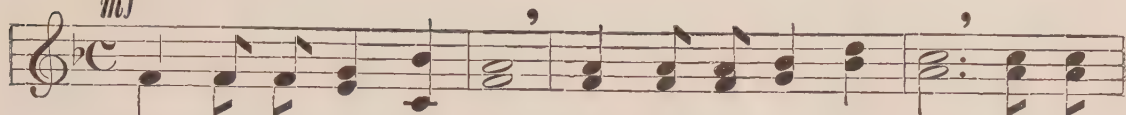
# Thanks to the Morning Light

Ralph Waldo Emerson

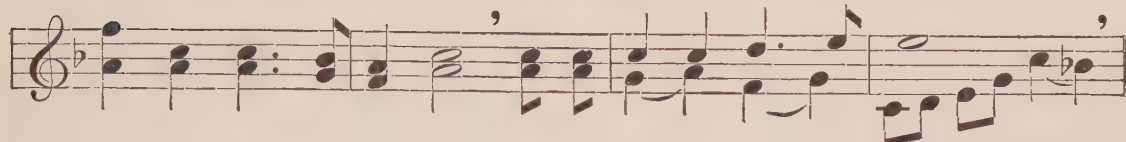
George Lowell Tracy

*Moderato* ♩ = 112

*mf*



Thanks to the morn - ing light, Thanks for the foam - ing sea! To the  
green-haired for - est free.



up - lands of New Hampshire, To the green - haired for - est free.



Thanks to each man of cour - age, To the maids of ho - ly mind; To the



boy with games un - daunt - ed, Who nev - er looks be - hind. .

*A little brighter, not too fast* (♩ = 63)

Spring still makes spring in the mind, . . . . When six - ty years are



Spring still makes spring in the mind, when years are

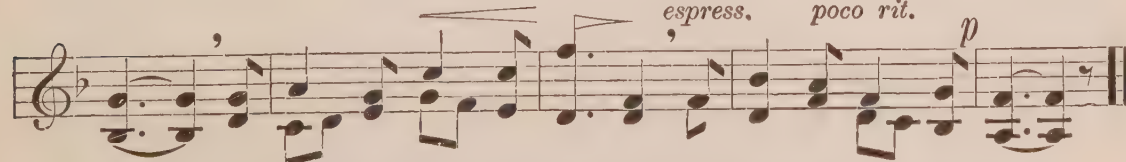


told;

told; Love makes a - new this throb - bing heart, And we are nev - er,  
old.



nev - er old. . O - ver the win - ter gla - ciers I see the sum - mer's  
espress, poco rit.



glow, And through the wild piled snowdrift, The warm rose-bud be - low.



## I've Found My Bonny Babe a Nest

A. P. Graves

Irish Melody

Arranged by David Stevens

*Andante con moto* ♩ = 80

1. I've found my bon - ny babe a nest On Slum - ber Tree, I'll  
 2. I'd put my pret - ty child to float A - way from me, With -

1. I've found my bon - ny babe a nest On Slum - ber, Slum - ber Tree, I'll  
 2. I'd put my pret - ty child to float A - way, a - way from me, With -

rock you there to ros - y rest, A - store Ma - chree; I've  
 in the new moon's sil - ver boat On Slum - ber Sea; I'd

rock you there to ros - y rest, A - store, A - store Ma - chree; I've  
 in the new moon's sil - ver boat On Slum - ber, Slum - ber Sea; I'd

found my bon - ny babe a nest On Slum - ber Tree, I'll  
 put my pret - ty child to float A - way from me, With -

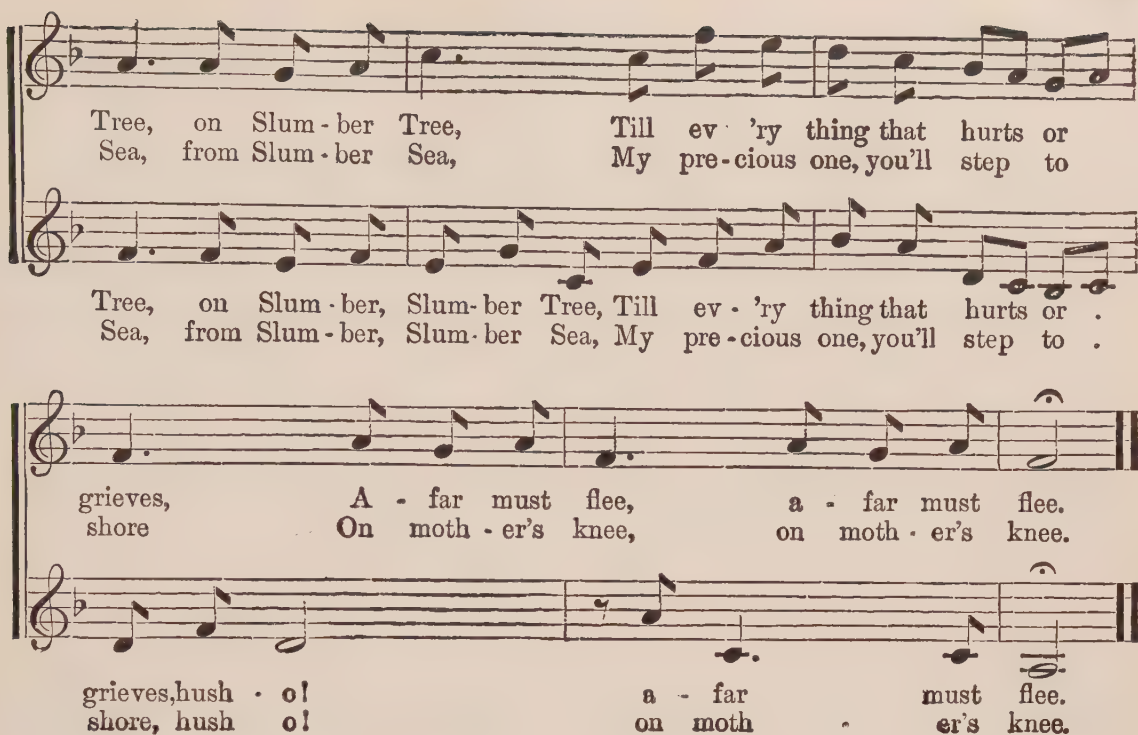
found my bon - ny babe a nest On Slum - ber, Slum - ber Tree, I'll  
 put my pret - ty child to float A - way, a - way from me, With -

rock you there to ros - y rest, A - store Ma - chree. Hush -  
 in the new moon's sil - ver boat, A - store Ma - chree. Hush -

rock you there to ros - y rest, A - store. O hush  
 in the new moon's sil - ver boat, A - store. O hush

o! Hush - o! . . . O lull - a - lo! Sing all the leaves On Slum - ber  
 o! Hush - o! . . . And when your star - ry sail is o'er, From Slum - ber

o! Hush - o! . . . O lull - a - lo! Sing all the leaves On Slum - ber  
 o! Hush - o! . . . And when your star - ry sail is o'er, From Slum - ber



Tree, on Slum-ber Tree, Till ev-'ry thing that hurts or  
 Sea, from Slum-ber Sea, My pre-cious one, you'll step to

Tree, on Slum-ber, Slum-ber Tree, Till ev-'ry thing that hurts or  
 Sea, from Slum-ber, Slum-ber Sea, My pre-cious one, you'll step to

grieves, A - far must flee, a - far must flee.  
 shore On moth-er's knee, on moth-er's knee.

grieves, hush - o!  
 shore, hush o!

a - far must flee.  
 on moth-er's knee.

## Good-Night, Ladies

*Sostenuto*  $\text{♩} = 92$

College Song  
 Arranged by Bertha Remick

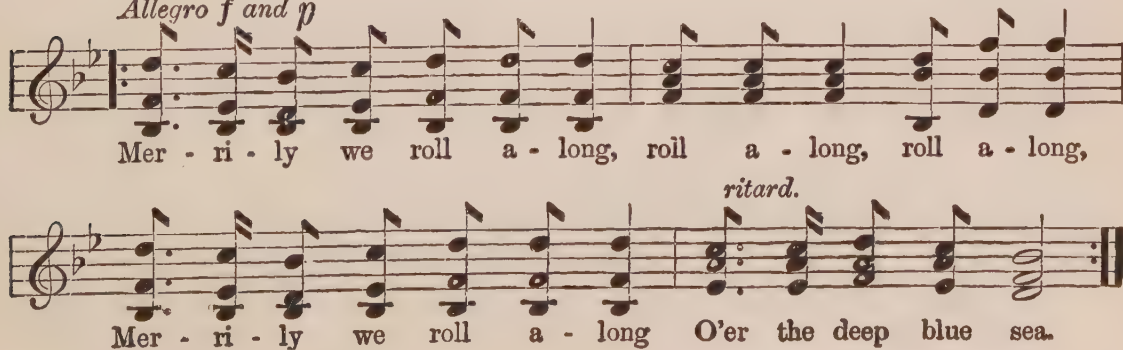


1. Good - night, la - dies! . Good - night, la - dies! .  
 2. Fare - well, la - dies! . Fare - well, la - dies! .  
 3. Sweet dreams, la - dies! . Sweet dreams, la - dies! .



Good - night, la - dies! . We're going to leave you now. .  
 Fare - well, la - dies! . We're going to leave you now. .  
 Sweet dreams, la - dies! . We're going to leave you now. .

*Allegro f and p*



Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, roll a - long, roll a - long,  
*ritard.*  
 Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long O'er the deep blue sea.

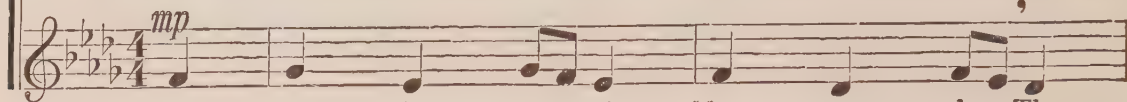
## Memories

Cordelia Brooks Fenno

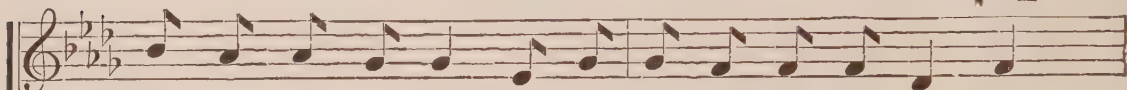
From "La Traviata"

Giuseppe Verdi  
Arranged by J. Remington*mf Andante con espres* ♩ = 66

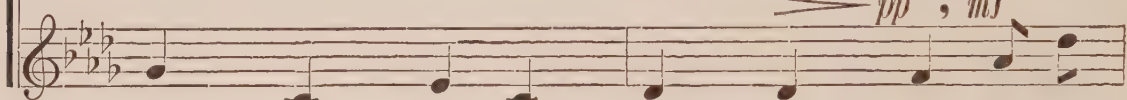
1. In the ear - ly days of spring, when the first sweet blossoms show, And the  
 2. When the woods are sear and brown and the au - tumn twi - light falls; When the



1. In ear - ly are spring, when blos - soms show, The  
 2. When woods are brown and twi - light falls; When



wild-flow'r in the wood push - es up - ward thro' the snow; When  
 dark - ness comes a - pace and no hap - py bird - song calls; When



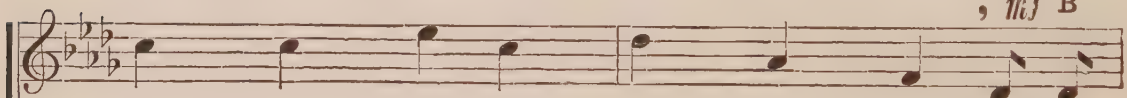
wild - flow'r push - es thro' the snow; When all  
 dark - ness comes no bird - song calls; When the



Na - ture wakes from win - ter of sleep, When  
 sun sends lev - el rays of light, Then



Na - ture wakes a - gain from her qui - et win - ter sleep, When the  
 swift de - scend - ing sun sends its lev - el rays of light, As they



birds fly swift their tryst to keep; Then my  
 soon I'm left a - lone with night. Then I



birds from South-land wing, fly - ing swift their tryst to keep; Then my  
 fade and dis - ap - pear, leav - ing me a - lone with night. Then I



heart a - wak - ens too, for the days are lone - ly here; I am  
 see that lit - tle house un - der - neath the shel - t'ring tree, And the





long - ing for the scenes I have missed for man - y a year; Oh, may  
 fac - es that I love come a - gain in dreams to me; Oh, may  
*con molto espress.*



Fate re - store me soon to the home I hold so dear;  
*poco rit. ff molto ritard. e dim.*



The home I love, my child-hood home, My home so dear!

## Winter Song

Frederick H. Martens

*Allegro moderato* ♩. = 92

Old Basque Air

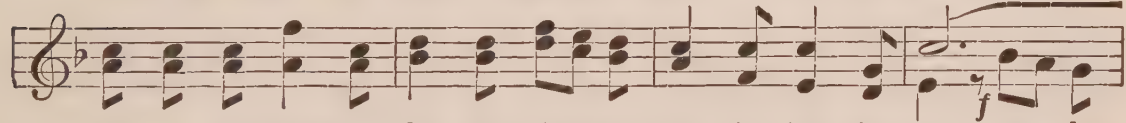
Arranged by N. Clifford Page



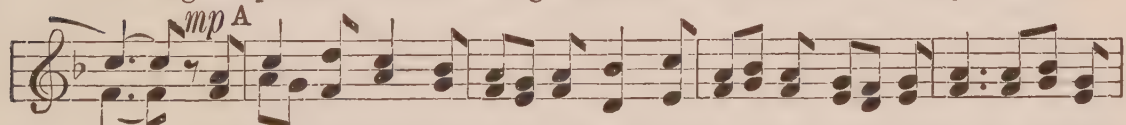
1. In win - ter sleigh - bells mer - ri - ly chime And laugh - ter rings a  
 2. A song of cheer to win - ter we'll raise, A song of cheer, a



cross the fro - zen snow, fro - zen snow; The shouts of ska - ters  
 ring - ing rous - ing song, rous - ing song; And win - ter joys ex -



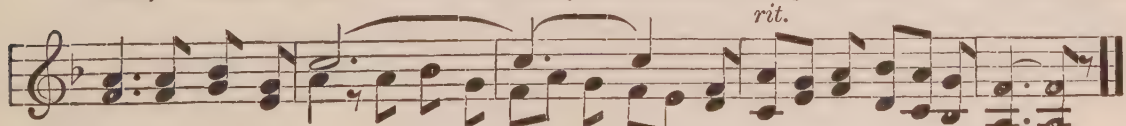
ech - o the rhyme Of fly - ing skates as o'er the ice they go, on they  
 ult - ing we praise, Our cho - rus glad shall bear the tale a - long, tale a -



go. . Like bloom of spring the snowbud white, Like summer's flow'r, the fair Christmas  
 long .



rose, Christmas rose. . No har - vest yields the keen delight The la - den Christmas



tree Ev - er be - stows, ev - er be stows, be - stows, Oh, sing a win - ter song!

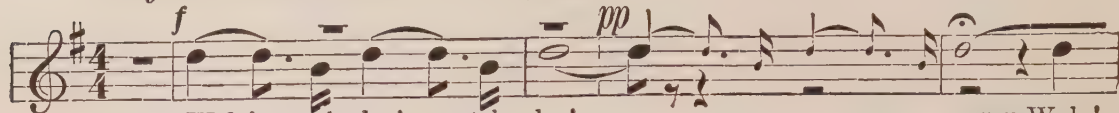
## The Sun Worshippers

English version by H. W. L.

Zufi Indian Melody

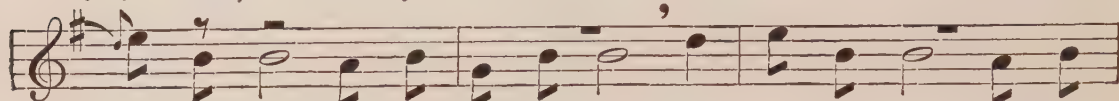
Arranged by Harvey W. Loomis

*Allegretto moderato* ♩ = 100 **ECHO** { *Wah!* . . . *tah-ho!* . . . *tah-ho!* . . .  
*Rise,* . . . *a - rise,* . . . *a - rise!* . . .



*Wah!* *tah-ho!* *tah-ho!* . . .  
*Rise,* . *a - rise,* . *a - rise!* . . .

*mp* *Wah!*  
*The*



*oot - tah - ho,* *nah - wee - tahn ah - lo* *Wah!* *oot - tah - ho,* *tah - hee*  
*dawn is here,* *day is call - ing thee.* *The dawn is here;* *ev - er*



*mahn - ah - lo.* *Mah - yah nah - wee;* *zoo - mee teth - lah - nee!* *Mah - yah nah - wee* *zoo - mee*  
*thank - ful be.* *Might - y Day - god,* *he is watching thee.* *Glorious Life - god,* *he is*



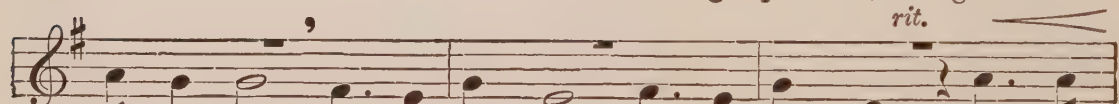
*tahn - ah - lee.* . . . .  
*guard - ing thee.* . . . .

*Wah!* . *tah - ho!* . *tah - ho!*  
*Rise,* . *a - rise,* . *a - rise!*

**ECHO** { *Wah!* . *tah - ho!* . *tah - ho!*  
*Rise!* . *a - rise,* . *a - rise!*



*Mah - yah zoo - lah* *ven - oo*  
*Glow - ing Spir - it,* *light the*



*yahn - ah - lah,* *tahn - oh may - hay,* *tahn - oh tay - hah,* *Wahn - ah -*  
*way for us,* *Aid thy chil - dren,* *save thy peo - ple.* *Greet the*

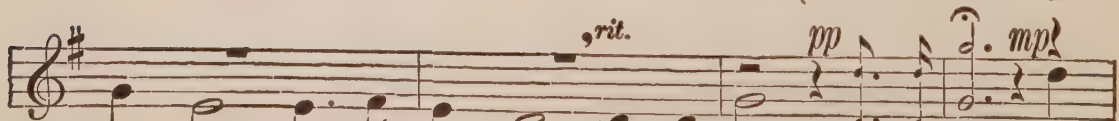
**ECHO** { *Wahn - ah - loo!*  
*Greet the dawn!*



*loo!*  
*dawn!*

*Zahn - oo - vya - vee,* *zahn - oo - tahn - day - may,* *ten - thlo*  
*Hear the ech - o* *ev 'ry heart re - sponds to the*

**ECHO** { *Wahn - gah - loo!*  
*Hail the morn!* **B**



*mah - nee* *Nah - vee - zoo - mah.* *Wahn - gah - loo!*  
*mu - sic* *of the sun - light.* *Hail the morn!*

*Wah!*  
*The*

Wah! oot - tah - ho! . . . nah - wee tahn - ah - lo. .  
The dawn is here, . . . day is call - ing thee;

oot - tah - ho! nah - wee tahn - ah - lo. Wah!  
dawn is here, day is call - ing thee; The

. . . Wah! oot - tah - ho! . . . tah - hee mahn - ah - lo. . .  
. . . The dawn is here, . . . ev - er thank - ful be. . .

oot - tah - ho! tah - hee mahn - ah - lo. Mah - yah  
dawn is here, ev - er thank - ful be. Might - y

*mp,* . . . Mah - yah - nah - wee, . . . zoo - mee teth - lah - nee! . .  
. . . Might - y day god, . . . he is watch - ing thee, . .

nah - wee, zoo - mee teth lah - nee! Mah - yah  
day god, he is watch - ing thee, Glo - rious

. . . Mah - yah nah - wee . . . zoo - mee tahn - ah - lee. . . . .  
. . . Glo - rious Life - god, . . . he is guard - ing thee. . . . .

nah - wee zoo - mee tahn - ah - lee. . . . .  
Life - god, he is guard - ing thee. . . . .

*mp* (Echo) Wah! tah - ho! . tah - ho! . . .  
Rise! a - rise, . a - rise! . . .

*f* Wah! tah - ho! . tah - ho! . . . . .  
Rise, . a - rise, . a - rise! . . . . .



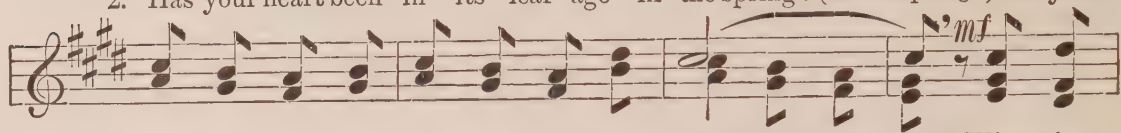
## Apple Blossoms

Sidney Rowe

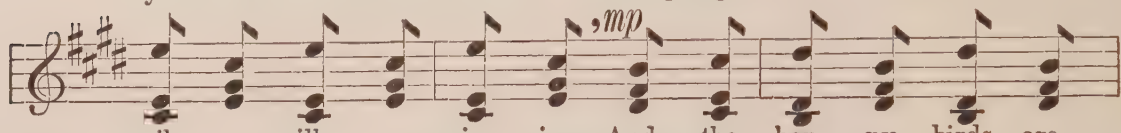
Harvey Worthington Loomis



1. Have you walk'd be-neath the blos-soms in the spring? (in the spring?) Walk'd be-  
 2. Has your heart been in its leaf-age in the spring? (in the spring?) Has your



neath the ap-ple-blos-soms in the spring? (in the spring?) When the  
 eye be-held the won-der of the spring? (of the spring?) When the



sil-ver rills are ring-ing, And the hap-py birds are  
 world is all a-flow-er, What so fair in Na-ture's



sing-ing, All the earth her in-cense bring-ing, in the spring? (in the spring?)  
 bow-er As the ap-ple blos-som show-er, in the spring? (in the spring?)

## The Lord is my Shepherd

John Montgomery

PORTUGUESE HYMN

John Reading

Con moto ♩ = 120

Arranged by Humphrey Mitchell



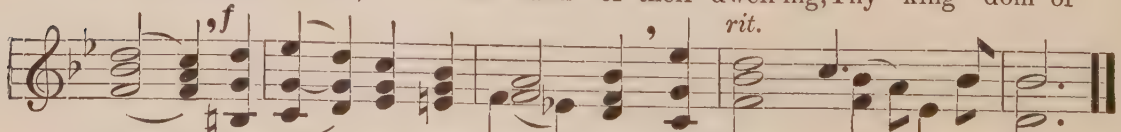
1. The Lord is my shep-herd, no want shall I know; I feed in green  
 2. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun-ti-ful God, Still fol-low my  
 He lead-eth my soul where the  
 I seek by the path which my



pas-tures, safe fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth me where the  
 steps till I meet Thee a-bove. I seek the path which my  
 still wa-ters flow; . . .  
 fore-fath-ers trod, . . .



still wa-ters flow; . . . Re-stores me when wan-d'ring, re-deems when op-  
 fore-fa-thers trod, . . . The land of their dwell-ing, Thy king-dom of



press'd; Re-stores me when wan-d'ring, re-deems when op-press'd.  
 love: The land of their dwell-ing, Thy King-dom of love.

# Autumn Song

Sidney Rowe

From "Nanon"

Richard Genée

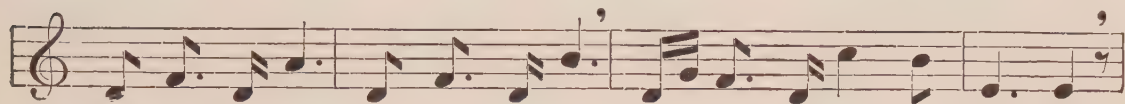
*Allegretto con grazia* ♩. = 69

Arranged by N. Clifford Page

*mf* UNISON



1. Au-tumn is here, Blue skies are clear, Now dawns a cloud-less day: .  
2. Then let us praise Bright sun - ny days, Gold-en with turn-ing leaf; .



List to the call: Come one and all O - ver the hills a - way! .  
Too soon they fly, Win - ter is nigh, Au-tumn is all too brief. .

Sum-mer is fly - ing,

A Sum-mer is fly - ing,

*slower, expressively*



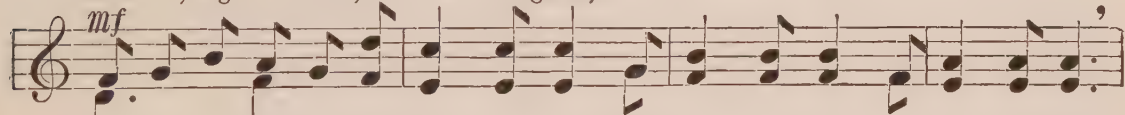
The ros - es are dy - ing, . Far . to . the  
The bare trees are sigh - ing, . Far . to . the



land of sun Their flight the song-birds have be - gun. . . .  
land of sun Their flight the song-birds have be - gun. . . .

*Con animato* ♩. = 76

B Au-tumn, bright au-tumn, tho' bare the glade,



Au - tumn, tho' bare the glade, Tho' birds de-part and ros - es fade

Au-tumn, we cher-ish you still the more



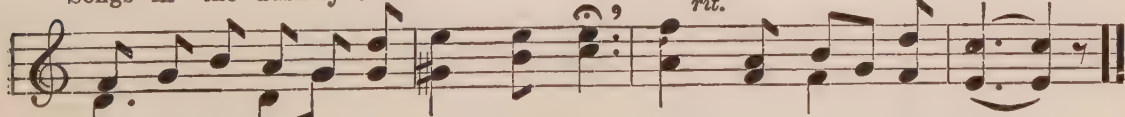
We cher - ish you the more For all the joys you have in store:

Ram-bles a-broad in the



Ram - bles in pleas - ant ways, And nuts to seek on frost - y days:

Songs in the dusk by the



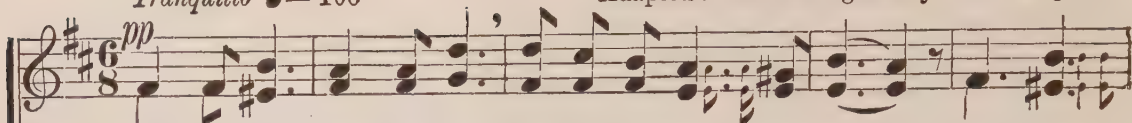
Songs by . the wood - land blaze—Au - tumn brings them all! .

Alfred Tennyson

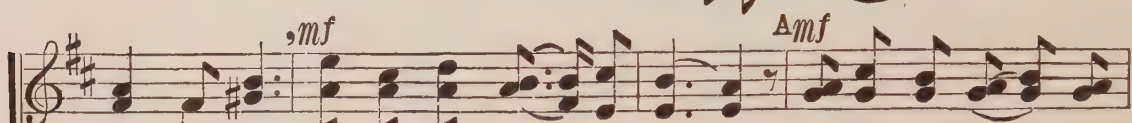
Joseph Barnby

*Tranquillo* ♩ = 100

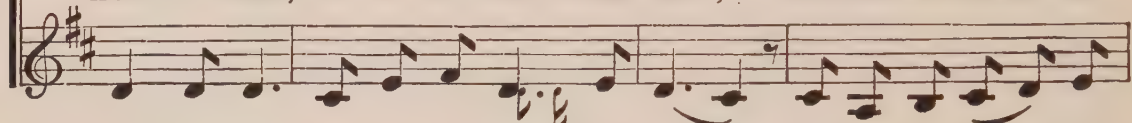
Adapted from the original by J. Remington



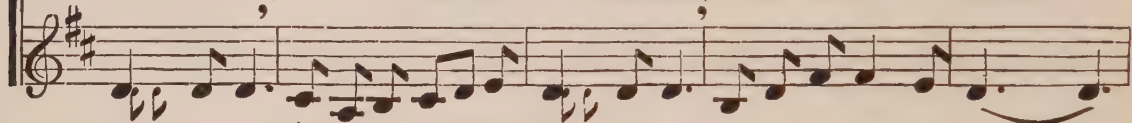
1. Sweet and low, Sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; . Low, low,  
 2. Sleep and rest, Sleep and rest, Fa-ther will come to thee soon; Rest, rest on



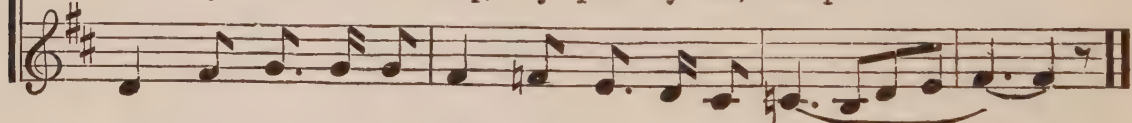
- breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; . O ver the roll - ing  
 moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; . Fa-ther will come to his



- wa - ters go, Come from the dying moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to me, . .  
 babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver moon. .



- While my lit - tle one, While my pret - ty one sleeps. . . . .  
 Sleep, my lit - tle one, Sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. . . . .



## Dawn is Here

Stephen Fay

Ludwig van Beethoven

*Moderato* ♩ = 100

1. The gates of night sur-round - ing, The might-y hosts of Day ap-pear: The  
 2. Then Night her foe be-hold - ing, Re-treats where less'ning shad-ows fall, Her



- trum - pet blast is sound - ing: "Be - hold the dawn is here!"  
 dusk - y man - tle fold - ing, And Day reigns king of all!



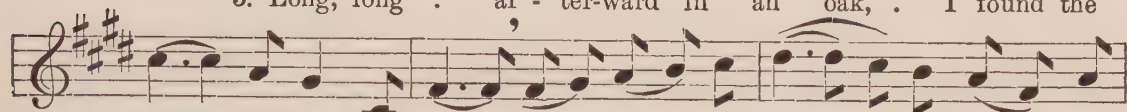
# The Arrow and the Song

Henry W. Longfellow

François Thomas

*Moderato* ♩ = 76

1. I shot an ar - row in - to the air; . It fell to  
 2. I breath'd a song . in - to the air; . It fell to  
 3. Long, long . af - ter-ward in an oak, . I found the



earth I knew not where: For so swift-ly it flew . . the sight could not  
 earth I knew not where: For . who . has sight . so keen and  
 ar - row still un - broke; And the song, the song from be-gin-ning to



fol - low, . could not fol low it in . its flight.  
 strong That it can fol low the flight of song.  
 end, . . . I found, I found a



gain, . I found a-gain in the heart of a friend.

## The Rising of the Lark

*Allegretto con spirito* ♩ = 100

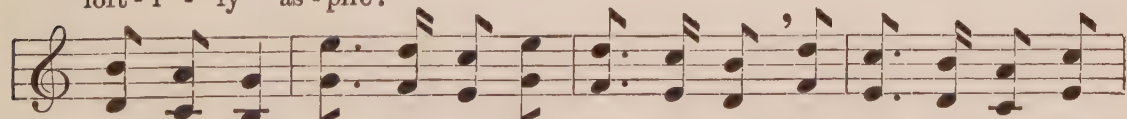
Welsh



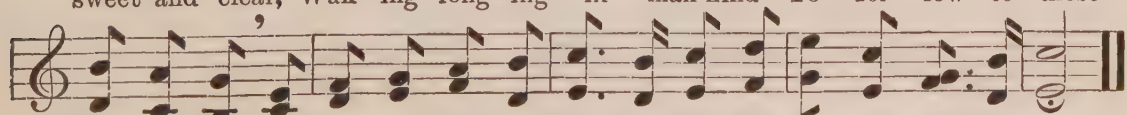
1. Hark, Hark! his morn - ing praise In war-blings sweet the lark doth raise To  
 Are they the pearls of song Dropp'd by a count-less an - gel throng When  
 2. Rise, rise, Oh lark, then rise, On soft gray wing to yon - der skies; As -  
 May no sweet note be lost! Rise near - er to the hap - py host Who



Par - a - dise a - bove. Scarce doth move the gos - sa - mer, Nor doth the pur - ple  
 sing - ing peace and love? Sing and let the wide world hear Thy mel - o - dy so  
 scend - ing ev - er high'r.  
 loft - i - ly as - pire!



heath - er stir, And the brook doth pause to hear, While hid - ing 'neath the  
 sweet and clear, Wak - ing long - ing in man - kind To fol - low to those



rush - y ground, So heav - en - ly ten - der is the sound, That comes mankind to cheer.  
 heights un - trod, Yet near - er day and near - er God, E - ter - nal joy to find!

## Prayer

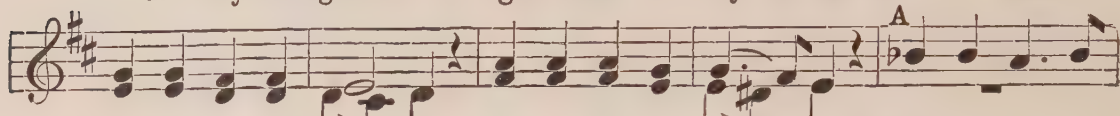
Adapted by Sybil Paget

From "Hänsel and Gretel"

E. Humperdinck

*Moderato* ♩ = 76

1. When at night I go to sleep, Ho ly an-gels watch do keep;  
 2. May these guardian an-gels dear All my life be ev-er near,



Hov-'ring close be-side me, Ten-der-ly they guide me. Where a path of  
 Keep my feet from stray-ing, All my fears al-lay-ing. When dark storms o'er-  
 flow-ers Leads to fra-grant bow-ers, Sweet-est mu-sic  
 take me, May they ne'er for-sake me; Hov-'ring close be-



Where a path of flow-ers Leads to fra-grant bow-ers;  
 When dark storms o'er-take me, May they ne'er for-sake me;

sing-ing, Hap-py vi-sions bring-ing, There they bide till  
 side me, Ten-der-ly they'll guide me, Till at last my



Sweet-est mu-sic sing-ing, Hap-py vi-sions bring-ing,  
 Hov-'ring close be-side me, Ten-der-ly they'll guide me,  
 night is done And van-ish with the  
 spir-it rise Up-on their wings to



There they bide un-til the morn-ing sun.  
 Till my spir-it rise to Par-a-dise.

## Now the Day is Over

S. Baring Gould

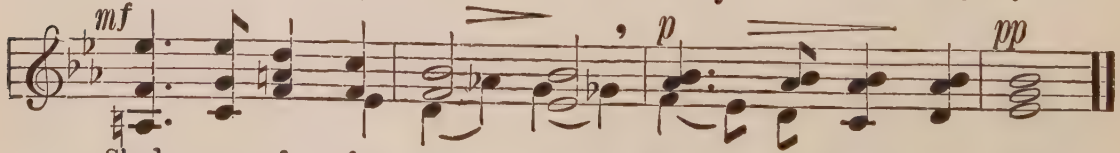
Joseph Barnby

*Tranquillo* ♩ = 88

Adapted by J. Remington



1. Now the day is o-ver, Night is draw-ing nigh,  
 2. Fa-ther, give the wea-ry Calm and sweet re-pose,  
 3. When the morn-ing wak-ens, Then may I a-rise



Shad-ows of the eve-ning Steal a-cross the sky.  
 With Thy ten-d'rest bless-ing May our eye-lids close.  
 Pure and fresh and sin-less In Thy ho-ly eyes.

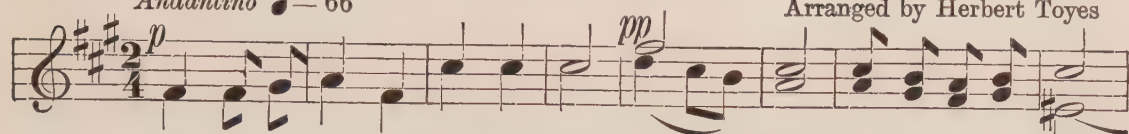
# Sleep, Holy Child

English version by Frederick H. Martens

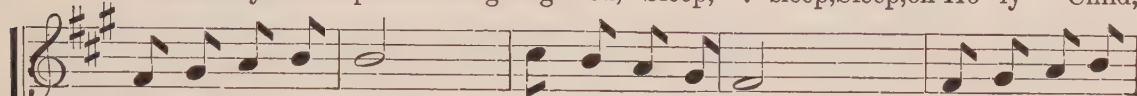
Old French Noël

*Andantino* ♩ = 66

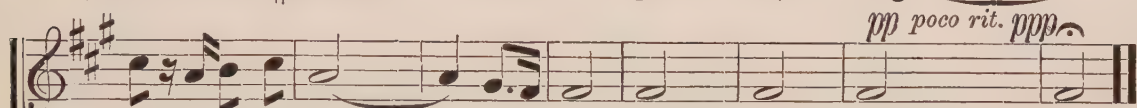
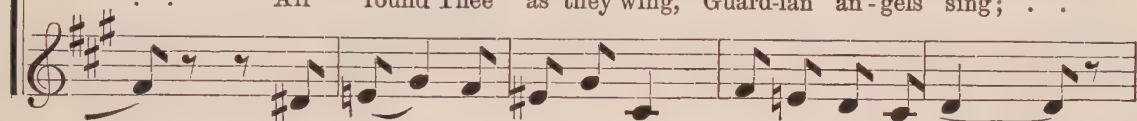
Arranged by Herbert Toyes



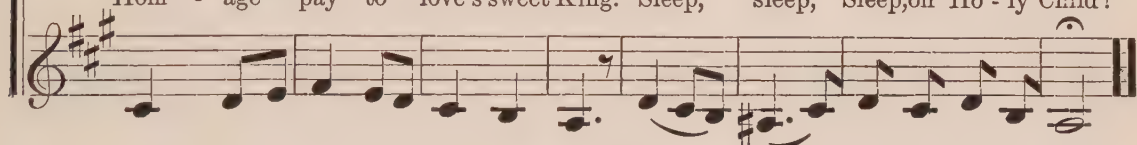
1. Ly - ing a - mid the ox - en mild, Sleep, . sleep, Sleep, oh Ho - ly Child,
2. Ros - es and lil - ies round Thee piled, Sleep, . sleep, Sleep, oh Ho - ly Child,
3. Dreams by the shepherd's song be-guiled, Sleep, . sleep, Sleep, oh Ho - ly Child,



Round Thee as they sing, Guard-ian an-gels sing, Hom-age pay to  
All round Thee as they wing, Guard-ian an-gels sing; . .



Thee, To in-fant love's . . . sweet King. . . . Sleep, sleep!  
Hom - age pay to love's sweet King. Sleep, sleep, Sleep, oh Ho - ly Child!



## I've been Roaming

Old English

C. E. Horn

*Allegretto* ♩ = 80

Arranged by J. Remington



1. I've been roam-ing, I've been roaming, Where the meadow dew is sweet, And I'm
2. I've been roam-ing, I've been roaming, O'er the rose and lil - y fair, And I'm



com - ing, and I'm com - ing, With its pearls up - on my feet; I've been  
com - ing, and I'm com - ing, With their blos - soms in my hair; I've been



roam-ing, I've been roam-ing, Where the mead - ow dew is sweet, And I'm



com - ing, and I'm com - ing, With its pearls up - on my feet.

*D.C.*



## Hail, Bright Abode

Text adapted by  
Cordelia Brooks Fenno

From "Tannhauser"

Richard Wagner  
Edited by M. Teresa Armitage

*Allegro moderato* ♩ = 132



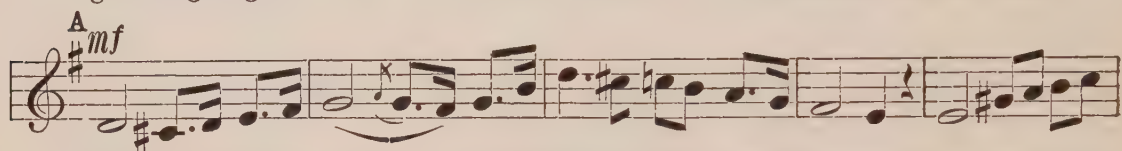
Hail, bright a - bode, where song the heart re - joic - es,



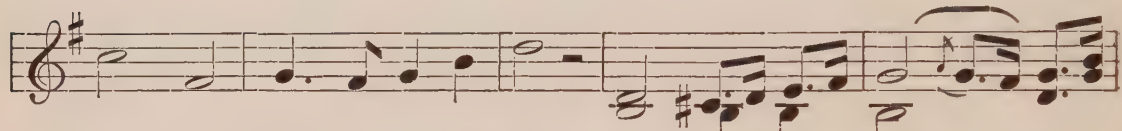
Heav'n's joy and peace with - in thee nev - er fail. Long may we sing with



glad, ring - ing voic - es, Hail to our land, . our dear - est land, all hail!



Glad strains of song . . from hearts in joy out - pour - ing; Bid all the



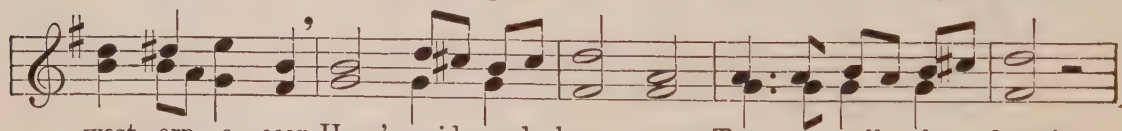
world our pride and joy to see. No voice of lark . . on



wings of morn - ing soar - ing, Thrills with such rap - ture As our song to thee!



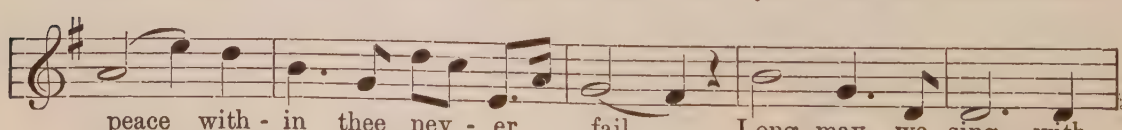
Take, oh take our pledge of deep de - vo - tion, Land of ours, from east to



west - ern o - cean, Heav'n guide and keep us True to all thy laws!



Hail, bright a - bode! where song the heart re - joic - es, Heav'n's love and



peace with - in thee nev - er fail. . Long may we sing with

glad, ring-ing voic - es, Long may we sing with loy - al voic - es, Long  
may we sing with loy - al voic - es, Hail to our land, All hail!  
*ff*  
Hail! Hail! . Hail to our glo - rious land, . all hail! .

## The Moon and the Children

Edited by A. Bode

*Moderato* (♩ = 152)

Franz Abt

Arranged by N. Clifford Page

SOPRANO *mf*

1. Calm night had stol-en on, . . . . The world to rest had  
2. She sighed, "How sad am I! . . . . No hap - py chil-dren  
3. "Not all a - lone art thou, . . . . The stars are com-ing

ALTO *mf*

Calm night had stol-en on, . . . . The  
She sighed, "How sad am I! . . . . No  
"Not all a - lone art thou, . . . . The

*p*  
gone, . . The birds had ceased their glad songs, The bees to hum their  
nigh; . . When day's glad light de - creas - es, Your mer - ry laugh-ter  
now; . . So, pray thee, be light-heart - ed, While we from thee are

*p*  
world to rest had gone, . . The birds had ceased their glad . songs, The  
hap - py chil-dren nigh; . . When day's glad light de - creas - es, Your  
stars are com-ing now; . . So, pray thee, be light - heart - ed, While

*f* *poco rit. e dim.* *p*  
sad songs; The moon in splendor bright, . Was brood-ing o'er the night.  
ceas - es! 'Tis hard you all must own, . To leave me here a lone!"  
part - ed. Fare-well and sigh no more, . Thy night-watch soon is o'er!"

bees to hum their sad . songs; The moon in splendor, Brooded o'er the night.  
mer - ry laughter ceas - es! 'Tis hard you own, To leave me here a - lone!"  
we from thee are part - ed. Oh, sigh no more, Thy night-watch soon is o'er!"

## Roll On, Silver Moon

David Stevens

J. W. Turner

Arranged by N. Clifford Page

*Andante* ♩ = 100

1. In the vil-lage the chimes of evening we hear, Ring-ing out with me-lo - di - ous tune.  
 2. Like a queen she as-cends in her stately ar-ray, Lovely em - blem of beauty and grace;  
 3. Roll on, but re - turn, for thy glo - ri - ous beam To the weary is ev - er a boon;

*cresc.*

With a ra - di - ant glow thro' the mist on the mere, Comes the light of the soft sil-ver moon.  
 All ma - jes - tic she moves on her star-cluster'd way, Thro' the empire of heav-en - ly space.  
 Be the day full of care, it is glad-ness to dream, 'Neath the light of the soft silver moon.



Roll on, sil-ver moon, thro' the stillness of night, Philo-mel sings her vesper of June.



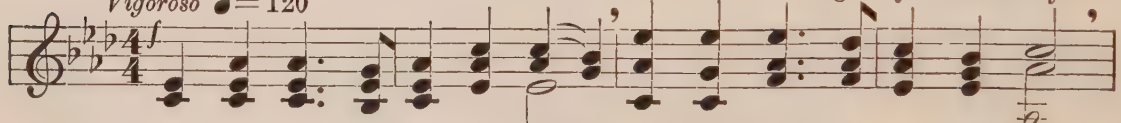
There is peace in ev'ry heart, 'neath the soft glowing light Of thine ever gracious beams, gentle moon.

## Thanksgiving Song

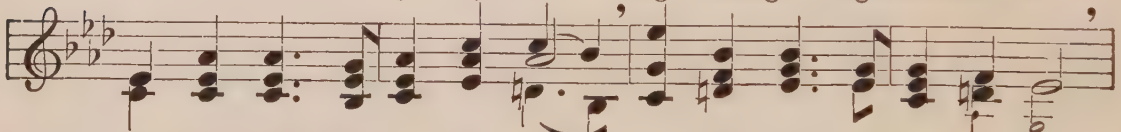
David Stevens

Felix Mendelssohn

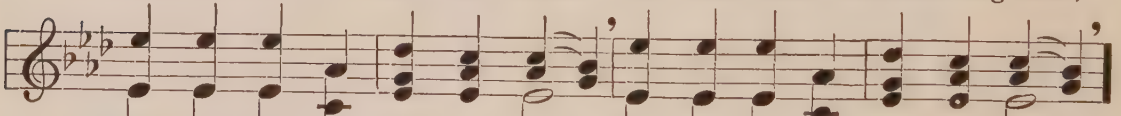
Arranged by Herbert Toyes

*Vigoroso* ♩ = 120

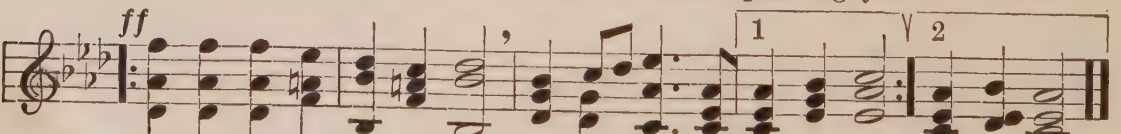
1. Lift the voice in grate-ful praise, Sing Thanksgiv - ing, all ye hearts!  
 2. Let our voic - es glad - ly rise, . Sing Thanksgiv - ing, wide and far!



Thanks for blest and hap - py days, . Thanks for Love that ne'er de - parts.  
 Thanks for earth and az - ure skies, Sun and moon and shin - ing star;



Sing Thanks-giv - ing great and small! Praise to Him who giv - eth all! .  
 Count our bless-ings here be - low, . Joys our pass-ing years be - stow.



Thanks for guidance on our way, Thanks for strength from day to day. day to day.  
 Thanks for friendship's loyal bond, Thanks for Life and hope be - yond. hope be-yond.

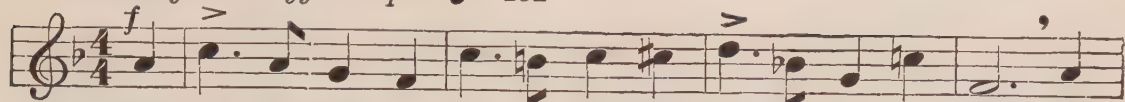


# The Corn Song

John Greenleaf Whittier

Mabel W. Daniels

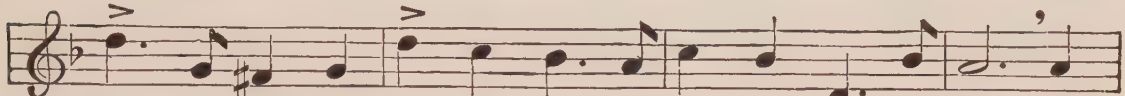
With great energy and spirit ♩ = 132



Heap high the farm-er's win - try board! Heap high the gold - en corn! No



rich - er gift has au - tumn poured From out her lav - ish horn! Let All



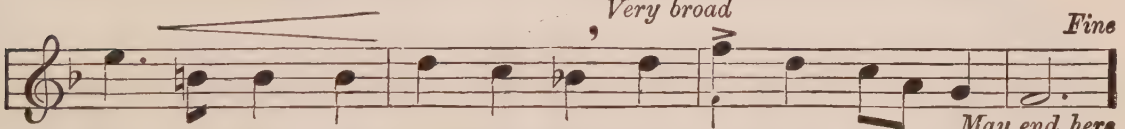
oth - er lands, ex - ult - ing glean The ap - ple from the pine, The through the long, bright days of June Its leaves grew green and fair, And



or - ange from it's glos - sy green, The clus - ter from the vine. We waved in hot mid - sum - mer's noon Its soft and yel - low hair. And

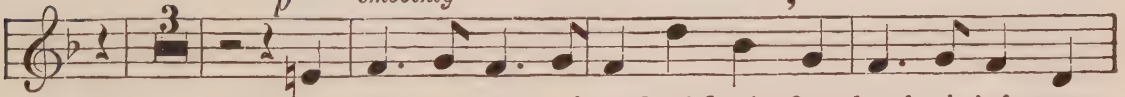


bet - ter love the har - dy gift Our rug - ged vales be - stow, To now with Au - tumn's moon - lit eyes Its har - vest time has come. We

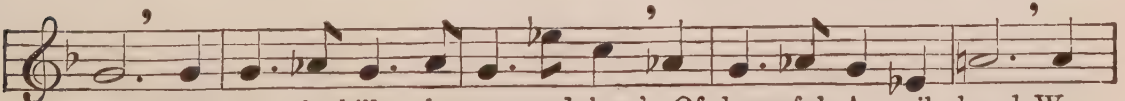


cheer us when the storm shall drift Our har - vest - fields with snow. pluck a - way the frost - ed leaves, And bear the treas - ure home.

Meno (♩ = 126) *p* B smoothly



Through vales of grass and meads of flow'rs Our ploughs their furrows



made, While on the hills the sun and show'rs Of changeful A - pril played. We



dropped the seed o'er hill and plain, Be - neath the sun of May, And



fright - ened from our sprout - ing grain The rob - ber crows a - way!

D.S. al Fine

## Come Join the Dance

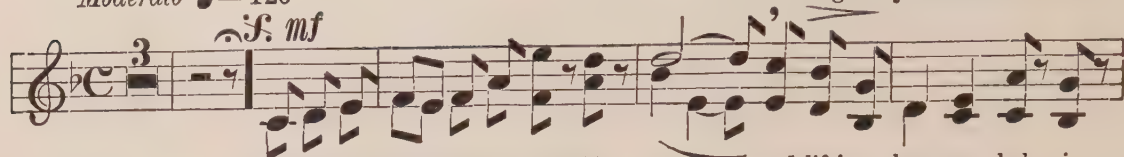
"Stephanie Gavotte"

Alphons Czibulka

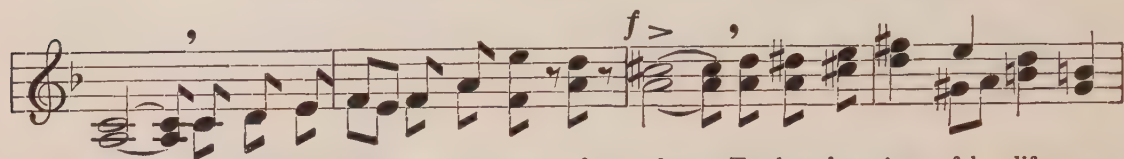
M. Louise Baum

Moderato  $\text{♩} = 126$ 

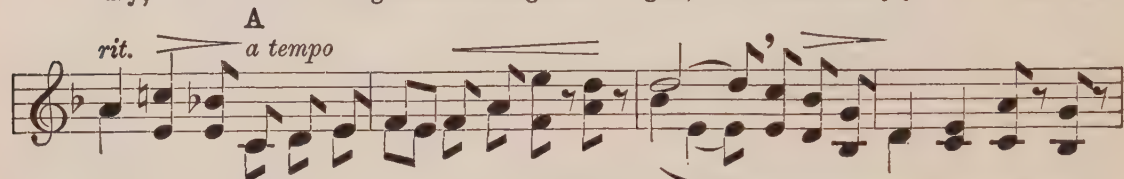
Arranged by Bertha Remick



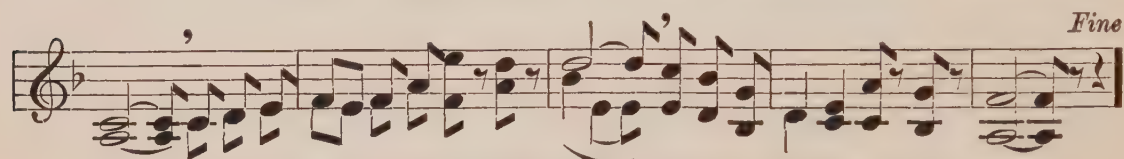
Come join the dance now the world is gay . . and life's a hap-py hol-i-



day; . With shouts of laugh-ter and songs of glee, . To show how joy-ful life can

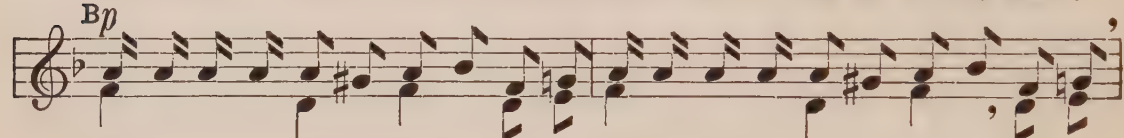


be, can be! We tread a measure and foot it fleet, . With flute and vi-ol sound-ing



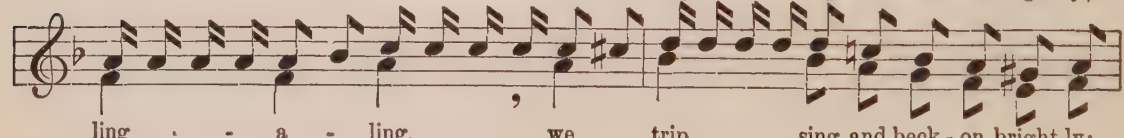
sweet, With tambou-rine and with tinkling bells . the merry cho-rus gai-ly swells.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling! On tip-toe sprightly, But-ter-flies a-wing all lilt-ing light-ly,



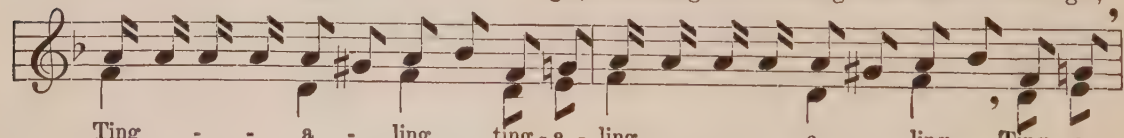
Ting - - a - ling, Ting-a-ling - - a - ling, Ting-a-

Ting-a-ling-a-ling and ting-a-ling-a-ling, We trip it as we sing and beck-on bright-ly;



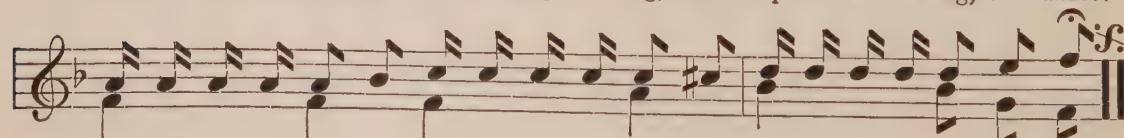
ling - - a - ling, we trip, sing and beck-on bright-ly;

Ting-a-ling-a-ling! The mad tri-an-gle, Strumming on a string the tune's a tan-gle,



Ting - - a - ling, ting-a-ling - - a - ling, Ting-a-

Ting-a-ling-a-ling and ting-a-ling-a-ling, We'll trip it as we sing, so dance!



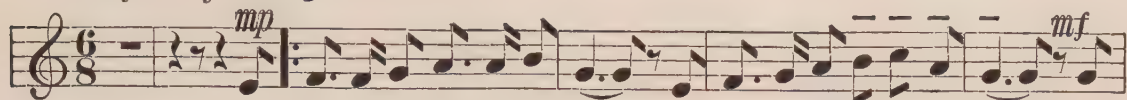
ling - - a - ling, We'll all have a dance!

D.S.

# There Was An Old Man\*

Edward Lear

H. Clough-Leigher

*Allegretto giocoso* ♩. = 84

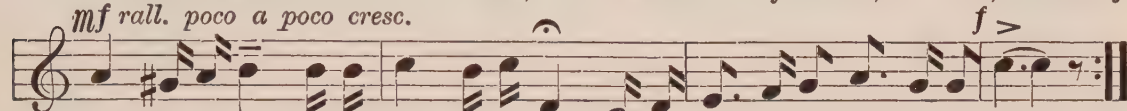
There was an Old Man with a beard, Who said: "It is just as I fear'd! Two



Owls and a Hen, four Larks and a Wren Have all built their nests in my beard."



There was an Old Man in a Tree, Who was hor - ri - bly bored by a Bee; When they



said: "Does it buzz?" He replied, "Yes, it does! It's a reg - u - lar brute of a Bee!"

\*Other verses from Edward Lear's "Nonsense Book" may be used

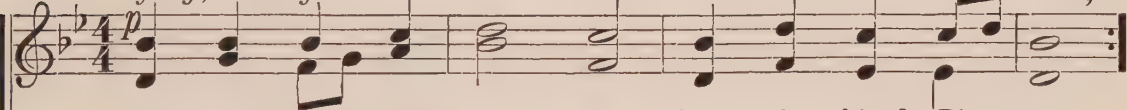
## Au Clair de la Lune

M. Louise Baum

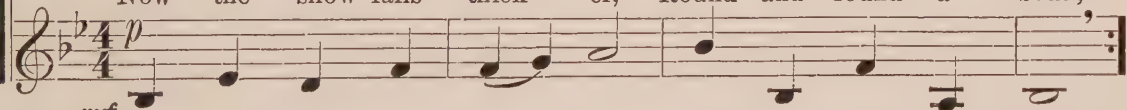
Jean Baptiste Lully, 1633-1687

*Allegro* ♩ = 152

Arranged by N. Clifford Page

*Lightly, daintily*

1. With the moon's pale shim - mer, Lit - tle friend Pier - rot,  
Shines thy can - dle's glim - mer On the fal - len snow.  
2. See my lan - tern flick - er, Now the light is out;  
Now the snow-falls thick - er, Round and round a - bout;



Lend a pen, I pray thee, But a word to write, (to write,)  
Gusts go hel - ter - skel - ter, Lo, the night is old, (is old,)



Ten - der love to send thee, Ere I go to night.  
O - pen and give shel - ter, Ere I die of cold!





## Song of Victory

Stephen Fay

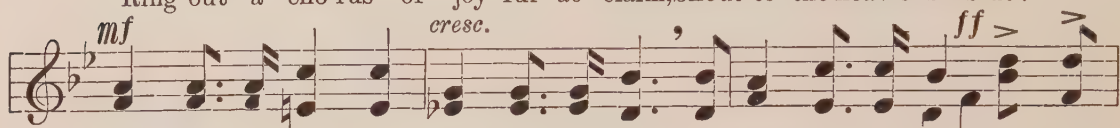
From "The Enchantress"

Michael W. Balfe

Arranged by J. Remington

*Vigorous* ♩ = 120

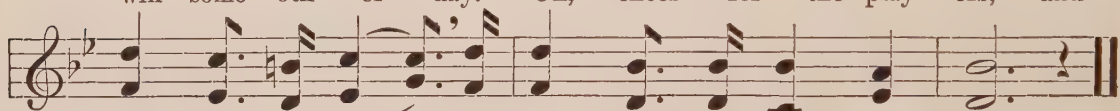
1. Cheer for the winners who fought with a will, Cheer and a "ti - ger," too!  
Shout till the echoes re - ply from the hill, Sing - ing the song a - new!
2. Cheer for the winners and cheer for the game, Cheer and a "ti - ger," too!  
Ring out a cho - rus of joy - ful ac - claim, Shout to the heav - ens blue!



Wave all the ban - ners, proud - ly they fly Up - borne by the shouts that are  
Cheer for the los - ers, fast was the fray, And so, fare - ye - well, you will



ring - ing to the sky. Oh, fame to the win - ners let  
win some oth - er day. Oh, cheer for the play - ers, and



no one de - ny, — Three cheers and a "ti - ger," too!  
cheer for the play, — Hur - rah and a "ti - ger," too!

## Ole and Christine

English words by M. Louise Baum

Danish Folk-Song

*Cheerfully* ♩ = 63

Arranged by N. Clifford Page



1. 'Twas O - le and Chris - tine were danc - ing a - way,  
2. 'Twas left foot and right foot, then round in a row;  
3. Said O - le "I'll dance ye the bold - est of all;"



Sing, ye chil - dren, for pleas - ure! A - long came young Pe - ter, they  
Sing, ye chil - dren, for pleas - ure! 'Twas step - ping and stamp - ing, first  
Sing, ye chil - dren, for pleas - ure! He twirl'd and he whirl'd on the



gave him "good - day;" Come trip me, come skip me a meas - ure!  
heel and then toe; Come trip me, come skip me a meas - ure!  
top of a wall; Come trip me, come skip me a meas - ure!

## The Fife and Drum Corps

N. C. P.

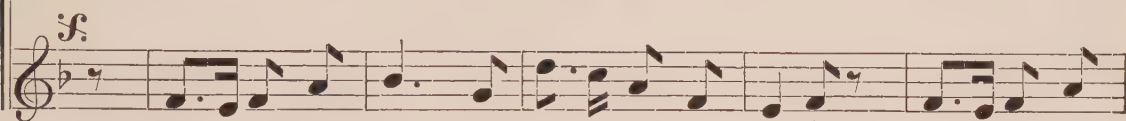
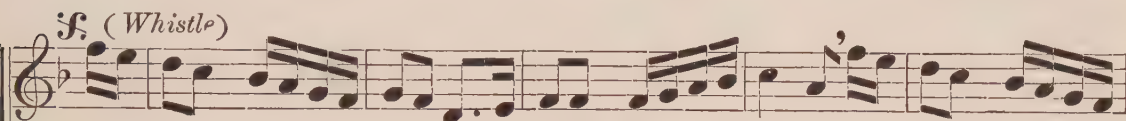
N. Clifford Page

*Tempo di Marcia* ♩ = 116

I . love to hear the mer - ry fife, A - pip - ing down the street,



Its tone as keen as an - y knife, And how it thrills the feet!



1. Now you may hear Those notes so shrill and clear;

Soon you will

2. See! they are near, Our hearts are fill'd with fear;

Drums thumping



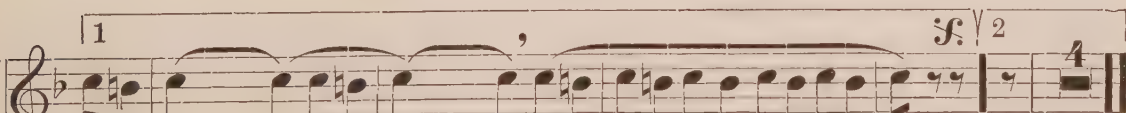
see Old Dob-bin climb a tree.

loud Burst ear-drums in the crowd.

I . love to hear the mer - ry fife A -



pip-ing down the street, Its tones as keen as an - y knife, And how it thrills the feet!



Tie your horse! Here they come! Bum! rat-a-tat! Tzing-boom!

## Farewell, Old Year!

Frederic Manley

Frederick S. Converse

*Slowly, with expression* ♩ = 96

Fare-well, Old Year! Take with thee ev-'ry pain and fear . Our hearts have known! Take with thee thoughts and deeds un-kind, And Self, the curse of hu-man-kind; Take with thee sin and hate, Old Year, And leave us love a-lone. Good-bye, Old Year! We see thee pass without a tear, . With-out a sigh, But joy-ful, for an ug-ly throng Goes with thee, Shapes of blood and wrong; Oh, God, send Thou a sweet-er year To light the east-ern sky.

## Centennial Hymn

John Greenleaf Whittier

David Stanley Smith

*With dignity* ♩ = 76

1. Our fa-ther's God, from out whose hand The  
2. Oh, make Thou us thro' cen-turies long, In  
cen-turies fall like grains of sand, We meet to-day, u-  
peace se-cure, in jus-tice strong; A-round our gift of  
nit-ed, free, And loy-al to our land and Thee; To  
free-dom draw The safe-guards of thy right-eous law; And  
thank Thee for the e-ra done, And trust Thee for the op'-ning one.  
cast in some di-vin-er mould, Let the new cy-cle shame the Old.



## Father, Come to Me

M. Teresa Armitage

L. S. Cherubini

*Andante* ♩ = 100

Arranged by J. Remington

Andante ♩ - 100 Arranged by J. Remington

*p*  
1. Soft - ly, sweet - ly falls the night, Slow - ly, gen - tly veils the light;  
2. Let Thy spir - it on us fall, Fa - ther, Fa - ther, guard us all.

*p*

*mf* *f* *mf, A*

God of all, Thy chil - dren keep Safe, Lord, in ho - ly sleep. Come, oh,  
Grant us slum - ber, free from fear, Safe, Lord, till morn ap - pear. Come, oh,

*mf* *f* *mf, A*

come to a heart sore - ly press'd! Come, oh, come to a soul that seeks  
come to Thy chil - dren in need! Hear, oh, hear, gen - tle Fa - ther, and

*B cresc.* *f*

rest! Lov - ing Fa - ther, come . to me, To - night, to - night, Oh  
heed! Lov - ing Fa - ther, come . to me, To - night, to - night, Oh

*B cresc.* *f*

*p* *pp*

come to me, Fa - ther, come to me, Fa - ther, come to me!

*p* *pp*

come to me, come to me!

## When de Shadders Spread Aroun'

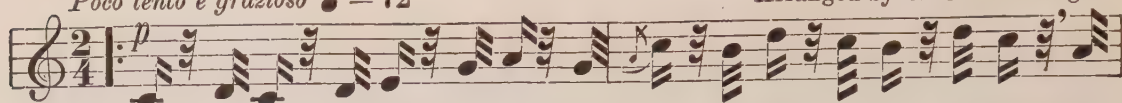
Frederick H. Martens

Humoreske

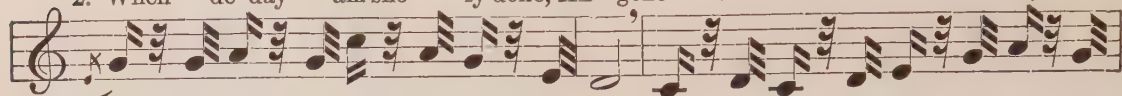
Anton Dvorak, Op. 101, No. 7

*Poco lento e grazioso* ♩ = 72

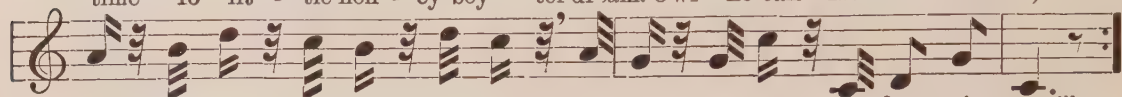
Arranged by N. Clifford Page



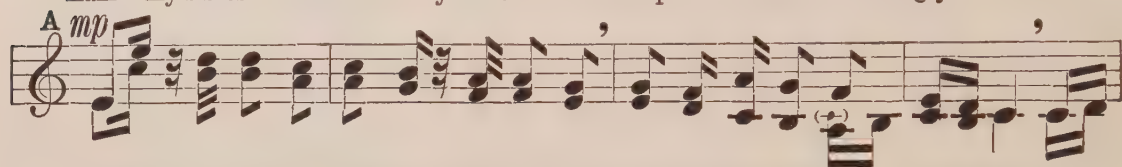
1. When de shad - ders spread a - roun' An' twink - lin' stars am look - in' down, Hit's  
 2. When de day am sho - 'ly done, An' gone de sun - shine wid de sun, Hit's



time fo' lit - tle hon - ey boy ter dream. Owl he call frum out de tree, An'  
 time fo' lit - tle hon - ey boy ter dream. Owl he call frum out de tree, "On



what he sez hit soun' ter me Like "Hon - ey boy, yo' close yo' eyes!"  
 mam - my's bres' hit's time yo' be A - sleep - in' whar so snug yo' lies!"

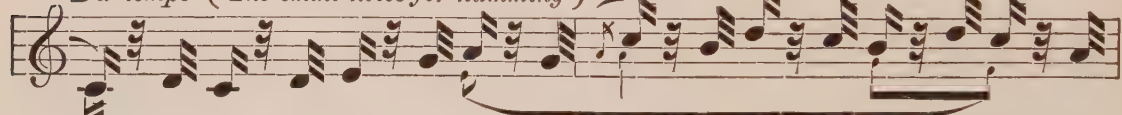


"Close yo' eyes!" de squinch-owl am cry - in', Jes' close yo' eyes an' doan' peep. De

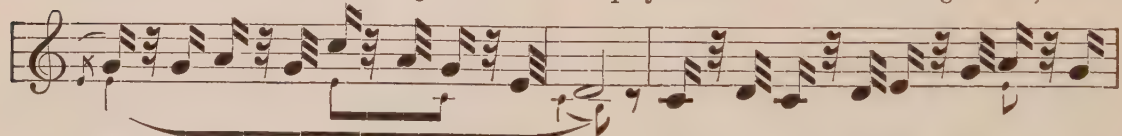


stars am winkin' down on yo', ly - in' Wif mammy's arms roun' yo', sleep, chile, sleep!

**B** *a tempo* (The small notes for humming)



Pick - a - nin - nies can't go roun' an' play When once de sun go down, Fo'



den hit's time in mam-my's arms ter creep; Time ter come ter her an' res', A -



ly - in' there up-on her bres', So jes' yo' close yo' eyes an' go ter sleep.

**C** *Poco animato* (♩ = 80)

*mf* 1ST VOICE

*mf* 2ND VOICE



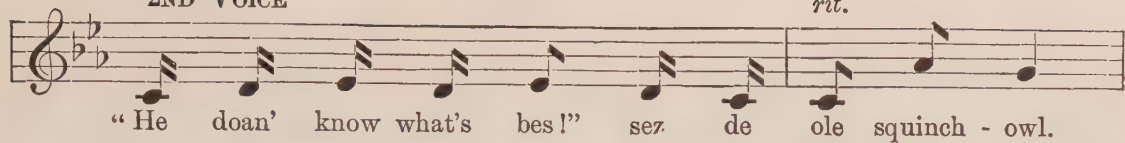
"Time he go ter res'!" sez de whip - per - will; "Time he go ter res'!" sez de

1ST VOICE

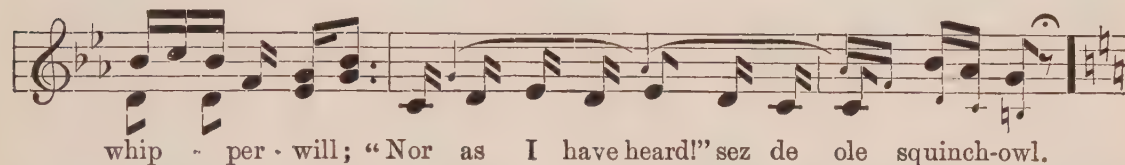
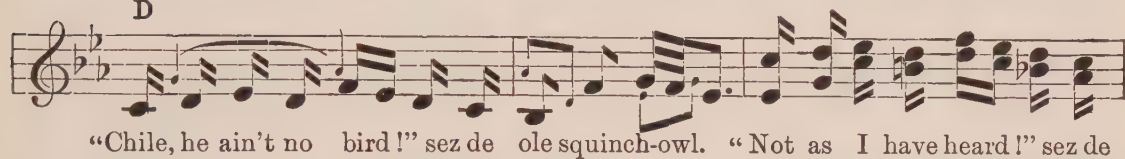
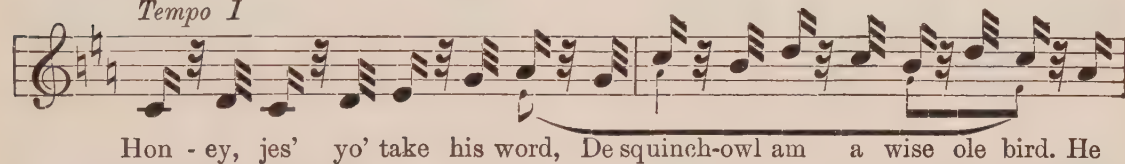
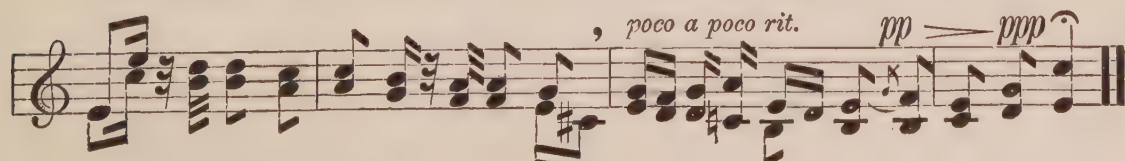
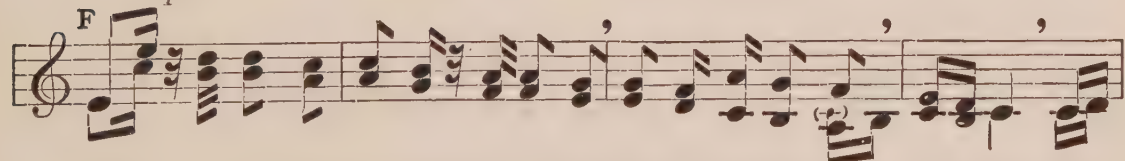


ole squinch-owl. "He doan' know what's bes'!" sez de whip - per - will;

## 2ND VOICE

*rit.*

D

*Tempo I**a tempo*

stars am winkin' down on yo', ly in' Wif mammy's arms roun' yo', sleep, chile, sleep!



Cordelia Brooks Fenno

Narciso Serradell  
Arranged by N. Clifford Page*Andante con moto* ♩ = 84

1. Oh, Swal-low swift, on ea-ger pin-ion fly - ing, Where wilt thou  
2. My child-hood home, my shel-ter'd nest is dis - tant, 'Tis not for

*cresc.*

go when strength is spent and worn? . Where wilt thou go if storm-y winds o'er-me  
a-gain to see its shore, . But thou, sweet bird, may have a hap py



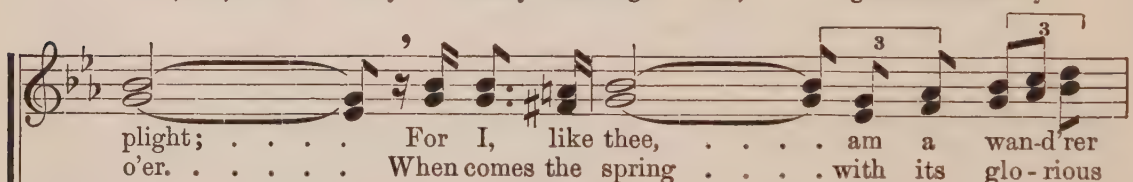
take thee, And find thee home less, wea-ry and for lorn? . Oh, ti-ny  
spring-time, If friend-ly hands now o-pen wide the door. . Come, then, to



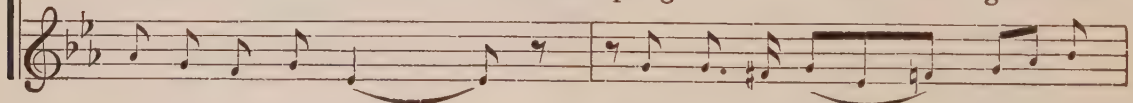
bird, . for thee my heart is ten - der, It grieves me sadly thus to see thy  
me, . my lone-ly heart to glad - den, I'll guard thee safely till cold win-ter's



Oh, ti-ny bird, for thee my heart is ten - der, It grieves me sad - ly  
Come, then, to me my lone-ly heart to glad - den, I'll guard thee safe - ly



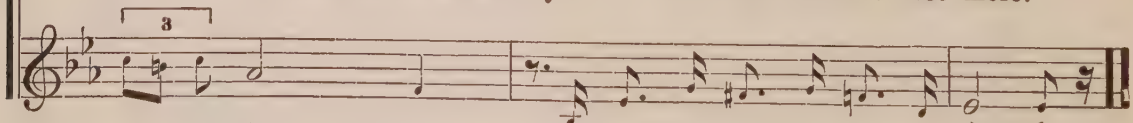
plight; . . . . For I, like thee, . . . . am a wan-d'r'er  
o'er. . . . . When comes the spring . . . . with its glo-rious



thus to see thy plight; . . For I, like thee, . . am a  
till cold win-ter's o'er. . . . When comes the spring . . with its



lone - ly, And round me blow . the bit - ter winds of night.  
sun - shine, Then shalt thou fly . . and thrill with life once more.



wan-d'r'er lone - ly, And round me blow the winds of night.  
glo-rious sun - shine, Then shalt thou thrill with life once more.

\* If small notes are sung, omit regular Alto on upper stave.

# If With All Your Hearts

107

From "Elijah"

Felix Mendelssohn

*Andante con moto* ♩ = 88

Arranged by Humphrey Mitchell

find If with all your hearts ye tru-ly seek Me, Ye shall ev - er sure - ly  
me, Thus saith our God;

Ye shall ev - er sure - ly find Me, Thus saith our God; If with

all your hearts ye tru-ly seek Me, Ye shall ev - er sure - ly  
find Me, Thus saith our God, Thus saith our God.

Ye shall ev - er sure - ly find Me, Thus saith our God, Thus saith our God.

A Oh! that I knew where I might find Him, that I might ev - en come be - fore His

B Oh that I knew where I might find Him, that I might ev - en come be - fore His

pres-ence!  
pres-ence!

Oh! that I knew That

I might ev - en come be - fore his pres - ence! Oh! that I  
where I might

pp C f

knew where I might find Him! If with all your hearts ye tru-ly seek Me,  
Ye shall ev - er sure - ly find Me, Thus saith our God,

Ye shall ev - er sure - ly find Me, Thus saith our God,

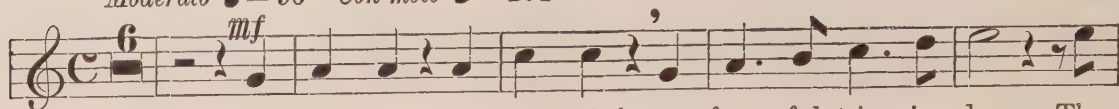
Ye shall ev - er sure - ly

Ye shall sure - ly find Me, Thus saith our God.

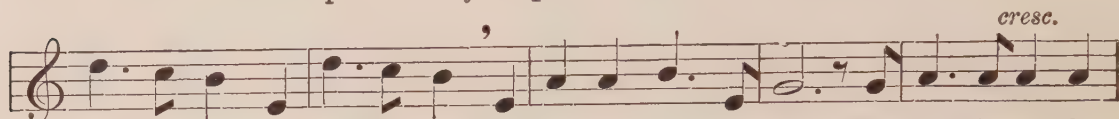
## O Captain! My Captain!

Walt Whitman

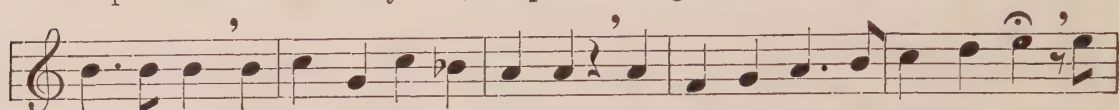
Bertha Remick

*Moderato* ♩ = 96 *Con moto* ♩ = 104

O Cap-tain! my Cap-tain! our fear-ful trip is done; The



ship has weathered ev-'ry rack, The prize we sought is won; The port is near, the

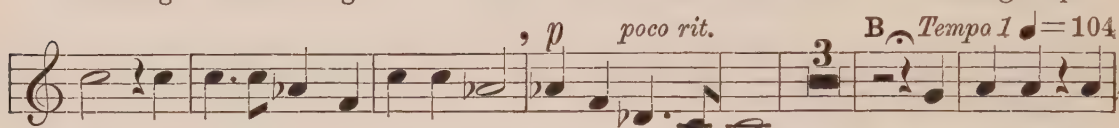


bells I hear, The peo-ple all ex-ult-ing, While fol-low eyes the stead-y keel, the



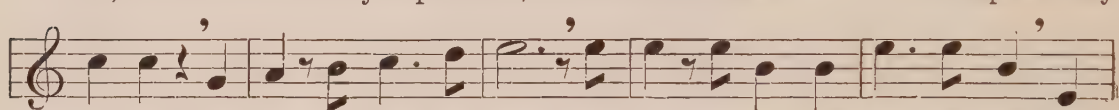
ves-sel grim and dar-ing:

But O heart! heart! heart! O the bleed-ing drops of



red, Where on the deck my Captain lies, Fal-len cold and dead.

O Cap-tain! my



Cap-tain! rise up and hear the bells; Rise up, for you the flag is flung, for



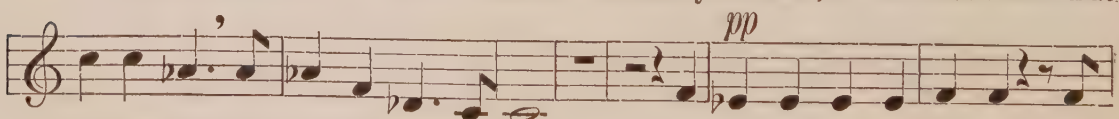
you the bu-gle thrills; For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths, for you the shores a-



crowd-ing, For you they call, the sway-ing mass, their ea-ger fac-es turn-ing.

C *Slower* ♩ = 84

Here Cap-tain! dear fa-ther! This arm be-neath your head; It is some dream that



on the deck you're fal-len cold and dead.

My Cap-tain does not an-swer, his



lips are pale and still; My fa-ther does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor



will. The ship is an-chor'd safe and sound, its voy-age clos'd and done; From  
*cresc.* fear-ful trip the vic-tor's ship comes in with ob-ject won. Ex-ult, O shores, and  
*ff Più maestoso* ♩ = 92  
*p Slower* ♩ = 80  
ring, O bells! Ex-ult, O shores, and ring, O bells! But I with mournful tread,  
*poco rit.*  
walk the deck my Cap-tain lies, Fal-len cold and dead.

Sidney Lanier

# America

Henry Hadley

*Moderato maestoso* ♩ = 100

Now praise to God's oft-grant-ed grace, Now praise to man's undaunt-ed face; De-  
spite the land, de-spite the sea, I was, I am, and I shall be. How  
*ff rit.*  
long, good an-gel, Oh, how long? Sing me from heav'n a man's own song.  
*B a tempo*  
Long as thine art shall love true love, Long as thy sci-ence truth shall know;  
Long as thine ea-gle harm no dove, Long as thy law by law shall grow;  
*C f*  
Long as thy God is God a-bove, Thy broth-er ev-'ry man be-low, So  
long, dear land of all my love, Thy name shall shine, Thy fame shall glow!

# Starry Night

From "Faust"

Sidney Rowe  
Andante  $\text{♩} = 76$

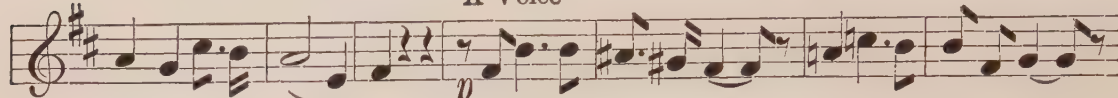
Charles Gounod  
Adapted by John Vance

*pp* VOICE I



1. Star-ry night, Fragrant night! Sweet with breath of the ros-es, All the world in thy
2. Leave me not, Love-ly night! Let thy wings hov-er o'er me, Let the peace of thy

A Voice



stillness now re-pos-es.  
spir-it now re-store me.

A-lone the night-in-gale Now sings her golden lay,  
For-bid thy stars to fade, Close draw thy dusky veil,

lonely heart a-way.  
lonely night-in-gale.

VOICE I AND II

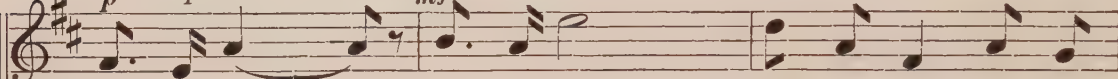
*rit. e dim.*



'Mid the soft and fra-grant si-lence She sing-eth her heart a-way.  
Bid the sun de-lay his com-ing, While sing-eth the night-in-gale.

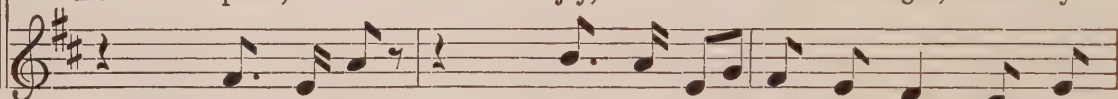
*p a tempo*

*mf*



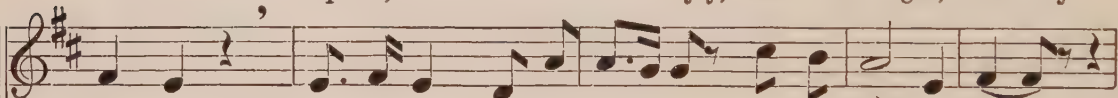
Night di-vine, . . . mag-ic hour!  
Hour of peace, . . . hour of joy,

Star-ry night, still and  
Gold-en night, dim-ly

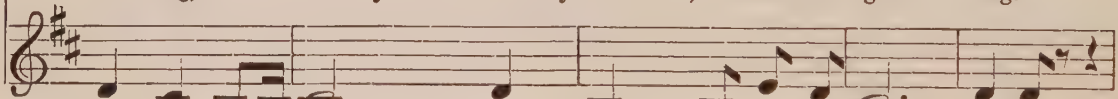


Night di-vine,  
Hour of peace,

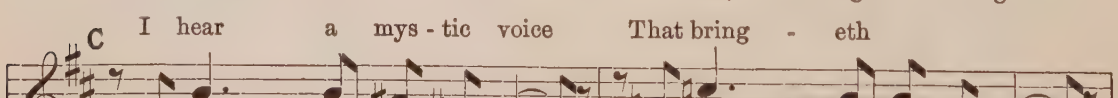
mag-ic hour! Star-ry night, still and  
hour of joy, Gold-en night, dim-ly



ten-der, All my soul to thy rap-ture I sur-ren-der.  
smil-ing, Sweet-ly sound-eth thy mu-sic, Care be-guil-ing.



ten-der, My soul to rap-ture I sur-ren-der.  
smil-ing, Now sound-eth mu-sic, Care be-guil-ing.



I hear a mys-tic voice That bring-eth

I hear a mys-tic voice

That bringeth sweet de-light



like the un-seen bird whose love song Is thrill-ing the si-lence of night.  
like the un-seen bird whose beau-ty, The rap-ture that com-eth with thee.

# The Eagle

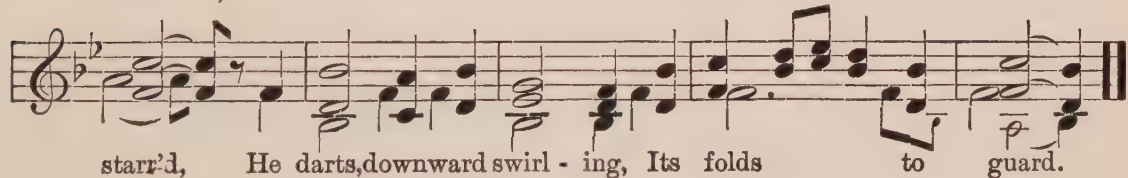
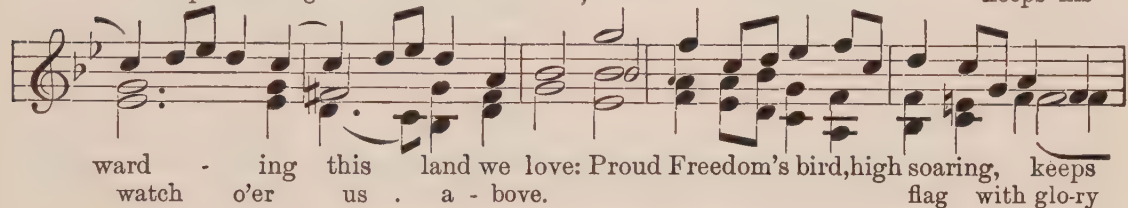
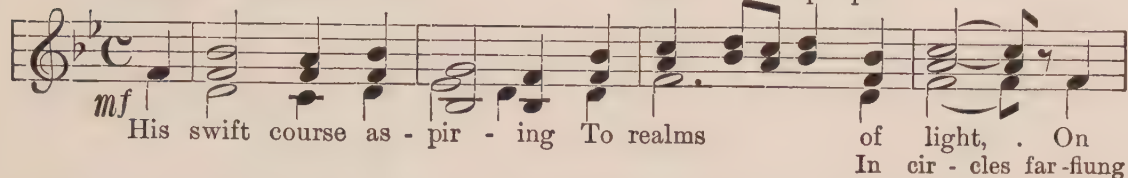
Frederick H. Martens From "Symphony in C Minor" No. 1

J. Brahms

Arranged by N. Clifford Page

*Allegro non troppo* ♩ = 120

realms of up - per



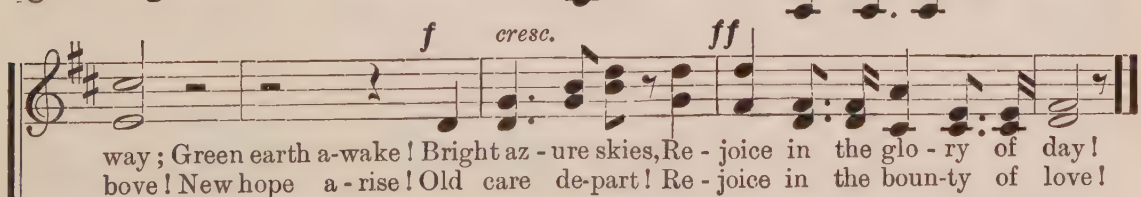
## Morning Hymn

Stephen Fay

C. M. von Weber

*With vigor and enthusiasm* ♩ = 116

*mf*





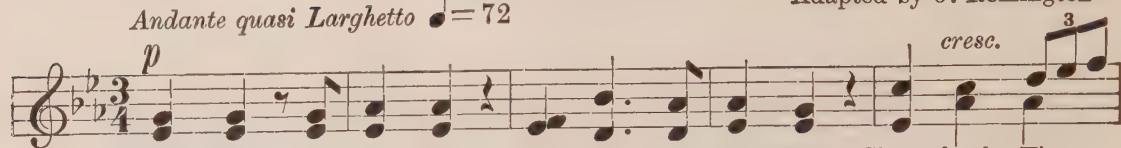
## Hear Us, O Father

M. Louise Baum

From "Rinaldo"

G. F. Händel

Adapted by J. Remington

*Andante quasi Larghetto* ♩ = 72

1. Hear us, O Fa-ther, We bow be-fore Thee; Show forth Thy .  
 2. Hear us, O Fa-ther, Hear us and save us; Show forth Thy .

*dim.* *Fine* *Amf* ♩ = 80

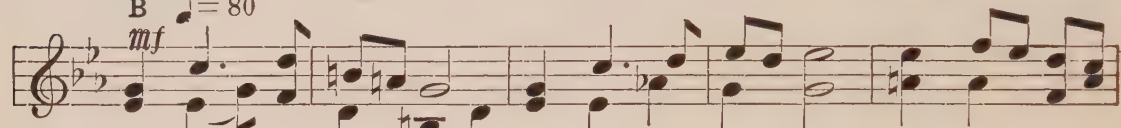
glo-ry, Re-veal Thou Thy grace. Give light for dark-ness,



Day-star for tem-pest And sun-rise for storm. Hear us, O Fa-ther,



Still Thou the tu-mult, Be Thou our . ref-uge And lift us to . Thee.

**B** ♩ = 80

Teach us . to trust Thee, Teach us to seek Thee. So shall we



find Thee, And love Thee, . O Lord; Find Thee and love Thee, For Thou art Love!

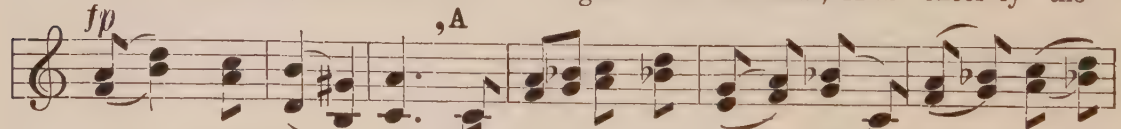
## The Swallows

*Allegro moderato* ♩ = 96

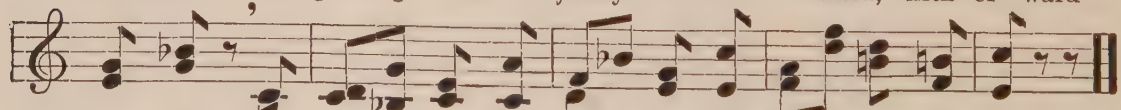
R. Schumann



1. Two swal-lows are cir-cling a-loft o'er the plain, Now high and now  
 2. When sum-mer, sweet sum-mer a-gain draw-eth near, And cheer-ly the



low . they're fly-ing; Now off and a-way . and a-way are .  
 ploughboy is sing-ing; Their way they'll be hith-er-ward, hith-er-ward



hie-ing, But sum-mer, but sum-mer will bring them a-gain.  
 wing-ing, And bring-ing, and bring-ing good cheer to us here.

# Hymn to the Stars

From "Midsummer Night's Dream"

M. Louise Baum

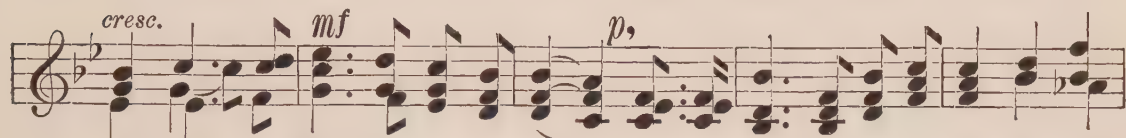
Felix Mendelssohn, Op. 61, No. 5

*Con moto tranquillo* ♩ = 72

Arranged by Bertha Remick



1. Thro' a veil of pur-ple twi-light, full man-y a star Brings light to the  
2. Faith-ful stars, and do ye heark-en the night-in-gale's song That flows thro' the



dark-ness and sol-ace from a-far; For they pierce the silent spa-ces like  
fra-grance of earth the calm night long; Do ye glow with warmer rap-ture at



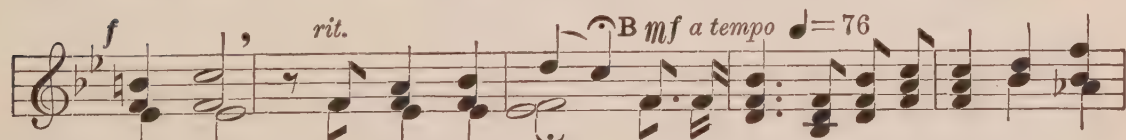
ech-oes of day, Yet on-ward, un-swerv-ing, they hold their stead-fast  
voice of the lark That melts the gray morn-ing and thrills the faint-ing



way. As they climb the slopes of heav'n, the ear of faith hears them  
dark? Do ye know the sud-den bliss when o-cean sil-ver is



sing-ing, And they praise the love of God to set the az-ure arch-es  
blush-ing And to hap-py gold-en day the pearl-y east at last is



ring-ing; The love of God, Yea, they chant of love and beau-ty to  
flush-ing? Bright gold-en day! Must ye fade from yonder heavens, O



des-erts for-lorn, And shine thro' the shad-ows to comfort those who mourn.  
stars pure and fair, When morn-ing ap-pears with no night or weeping there?





un - fin - ished work which they who fought here have thus far so no - bly ad - vanced.

**E**

It is rath - er for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining be -

fore us, that from these hon - ored dead we take in - creased de - vo - tion to that

cause for which they gave the last full measure of de - vo - tion; that we here

highly re - solve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this Na - tion, un - der God,

shall have a new . . birth of free - dom, and that government of the peo - ple,

by the peo - ple, for the people shall not per - ish from the earth.

## The People's Anthem

Ebenezer Elliott

Carl Engel

*Moderato* ♩ = 108

1. When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when?  
 2. Shall crime bring crime for - ev - er, Strength aid - ing still the strong?  
 3. When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when?

Not kings and lords, but peo - ple, . Not thrones and crowns, but men!  
 Is it Thy will, O Fa - ther, . That man shall toil for wrong?  
 Not kings and lords, but peo - ple, . Not thrones and crowns, but men!

Flow'rs of Thy heart, O God, are they; Let them not pass, like weeds, a - way,  
 "No!" say Thy mountains, "No!" Thy skies; Man's clouded sun shall bright - ly rise,  
 God save the peo - ple, Thine they are; Thy chil - dren as Thine an - gels fair;

Their her - it - age a sun - less day, God save the peo - ple!  
 And songs be heard in - stead of sighs, God save the peo - ple!  
 Save them from bond - age and des - pair, God save the peo - ple!

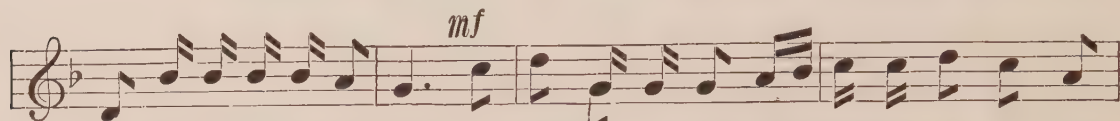
## The Cautious Cat

David Stevens

Henry Hadley

*Allegretto* ♩ = 84

1. Once a Cau - tious Cat and a Reck - less Rat Went to  
 2. Said the Cau - tious Cat to the Reck - less Rat, And the



sea with an In - no - cent Lamb; They sail'd in a yawl With noth - ing at all To  
 same to the In - no - cent Lamb; "We'll tack this smack And hur - ry right back To



eat but a su - gar - cured ham, With noth - ing but a su - gar - cured  
 send a Mar - co - ni - o - gram, A reg - u - lar Mar - co - ni - o -



ham. But the wind blew high In a sky - blue sky In a  
 gram. For the wind might blow Ver - y high or low And I



man - ner they had not fore - seen: And the wind blew low, Then the  
 would - n't care a Li - ma bean, But I can - not sail When the



wind, al - so, Blew a lit - tle bit in be - tween! (be - tween!) Just a lit - tle bit,  
 o - cean gale Blows a lit - tle bit in be - tween! (be - tween!) Just a lit - tle bit,



Just a lit - tle bit, Blew a lit - tle bit in be - tween!"  
 Just a lit - tle bit, Blows a lit - tle bit in be - tween!"



3. "Of course with me you will nev - er a - gree," Said the Cat to the Rat and the



Lamb, "But if you balk You will have to walk, That's the kind of a Kit - ten I

*p* *C mf*

am, I am, The kind of a Kit-ten I am!" So they sailed right back On the

star-board tack To the near-est port of call And the Reck-less Rat Let it

go at that, While the Lamb said noth-ing at all, (at all,) The Lamb said nothing,

*p* *f* *p* *pp*

Said noth-ing at all, said noth-ing what-ev-er at all. . .

## Old King Cole

*Briskly* ♩ = 132

Humphrey Mitchell

Old King Cole was a mer-ry old soul, And a mer-ry old soul was

he, A mer-ry old soul; He call'd for his pipe and he call'd for his

bowl, And he call'd for his fid-dlers three, for his fid-dlers three. Twee-dle -

Twee-dle dee,

Twee-dle dee, . . .

dee, . . . Twee-dle dee, Tweed-dle - dee. . . .

Oh, there is none so rare as can com- pare, With King

Cole and his fid-dlers three, With King Cole and his fid-dlers three!



## The Piper

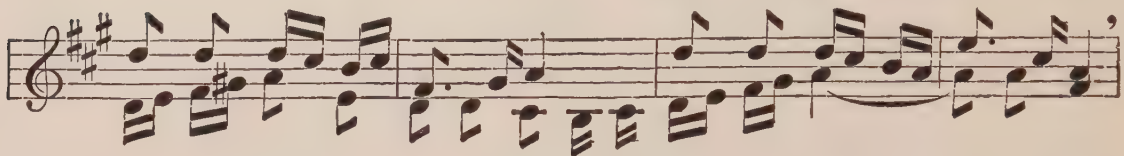
William Blake

Arthur Shepherd

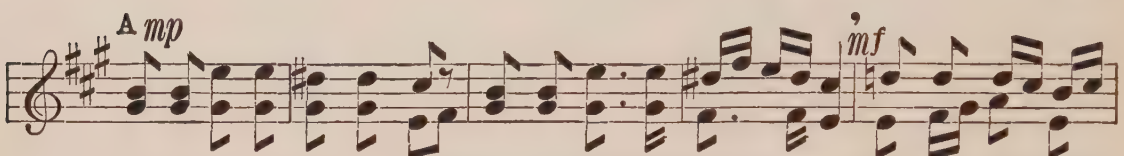
*Moderato con spirito* ♩ = 80

Pip - ing down the val - leys wild, Pip - ing songs of pleas - ant glee,

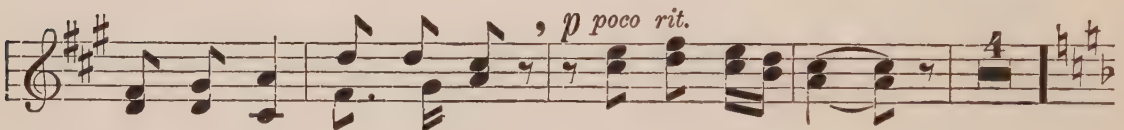
And he laugh - ing said to me:



On a cloud I saw a child, And he laugh - ing said . . . to me:



"Pipe a song a - bout a lamb;" So I piped with mer - ry cheer. "Pip - er, pipe that



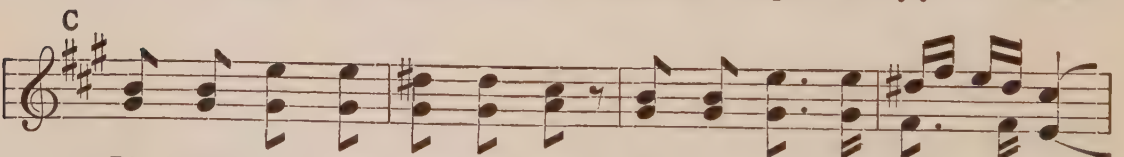
song a - gain!" So I piped: He wept to hear.



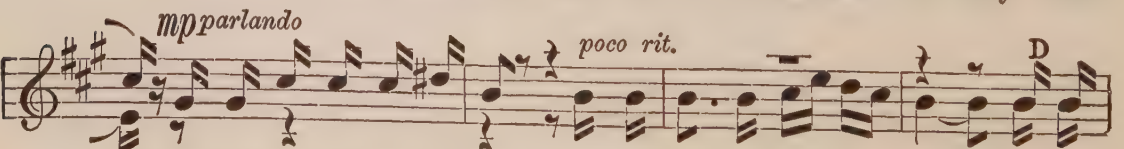
"Drop thy pipe, thy hap - py pipe, Sing thy songs of hap - py cheer!"



So I sang the same a - gain, While he wept with joy to hear.



"Pip - er, sit thee down and write In a book, that all may read."



. . So he van - ish'd from my sight; And I pluck'd a hol low reed, And I

*a tempo* *mf* *rit.* *meno mosso*

made a ru - ral pen, And I stain'd the wa - ter clear, And I wrote my hap - py, hap - py songs, Ev - 'ry child may joy . to hear .

## The Lord of All

(Adon Olom)

Old Hebrew Melody

*Andante*  $\text{♩} = 76$  *mf*

1. The Lord of all did reign su - preme Ere  
2. When all was fin - ish'd by . . . His will, Then

yet this world . . . was made and form - ed.  
was His name . . . as King pro - claim - ed.

*A ff poco animato* ( $\text{♩} = 84$ )

And should these forms no more ex - ist, He still will rule in  
He was, He is, He shall re - main, His glo - ry nev - er

*B pp Tempo I*

ma - jes - ty. My spir - it I com - mit to Him; My bo - dy too .

*pp* *f* *mf*

And all I prize. Both when I sleep and when I  
wake, He is with me, I shall not fear. Both when I sleep and when I wake, He is with

*f* *ff* *mf* *rall.* *p* *a tempo* **6**

me, He is with me, . . . I shall not fear, I shall not fear.

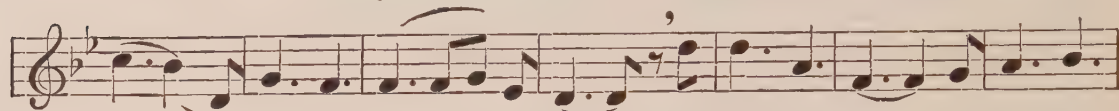
## Columbus

Joaquin Miller

Henry F. Gilbert

*Allegro moderato* ♩. = 108 *mf*

1. Be - hind him lay the gray A - zores, Be -  
 2. They sailed, they sailed, then spake the mate: "This



hind the gates of Her - cu - les; Be - fore him not the ghost of  
 mad sea shows his teeth to - night. He curls his lip, he lies in



shores, Be - fore him on - ly shore-less seas. The good mate said,  
 wait, With lift - ed teeth as if to bite! Brave Ad - mi - ral,



"Now must we pray." The good mate said, "Now must we pray. For  
 Say but one good word, Brave Ad - mir - al, Say but one good word,



lo! the ver - y stars are gone. Brave Ad - mir - al, Brave  
 What shall we do when hope is gone?" The words leapt like a



Ad - mir - al, Speak, what shall I say? Brave Ad - mir - al, Brave  
 leap ing sword, a leap - ing sword, The words leapt like a



Ad - mir al, Speak, what shall I say?" "Why, say: Sail on! .  
 leap - ing sword, a leap - ing sword: "Sail on! Sail on! .



. . Sail on! . Sail on! . and . on! Why say: Sail  
 . . Sail on! . Sail on! . and . on! Why say: Sail



on, . . Sail on, . Sail on, . . . and on!" .  
 on, . . Sail on, . Sail on, . . . and on!" .



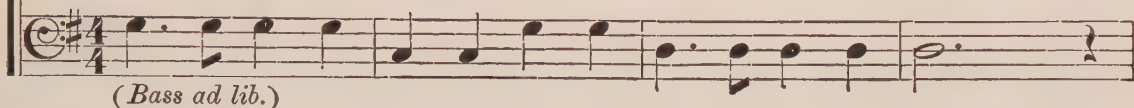
## Alma Mater

Stephen Fay

Old American Song

*Moderato* ♩ = 104

1. Let our voices loud - ly ring - ing, Ech - o far and near, (and near,)
2. All the days we've been to - geth - er Fond - ly we re - call, (re - call,)
3. Years may dim our rec - ol - lec - tion, Time its change may bring, (may bring,)

*(Bass ad lib.)*

Songs of praise thy chil - dren sing - ing To thy mem - 'ry dear.  
 Days of fair or storm - y weath - er, Thou hast glad - den'd all.  
 Still thy name in fond af - fec - tion, Ev - er - more we sing.



Al - ma Ma - ter! Al - ma Ma - ter! Ten - der, fair and true; (and true;)



Grate - ful sons, with love un - fail - ing, All their vows re - new.



## Blessed are the Peace Makers

M. Teresa Armitage

*Beatitudes*

Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be call'd the chil - dren of God.

*(Bass ad lib.)*

## Cradle Song

Cordelia Brooks Fenno

Old French Noël

*Andante con moto* ♩ = 96

Arranged by J. Remington

*p*

1. Oh, sleep, lit - tle babe, soft fall - eth the dew, Sleepswee - ly and  
 2. Long a - ges a - go . a Won - der - ful Star, With heav'n - ly rays  
 3. The shad - ows grow deep, a hush o - ver all, . The bird - lings are

*p*

(Bass *ad lib.*)

gen - tly till day dawns a new; A myr - i - ad stars hov - er  
 glis - ten'd and glim - mer'd a - far; It told us of peace and of  
 si - lent, no long - er they call; So slum - ber, my ba - by, 'tis

bright o - ver - head, And calm - ly their beams on my ba - by are shed.  
 love for us here, For thee and for ev - 'ry one, ba - by, my dear.  
 love guards thy rest, The Star of the East is the Star of the West.

*rit.*

## Good-Night

Text adapted by John Pennington

Franz Abt

*Moderato espressivo* ♩ = 108

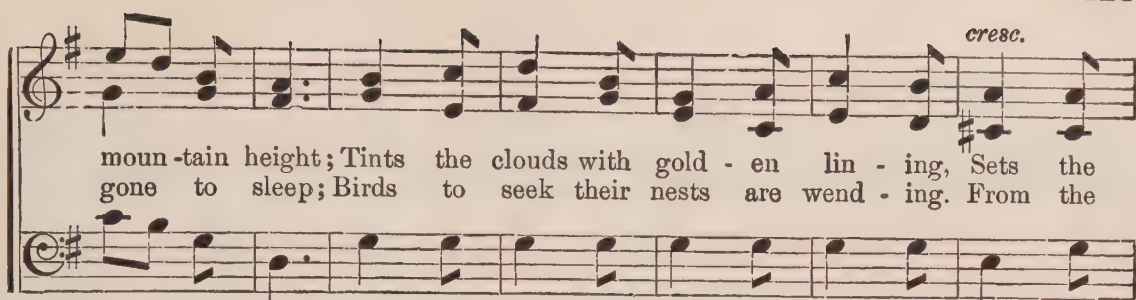
Arranged by J. Remington

*p*

1. In the west the sun de - clin - ing, Sinks be - neath the  
 2. In the wind the grass is bend - ing, All the flow'rs have

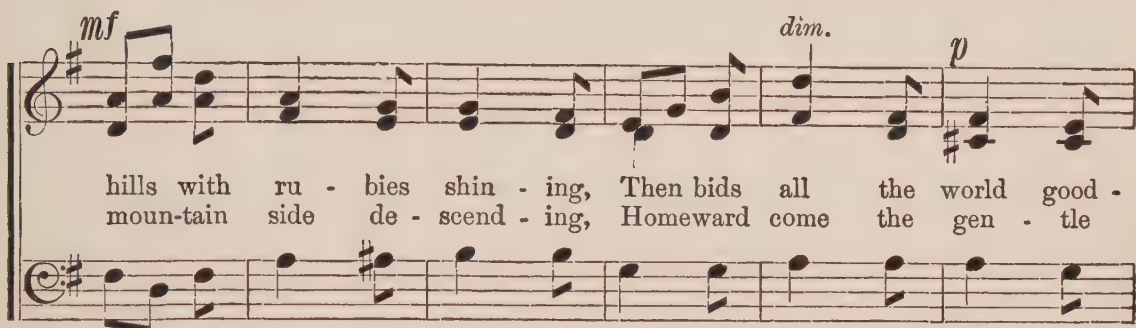
*p*

(Bass *ad lib.*)



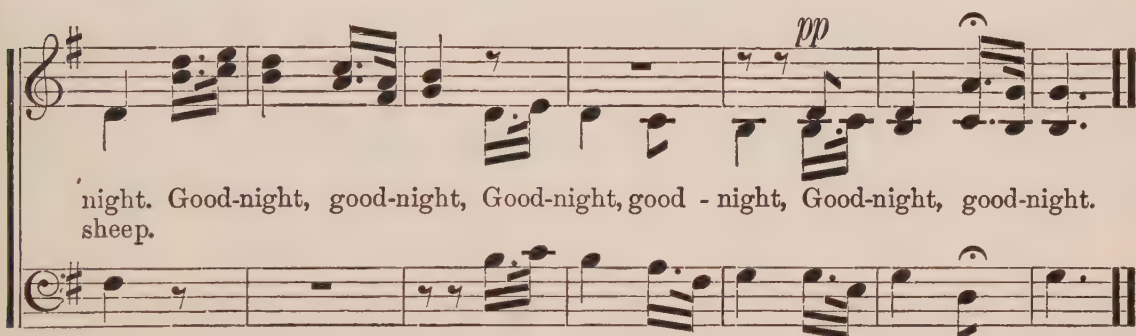
*cresc.*

moun-tain height; Tints the clouds with gold - en lin - ing, Sets the  
gone to sleep; Birds to seek their nests are wend - ing. From the



*mf* *dim.* *p*

hills with ru - bies shin - ing, Then bids all the world good -  
moun-tain side de - scend - ing, Homeward come the gen - tle



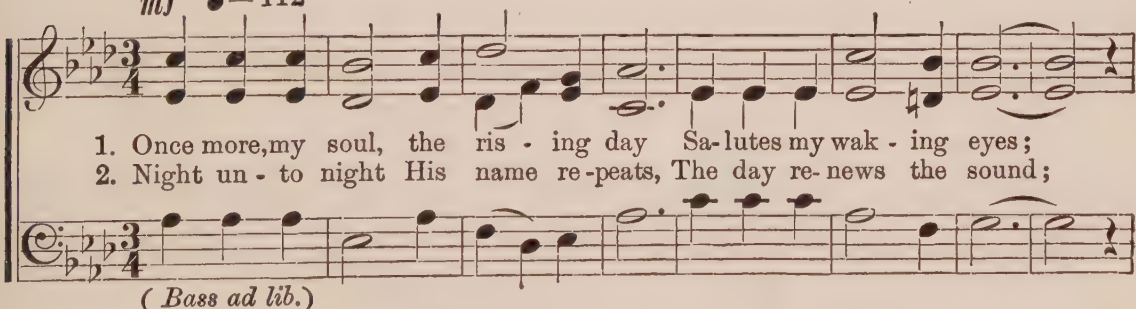
*pp*

night. Good-night, good-night, Good-night, good - night, Good-night, good-night.  
sheep.

## Once More, My Soul

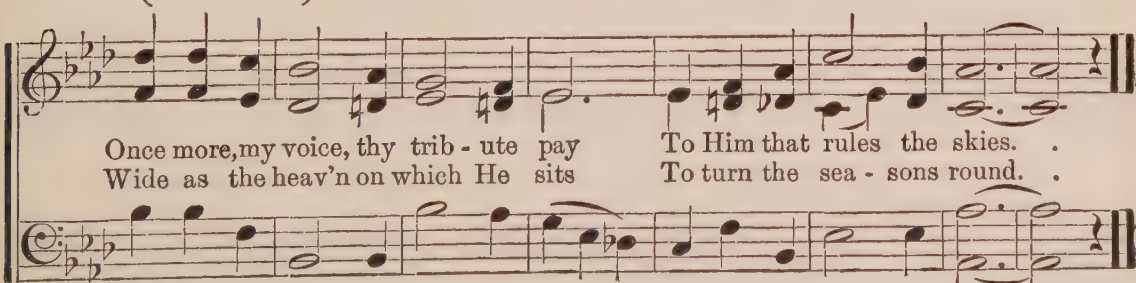
Isaac Watts

John B. Dykes

*mf*  $\text{♩} = 112$ 


1. Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Sa-lutes my wak - ing eyes;  
2. Night un - to night His name re-peats, The day re-news the sound;

(Bass ad lib.)



Once more, my voice, thy trib - ute pay To Him that rules the skies. .  
Wide as the heav'n on which He sits To turn the sea - sons round. .



## Lullaby

Johannes Brahms

Arranged by N. Clifford Page

*Andante con moto*

*pp* *p*

1. Lull - a - by and good - night! With ros - es be - dight, With  
 2. Lull - a - by and good - night! Thy moth - er's de - light, Bright

*pp* *p*

(Bass *ad lib.*)

lil - ies o'er - spread Is - ba - by's wee bed: . Lay thee  
 an - gels be - side . My . dar - ling a - bide; . They will

*mf* *p*

down now and rest, May thy slum - ber be blest; Lay thee  
 guard thee at rest, Thou shalt wake on my breast; They will

*p* *pp*

Lull - a - by, lull - a - by, lull - a - by, .

*mf* *p* *rit.*

down now and rest, May thy slum - ber be blest.  
 guard thee at rest, Thou shalt wake on my breast.

*p* *pp* *rit.*

Lull - a - by, lull - a - by, lull - a - by.

## Blessed are the Merciful

*Beatitudes*

M. Teresa Armitage

Bless - ed are the mer - ci - ful for they shall ob - tain mer - cy.

(Bass *ad lib.*)

## The Sandman

Johannes Brahms  
Arranged by N. Clifford Page*Andante**pp*

(Humming or "loo")

*Mm*

1. The flow - ers all are sleep - ing Be - neath the moon-light  
 2. The birds that sang so sweet - ly When noon - day sun rose  
 3. Now see the lit - tle sand - man At the win - dow shows his  
 4. And ere the lit - tle sand - man Is man - y steps a -

(Bass ad lib.)

ray; They nod their heads to-gether, And dream the night a - way.  
 high, With - in their nests are sleep - ing, Now night is drawing nigh.  
 head, And looks for all good chil - dren Who ought to be in bed.  
 way, Thy pret - ty eyes, my dar - ling, Close fast un - til next day.

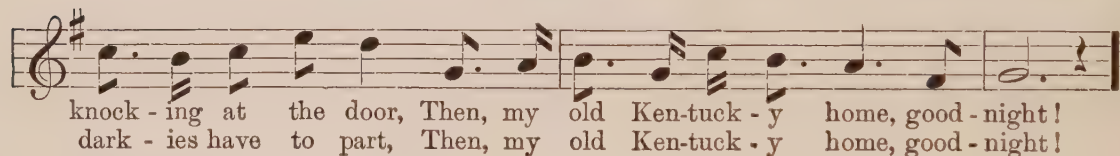
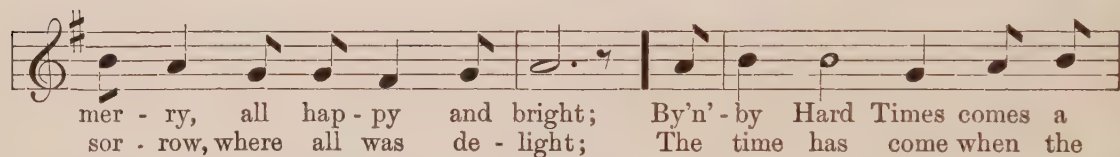
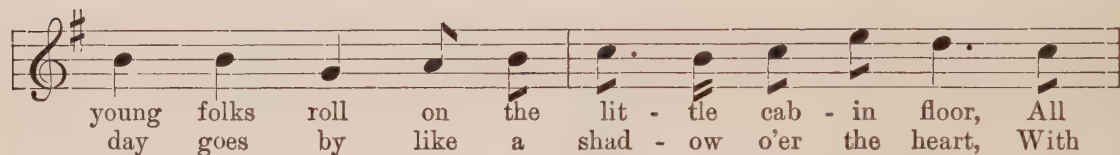
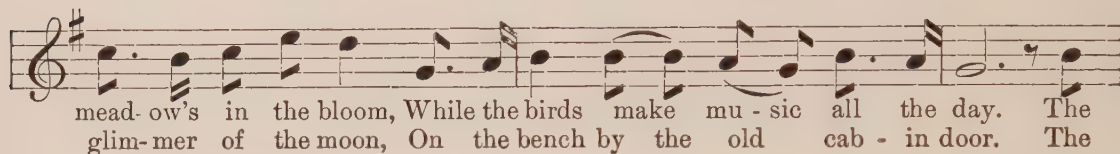
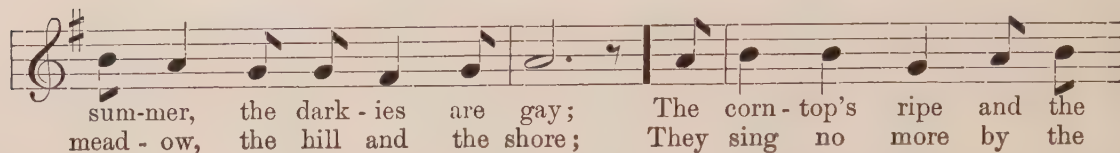
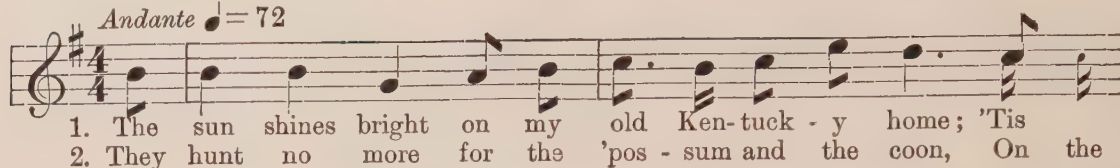
The bud - ding trees wave to and fro, And mur - mur soft and low: .  
 The crick - et, as it moves a - long, A - lone gives forth its song. .  
 And as each wea - ry pet he spies, Throws sand in - to his eyes. .  
 But they shall ope at morn - ing light And greet the sun - shine bright.

*pp* Sleep . on, . . sleep . on, . sleep on, my . lit - tle one. . *ppp*

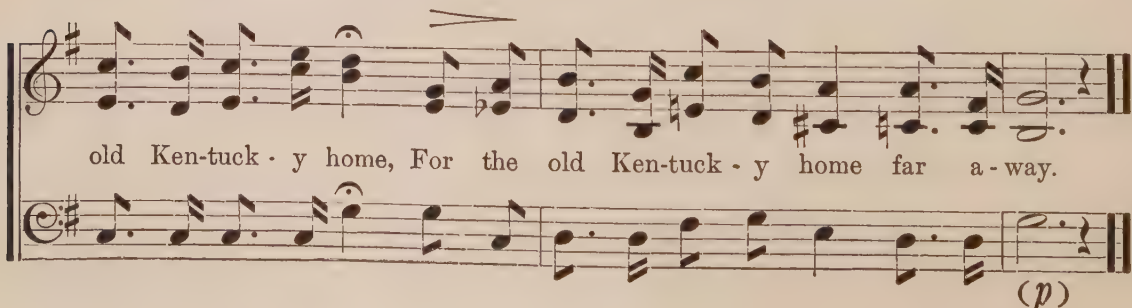
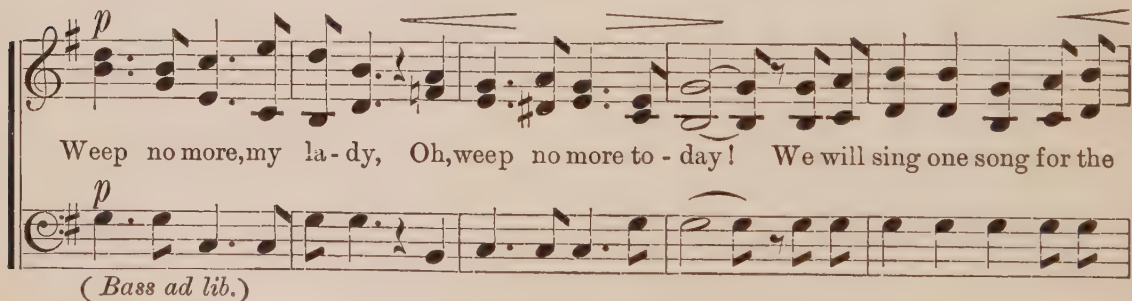
## My Old Kentucky Home

Stephen C. Foster

Stephen C. Foster

*Andante* ♩ = 72

## REFRAIN





# Home Arbor Day

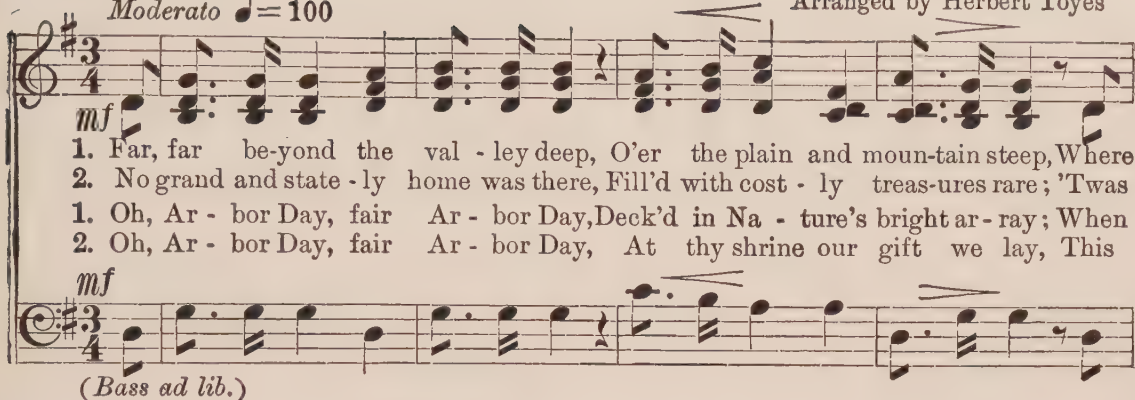
Sidney Rowe

Old German Melody

Arranged by Herbert Toyes

*Moderato* ♩ = 100


*mf*



1. Far, far be-yond the val - ley deep, O'er the plain and moun-tain steep, Where  
2. No grand and state - ly home was there, Fill'd with cost - ly treas-ures rare; 'Twas  
1. Oh, Ar - bor Day, fair Ar - bor Day, Deck'd in Na - ture's bright ar - ray; When  
2. Oh, Ar - bor Day, fair Ar - bor Day, At thy shrine our gift we lay, This

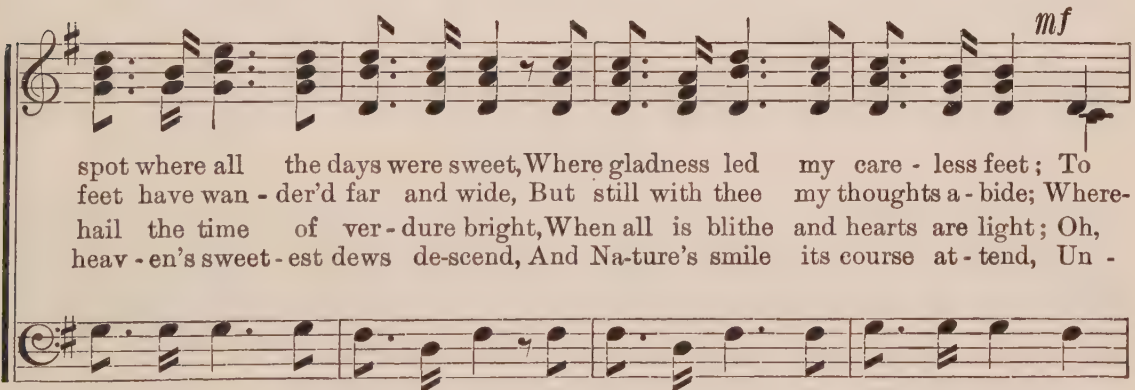
*mf*

(Bass ad lib.)




earth u - nites with heav - en's blue, Lies the home my child-hood knew. The  
just the home where kind - ly love Shed its bless - ings from a - bove. My  
Spring has set her won - ders free O'er the hill and smil - ing lea. We  
to - ken bright of hope and cheer, Em - blem of our spring - ing year. May

*f A*



spot where all the days were sweet, Where gladness led my care - less feet; To  
feet have wan - der'd far and wide, But still with thee my thoughts a - bide; Where -  
hail the time of ver - dure bright, When all is blithe and hearts are light; Oh,  
heav - en's sweet - est dew - s de - scend, And Na - ture's smile its course at - tend, Un -

*mf*



dream of all my young de - light, Fills the heart with mem - 'ry bright.  
e'er I go, o'er land or sea, Turns my yearn - ing heart to thee.  
time of sweet - ly - bud - ding spray, Wel - come now, fair Ar - bor Day!  
til a - gain thy shin - ing ray. Shall re - turn, fair Ar - bor Day!

*mf*

## Occupation Song

Henry Snow

Hungarian Folk-Song

Arranged by J. Remington

*Allegretto* ♩ = 112

*mf* 1. What's your task in springtime gay? Best we love the till - ing. That is wea - ry  
*mf* 2. What's your task in win - ter drear? An - y use - ful trade, O! That makes weary  
 3. What do you when summer's here? Hunt the bine and ber - ry. That's a hap - py

(Bass ad lib.)

*f* work, they say; Not when hearts are will-ing. Stir the soil with bus - y hoe, Plant the seeds and  
 work, we fear; We are not a - fraid, O! Some will make and others mend, Each to his ap -  
 time, we hear; Glad and gay and mer - ry! E'er to work and ne'er to play, Makes us dull, the

*f* see them grow, All the fruit - ful summer sea - son, Na - ture's law ful - fill - ing.  
 point - ed end, Learn to use with fin - gers nim - ble Ham - mer, rule and blade, O!  
 peo - ple say, So we love the pleas - ant summer. Hey, dol, dol, down - der - ry!

## The Minuet

Cordelia Brooks Fenno

From "Don Giovanni"

W. A. Mozart

*p* *Tempo di Menuetto* ♩ = 80

Arranged by J. Remington

*p* 1. Soft can - dle - light shines all a - round, Curt - sey and gal - lant bow pro - found.  
 2. What tho' our meas - ured step be slow? Young hearts now light and light - er grow;

(Bass ad lib.)

*p* Strains of the state - ly dance re - sound, With so - ber step we go.  
 Gay is the scene with life a - glow, As care we drive a - way.

A



'Neath pow-der'd wigs of snow-y white, Hide tress-es fair or dark as night,  
Swift as the wind the mo-ments fly, Naught heed the danc-ers glid-ing by;

A



While the heart of youth is danc-ing light Be neath the can - dle glow.  
Youth is ours, a - way with ev - 'ry sigh, For life is fair to - day!



## Soldier's Farewell

Adapted by Sidney Rowe

Andante ♩ = 92

Johanna Kinkel



1. How can I bear to leave thee! One part-ing kiss I give thee, And  
2. I say fare-well with griev-ing, My fond-est hopes I'm leav-ing, Yet



(Bass ad lib.)



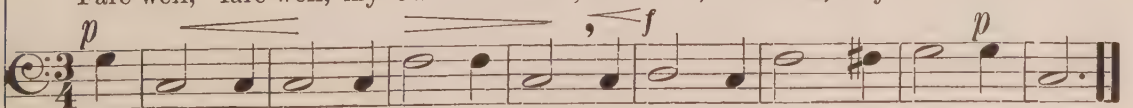
then, what-e'er be-falls me, I go where hon-or calls me.  
faith shall nev-er fail me, Tho' death him-self as-sail me!



Tranquillo ♩ = 80



Fare-well, fare-well, my own true love; Fare-well, fare-well, my own true love!



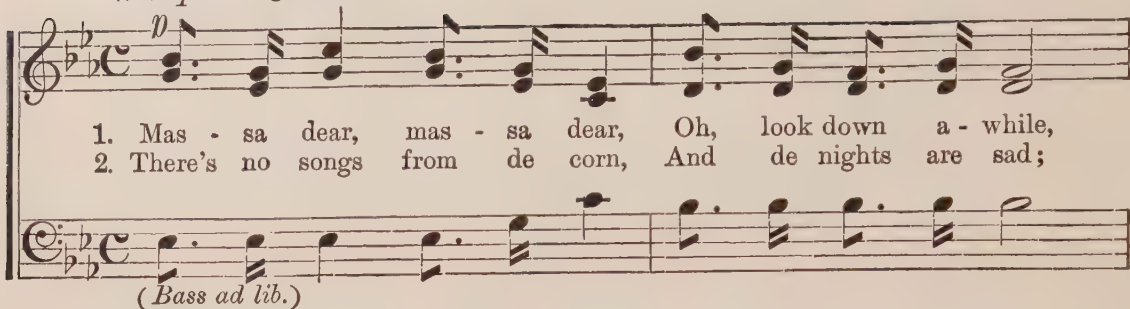


# Massa Dear

Frederic Manley

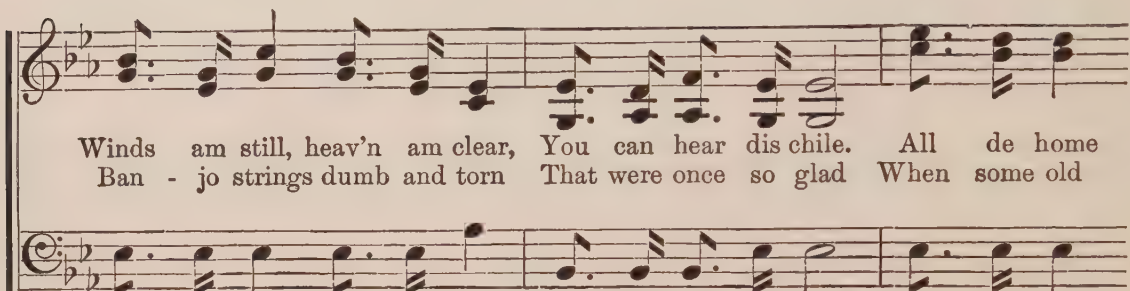
Arthur Johnson

*With pathos* ♩ = 66

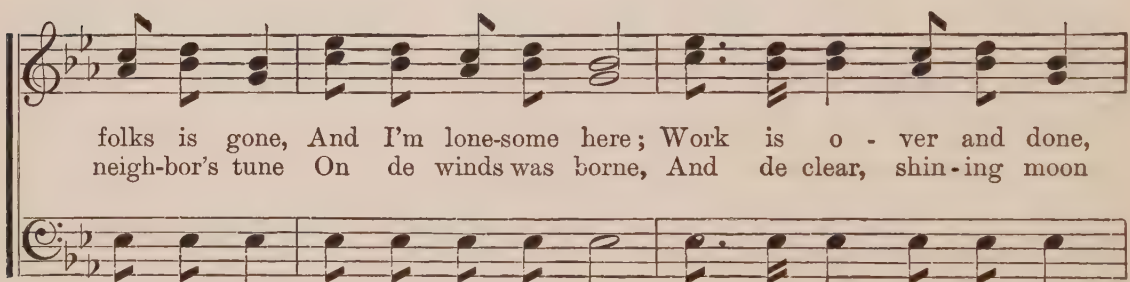


1. Mas - sa dear, mas - sa dear, Oh, look down a - while,  
2. There's no songs from de corn, And de nights are sad;

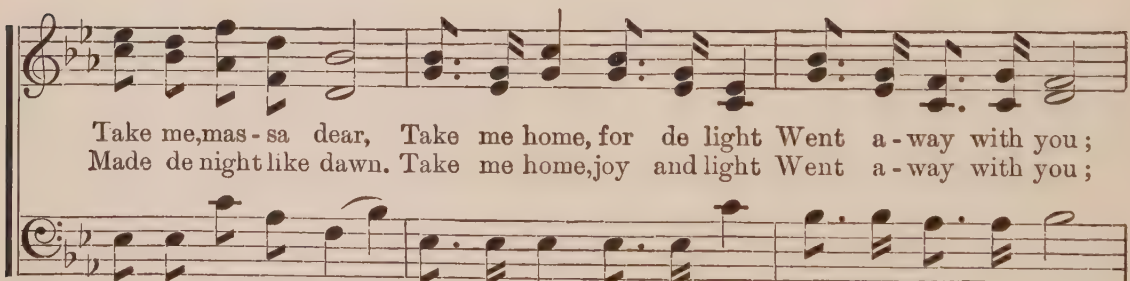
(Bass ad lib.)



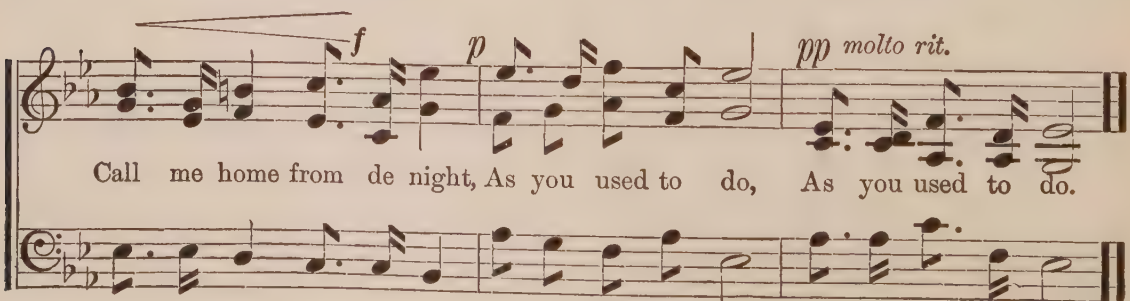
Winds am still, heav'n am clear, You can hear dis chile. All de home  
Ban - jo strings dumb and torn That were once so glad When some old



folks is gone, And I'm lone-some here; Work is o - ver and done,  
neigh-bor's tune On de winds was borne, And de clear, shin-ing moon



Take me, mas - sa dear, Take me home, for de light Went a - way with you;  
Made de night like dawn. Take me home, joy and light Went a - way with you;



Call me home from de night, As you used to do, As you used to do.

## Sweet Genevieve

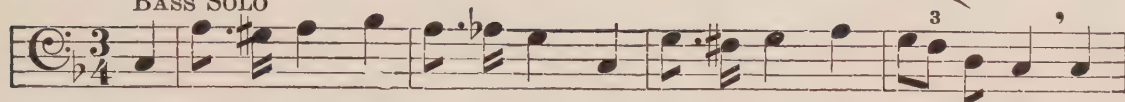
George Cooper

*Andante espressivo* ♩ = 80

Henry Tucker

Arranged by J. Remington

BASS SOLO



1. Oh, Gen - e-vieve, I'd give the world To live a-gain the love-ly past! The  
 2. Fair Gen - e-vieve, my ear - ly love, The years but make thee dear-er far. My



rose of youth was dew - im-pearl'd, But now it with-ers in the blast. I  
 heart shall nev - er, nev - er rove, Thou art my on - ly guid-ing star. For



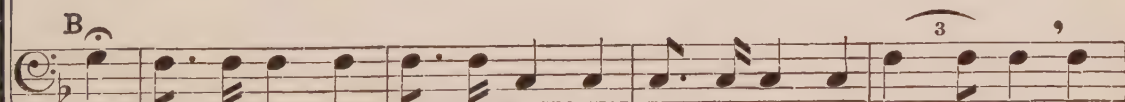
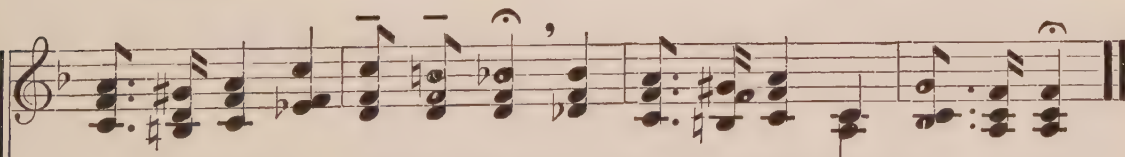
see thy face in ev - 'ry dream, My wak-ing thoughts are full of thee; Thy  
 me the past has no re - gret, What - e'er the years may bring to me; I



glance is in the star-ry beam That falls a-long the sum-mer sea.  
 bless the hour when first we met, The hour that gave me love and thee!



Oh, Gen - e-vieve, sweet Gen - e-vieve, The days may come, the days may go, But

*(Bass ad lib.)*

still the hands of mem - 'ry weave The bliss - ful dreams of long a - go.



## Carry Me Back to Old Virginy

Adapted by Sidney Rowe

James Bland

*Moderato* ♩ = 92

1. Car - ry me back to old Vir - gin - ny, There's where the cot - ton and the  
 2. Car - ry me back to old Vir - gin - ny, There mongst the cot - ton and the



corn and ta - toes grow ; There's where the birds warble sweet in the springtime,  
 cornfields let me stay ; Long by the old Dis - mal Swamp have I wan - der'd,



There's where this old heart is long - ing for to go. There's where I la - bor'd all  
 There is the place where I hope to pass a - way. Mas sa and Mis - sis have



day in the cot - ton, There's where I worked in the field of yel - low corn ;  
 long gone be - fore me, Soon we will meet on the bright and golden shore ;



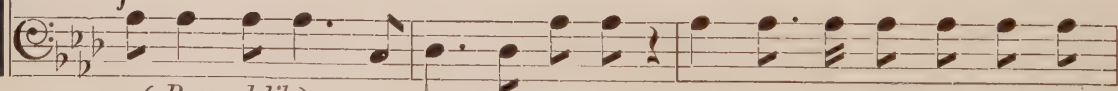
No place on earth do I love more sin - cere - ly  
 There we'll be hap - py and free from all sor - row,



Than old Vir - gin - ny, the . state where I was born.  
 There is the place where we shall meet to part no more.

**B**

Car - ry me back to old Vir - gin - ny, There's where the cot - ton and the

**B<sub>f</sub>***(Bass ad lib.)*

corn and ta - toes grow ; There's where the birds warble sweet in the springtime,





There's where this old heart is long - ing for to go.

*rit.*

## Holy Night

Text edited by A. Bode

Christmas Hymn

Franz Gruber

Arranged by Herbert Toyes

*Andantino* ♩ = 112

*pp*

1. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, All is calm, all is bright;  
 2. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Shep - herds kneel at the sight,  
 3. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Shin - eth now God's pure light,

*pp* (Bass *ad lib.*)

Round Thy chil - dren, Fa - ther on high, Beams the light of Thy  
 Glo - ries stream from Heav - en a - far. Gold - en beams from the  
 Ra - diant beams from Thy ho - ly face, Bring the dawn of re -

star - ry sky; Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.  
 east - ern star; Comes the glo - ri - ous morn, Comes the glo - ri - ous morn.  
 deem - ing grace, Peace and heav - en - ly love, Peace and heav - en - ly love.

## The Star of Glengary

N. G. Spörle

Arranged by N. Clifford Page

*cresc.**Moderato espressivo* ♩ = 108

The red moon is up o'er the moss - cov-er'd moun-tain; The hour is at  
red moon is up o'er the

(Bass ad lib.)

hand when I prom-ised to . . rove With the turf-cut-ter's daughter, by Logan's bright  
turf-cut-ter's daugh-ter,

wa-ter, And tell her how tru-ly her Don-ald can . love. I ken there's the

mil-ler wi' plen-ty o' sil-ler, Would fain win a glance from her beau - ti - ful

e'e; But my ain . bon-nie Ma - ry, the Star of Glen - ga - ry, Keeps a' her sweet

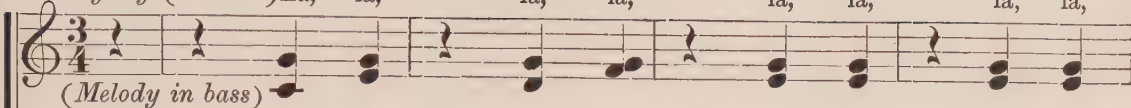
smiles and saft glances for me, But my smiles and saft glances for me.

## The Climate

David Stevens

Waltz time  $\text{♩} = 60$ 

Old Melody

*Lightly (staccato)* La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

1. We sing of the Po - lar bear, fear - less and bold, He  
 2. The Croc - o - dile lives in the trop - i - cal belt, And  
 3. Now, we poor un - for - tu - nates live in a clime That



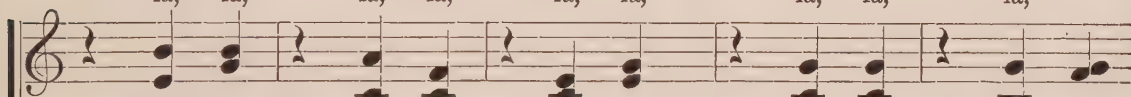
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la,



nev - er feels hot and he nev - er feels cold, Be - cause where he  
 neith - er the cold nor the heat ev - er felt, Be - cause in the  
 calls for at least three full suits at a time; A thick one and



la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,



lives sum - mer nev - er oc - curs, And the rest of the year he wears  
 win - ter his sum - mers be - gin, And the rest of the year he wears  
 thin one for days cold and hot, And a me - di - um - weight for the



la, la, la,



plen - ty of furs. Sing ho! for the land at the top of the  
 croc - o - dile skin. They have win - ter suits in the Trop - i - cal  
 days that are not. But still, tho' the cli - mate be all that you



sphere, Where furs are in fash - ion all times of the year. .  
 Zone, And most of the croc - o - diles fur - nish their own. .  
 say, . We're here and we think we'll con - tin - ue to stay. .





*Allegretto* ♩ = 144

*p*

1. Up - on the sweet-est sum-mer time, In the mid-dle of the morn, A  
 2. She gath-er'd to her love-ly flow'rs, And spent her time in sport; As  
 3. The yel-low cow-slip by the brim, The daf-fo-dil as well, The

*mf*

*(Melody in bass)*

pret - ty dam - sel I es - pied, The fair - est ev - er born.  
 though in pret - ty Cu - pid's bow'rs She dai - ly did re - sort.  
 tim - id prim - rose, pale and prim, And pret - ty snow-drop bell.

*mf*

And sing: blow a - way the morn - ing dew, The dew, and the dew;

*mf*

*f* *rit.*

Blow a - way the morn - ing dew, How sweet the winds do blow.

*f* *rit.*

*Moderato* ♩ = 96

## Gaily the Troubadour

Thomas Haynes Bayley

BASS SOLO

1. Gai - ly the Trou - ba-dour touch'd his gui - tar, When he was hast - en - ing  
 2. She for the Trou - ba-dour hope - less - ly wept; Sad - ly she tho't of him  
 3. Hark! 'twas the Trou - ba-dour breath-ing her name; Un - der the bat - tle-ment

Home from the war; Sing - ing, "From Pal - es - tine  
 When oth - ers slept; Sing - ing, "In search of thee  
 Soft - ly he came. , Sing - ing, "From Pal - es - tine

*p*

hith - er I come; La - dy love, . . Wel - come me home."  
 would I might roam; Trou - ba - dour, . . Come to thy home."  
 hith - er I come; La - dy love, . . Wel - come me home."

*mf*

La - dy love, la - dy love, Wel - come me home."  
 Trou - ba - dour, Trou - ba - dour, Come to thy home."  
 La - dy love, la - dy love, Wel - come me home."

## The Fairies

David Stevens

Old Melody

*Andante espressivo* ♩. = 60

Arranged by N. Clifford Page

*p*

1. With - in the wood - land spac - es Are voic - es  
 2. And when the night is call - ing, We hear them  
 3. They leave no trace be - hind them To show us

*mf*

*(Melody in bass)*

1. With - in the wood - land spac - es, Are voic - es soft and  
 2. And when the night is call - ing, We hear them swift - ly  
 3. They leave no trace be - hind . them To show us where they

soft and low, From dim and se - cret plac - es Where fair - ies  
 swift - ly pass, Their elf - in foot-steps fall - ing Like dew up -  
 where they dwell, We ne'er can hope to find them, But still we

low, . . . From dim and se - cret plac - es Where fair - ies come and  
 pass, . . . Their elf - in foot-steps fall - ing Like dew up - on the  
 dwell, . . . We ne'er can hope to find them, But still we love them

*mf (Melody in sop.)**rit.*

come and go, From dim and se cret plac - es Where fair - ies come and go. .  
 on the grass, Their elf - in foot-steps fall - ing Like dew up - on the grass.  
 love them well, We ne'er can hope to find them, But still we love them well.

go, . . .  
 grass, . . .  
 well .

## All Through the Night

Old Welsh

David Owen

*Slowly and quietly* ♩ = 100

Arranged by N. Clifford Page

*pp* *Mm* *Mm* *Mm*

(Melody in bass) *mf*

1. Sleep, my child, and peace at-tend thee, All thro' the night; Guar-dian an - gels
2. While the moon her watch is keep-ing, All thro' the night; While the wea-ry
3. Hark, a sol - emn bell is ring-ing, Clear thro' the night; Thou, my love, art

*p* *Mm* *p*

Soft the drowsy hours are creeping, Hill and vale in  
O'er thy spir-it gen-tly stealing, Vi-sions of de -  
Earth-ly dust from off thee shaken, By good angels

God will send thee, All thro' the night.  
world is sleep-ing, All thro' the night.  
heav'n-ward winging, Home thro' the night.

*p rit.* *pp* *p rit.* *pp*

slum - ber steep-ing, I my lov-ing vig - il keep-ing, All thro' the night.  
light re - veal-ing, Breathes a pure and ho - ly feel-ing, All thro' the night.  
art thou tak - en, Soul im-mor - tal thou shalt wak-en, Home thro' the night.

Frances Grandin

## Dance Song

Scandinavian

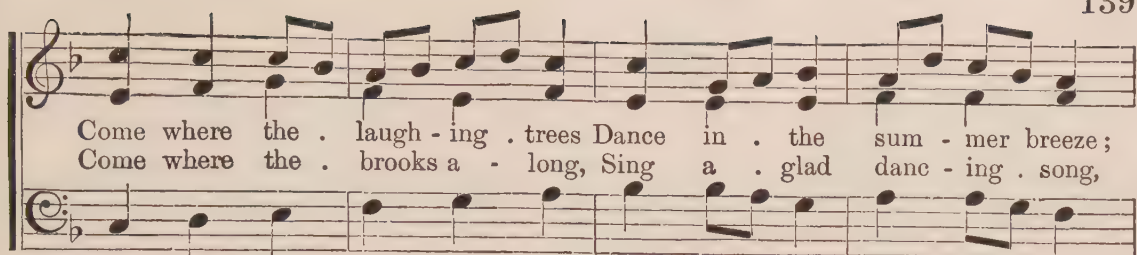
*Allegro* ♩ = 160

Arranged by Henry F. Gilbert

1. Come where the . grass - es . blow Grace - ful - ly . to and fro;  
Come where the . crick - ets . play Shrill mu - sic . all the day;
2. Come where the . lambs all . white Dance in . the . cheer - ful light;  
Pleas ure . is . ev - 'ry - where In the . glad sum - mer air,

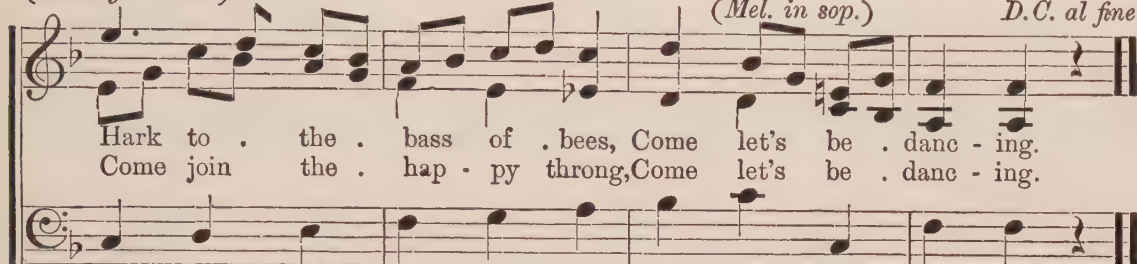
Come where the . ferns bend low, Flut - t'ring and glanc - ing.  
Come where the . pan - pipes play. Come let's be . danc - ing.  
Come where the . sun - beams bright Gai - ly . are . danc - ing.  
All things are . danc - ing . then, Come let's . be . danc - ing.





Come where the laugh - ing trees Dance in the sum - mer breeze;  
Come where the brooks a - long, Sing a glad danc - ing song,

(Melody in bass) to



Hark to the bass of bees, Come let's be danc - ing.  
Come join the hap - py throng, Come let's be danc - ing.

(Mel. in sop.)

D.C. al fine

## The Raggle Taggle Gypsies, O!

M. Louise Baum

*Allegro*  $\text{♩} = 80$ 

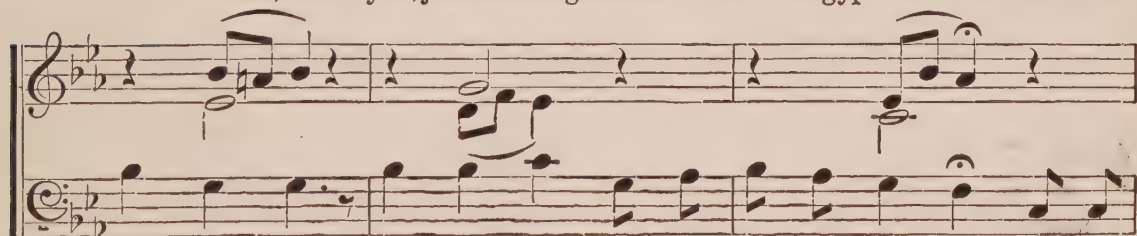
Old English



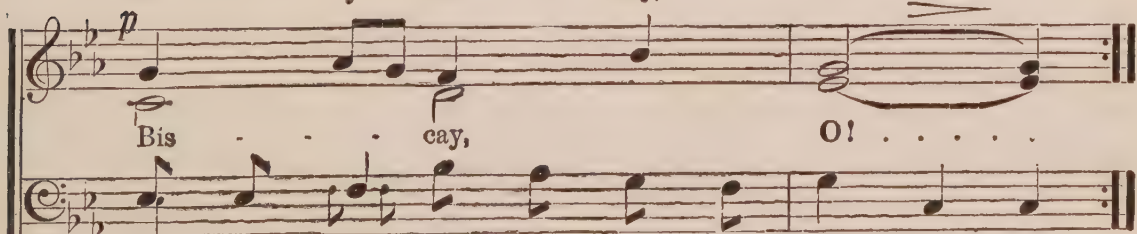
(Humming)

*f* (Melody in bass)

1. Came gyp - sies four to the farm - er - man's door, And begged a crust from his
2. And one was clad in a rag - ged - y plaid, And one was dressed like a
3. The farm - er's wife was a - fraid for her life, And cut them cake with a
4. I see, don't you, just the thing that's to do When gyp - sies come with their



read - y store; One sang high and an - oth - er sang low And the  
sol - dier lad; One wore vel - vet with sleeves that hung down, And the  
carv - ing knife; One said "thank you" and one was struck dumb, Then they  
cra - zy crew; Feed them cake and their way they will take, And say  
Bon - ny Bis - cay, O! . . . . .



Bis - cay, O! . . . . .

oth - ers sang Bon - ny, bon - ny Bis - cay, O!  
oth - er wore sack - cloth for her Sun - day gown.  
all turned heel and went the way they'd come.  
"thank you" the rag - gle, tag - gle gyp - sies, O!

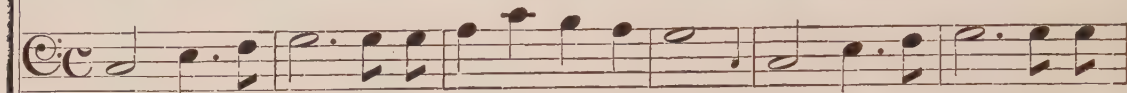
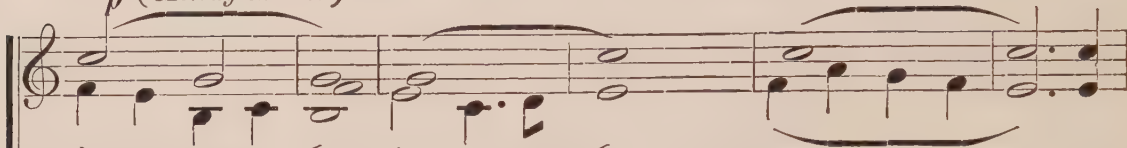
## Old Black Joe

S. C. Foster

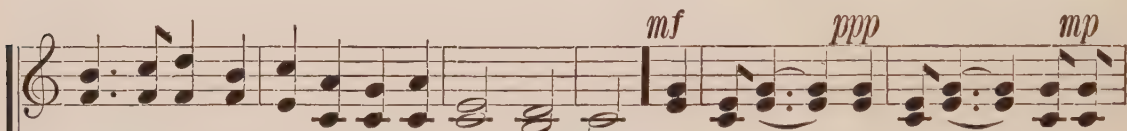
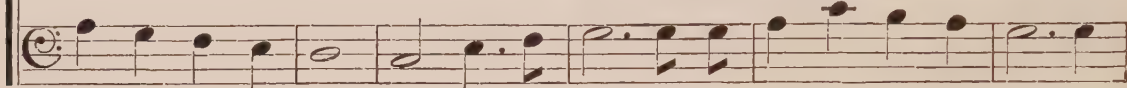
Stephen C. Foster

*Andante* ♩ = 100*p* (Humming or "loo")

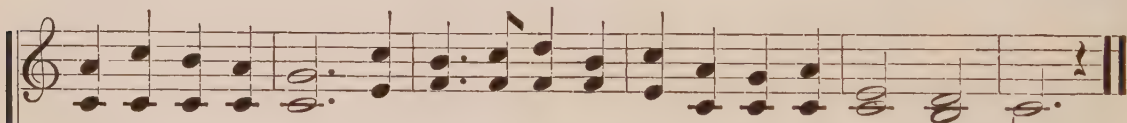
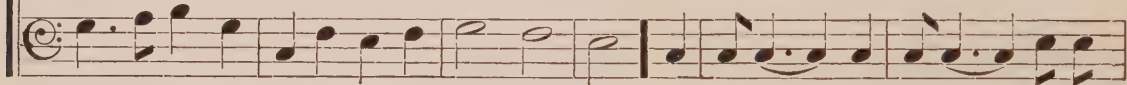
1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay, Gone are the friends from the  
 2. Where are the hearts once so hap-py and so free? The chil-dren so dear, that I

*p* (Melody in bass)

cot-ton field a-way; Gone from the earth to a bet-ter land, I know, I  
 held up-on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go, I



hear their gentle voic-es call-ing: "Old Black Joe." I'm com-ing. I'm com-ing, For my  
 hear their gentle voic-es call-ing: "Old Black Joe." I'm com-ing. I'm com-ing, For my



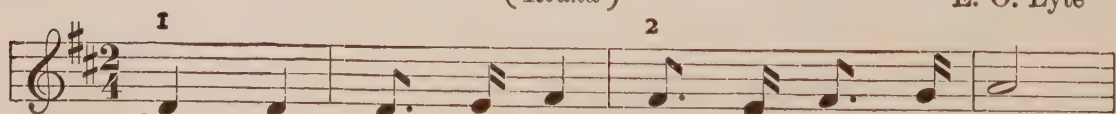
head is bend-ing low; I hear those gentle voic-es call-ing: "Old Black Joe."



## Row, Row, Row Your Boat

(Round)

E. O. Lyte



Row, row, row your boat Gen-tly down the stream;



Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, Life is but a dream.

# Evening Song

(*Der Freischütz*)

Carl Maria von Weber

Text adapted by Sidney Rowe

*Andantino* ♩ = 60

1. Soft - ly sighs the voice of eve - ning, Steal - ing . through the  
2. O'er the earth a mist is spread - ing, Dim - ly . shines the

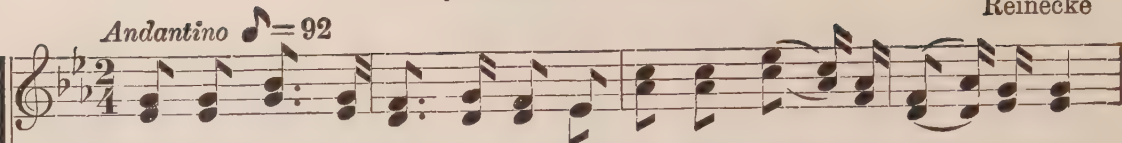
wil - low grove; While the stars like guard - ian . . spir - its,  
cres - cent moon; Si - lence fall eth till in . . beau - ty,

Set . . . their night - - ly watch a - bove.  
Sounds . . the night - - in - gale's sweet tune.



## My Mother's Eyes

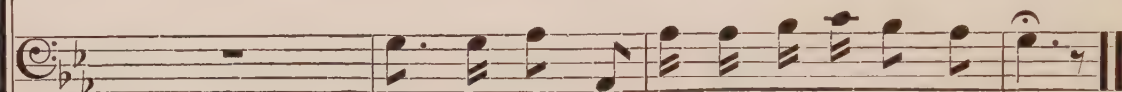
Reinecke

*Andantino* ♩ = 92

1. In thine eyes, O moth - er dar - ling, I could gaze the live - long day;  
 2. By my cra - dle, moth - er dar - ling, Thy dear eyes have watch'd me long;

*rall.*

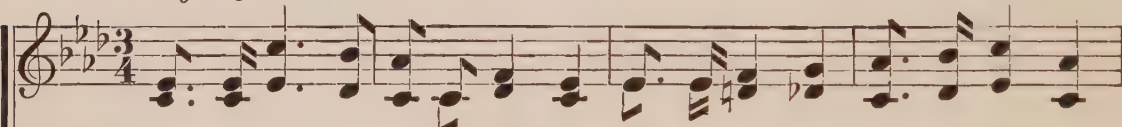
Read - ing there the love and sweet-ness, All that they so fain would say.  
 Watch'd me soft in slum - ber ly - ing, Lull'd to rest by thy sweet song.



In them read - ing  
 Soft - ly ly - ing,

## Spring is Here

Polish Air

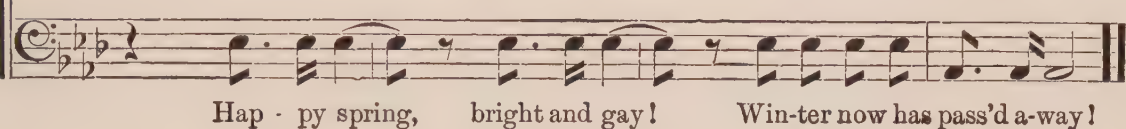
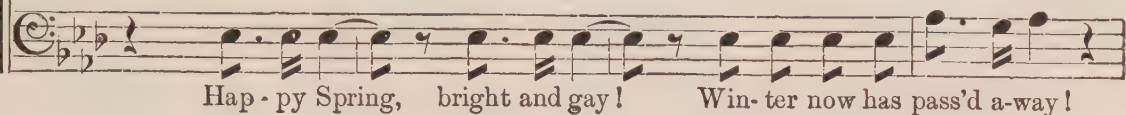
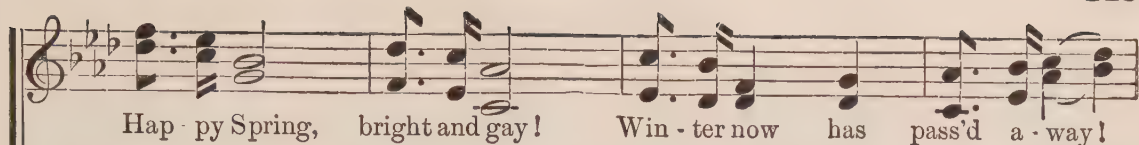
*Allegro* ♩ = 108

1. Spring is here, the earth re - joic - es, Na - ture runs with smiles to greet her;  
 2. Birds in ev - 'ry tree - top call - ing Fill the woods with sounds of glad - ness;  
 3. Earth and heav'n lift up their voic - es, Sun and sky, wood, field and riv - er;

*(Bass ad lib.)*

Mead and hill lift up there voic - es, Buds and flow'rs come forth to meet her!  
 Hark! the thrill - ing tones are fall - ing, Sad but pleas - ant in their sad - ness.  
 At their song the heart re - joic - es, For it all we praise the giv - er.





## Bear a Lily in Thy Hand

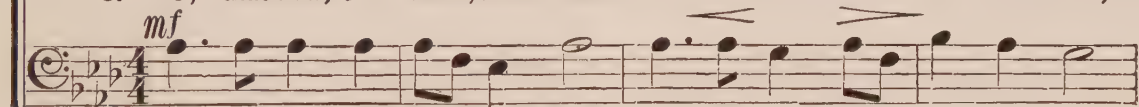
H. W. Longfellow

*Allegretto con spirito* ♩ = 108

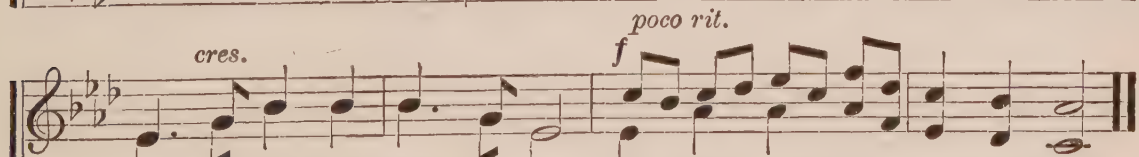
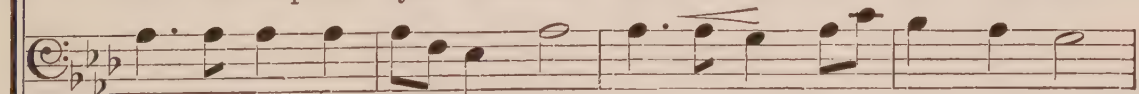
Unknown



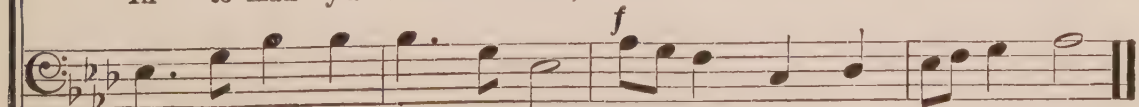
1. Maid - en, with the meek brown eyes, In whose orb a shad - ow lies
2. Bear a lil - y in thy hand; Gates of brass can - not with - stand
3. O, that dew, like balm, should steal In - to wounds that can - not heal,



Like the dusk in eve - ning skies! Thou whose locks out - shine the sun!  
One touch of that mag - ic wand; Bear thro' sor - row, wrong, and ruth,  
E'en as sleep our eyes doth seal; And that smile, like sun - shine dart



Gold - en tress - es wreathed in one, As the braid - ed stream - lets run!  
In my heart the dew of youth, On thy lips the smile of truth.  
In - to man - y a sun - less heart, For a smile of God thou art.



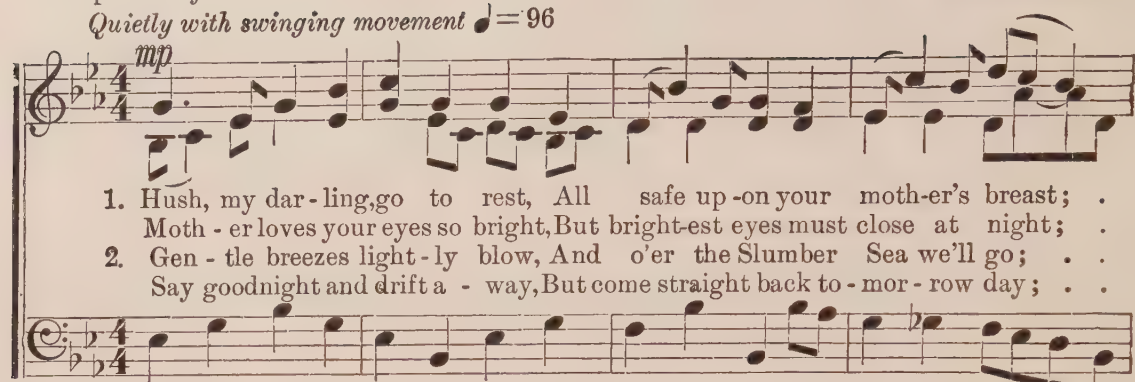
*cres.*

*poco rit.*

## Drowsydale

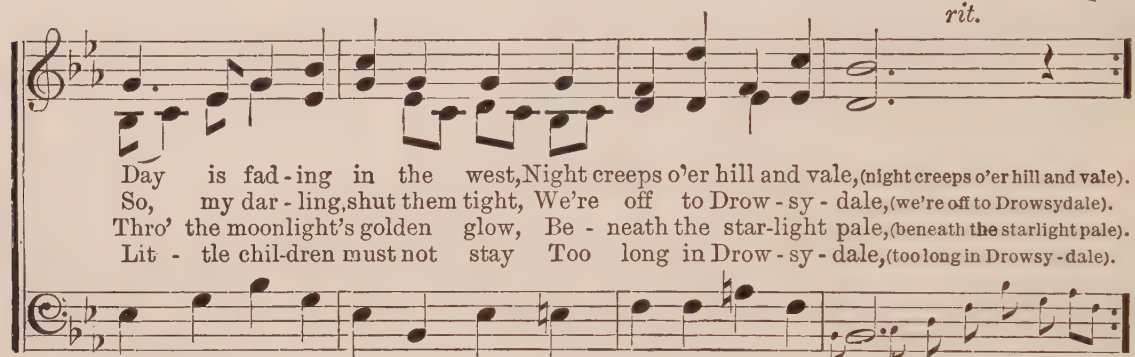
Stephen Fay

David Stevens

*Quietly with swinging movement* ♩ = 96


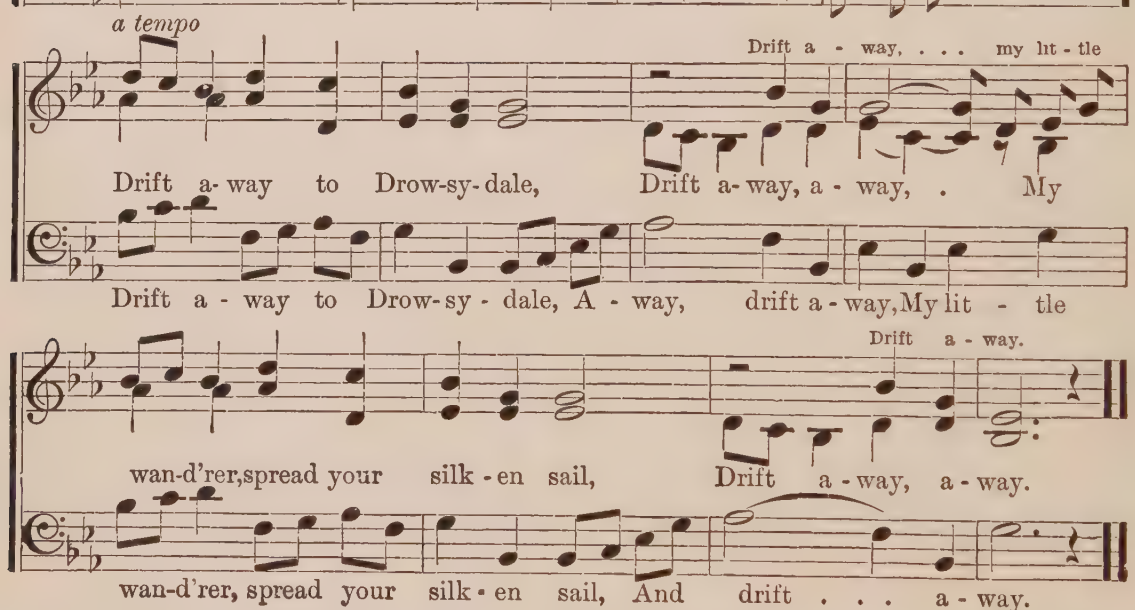
*mp*

1. Hush, my dar-ling, go to rest, All safe up-on your moth-er's breast; .  
Moth-er loves your eyes so bright, But bright-est eyes must close at night; .  
2. Gen-tle breezes light-ly blow, And o'er the Slumber Sea we'll go; . .  
Say goodnight and drift a-way, But come straight back to-mor-row day; . .



*rit.*

Day is fad-ing in the west, Night creeps o'er hill and vale, (night creeps o'er hill and vale).  
So, my dar-ling, shut them tight, We're off to Drow-sy-dale, (we're off to Drowsydale).  
Thro' the moonlight's golden glow, Be-neath the star-light pale, (beneath the starlight pale).  
Lit-tle chil-dren must not stay Too long in Drow-sy-dale, (too long in Drowsy-dale).



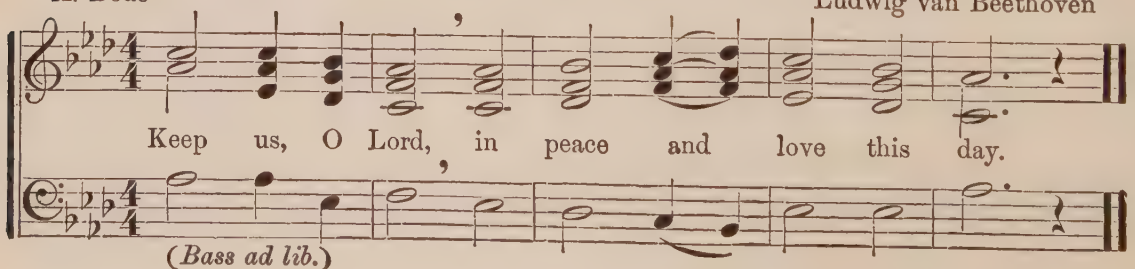
*a tempo*

Drift a-way, . . . my lit-tle  
Drift a-way to Drow-sy-dale, Drift a-way, a-way, . My  
Drift a-way to Drow-sy-dale, A-way, drift a-way, My lit-tle  
Drift a-way.  
wan-d'r'er, spread your silk-en sail, Drift a-way, a-way.  
wan-d'r'er, spread your silk-en sail, And drift . . . a-way.

## Keep Us, O Lord

A. Bode

Ludwig van Beethoven



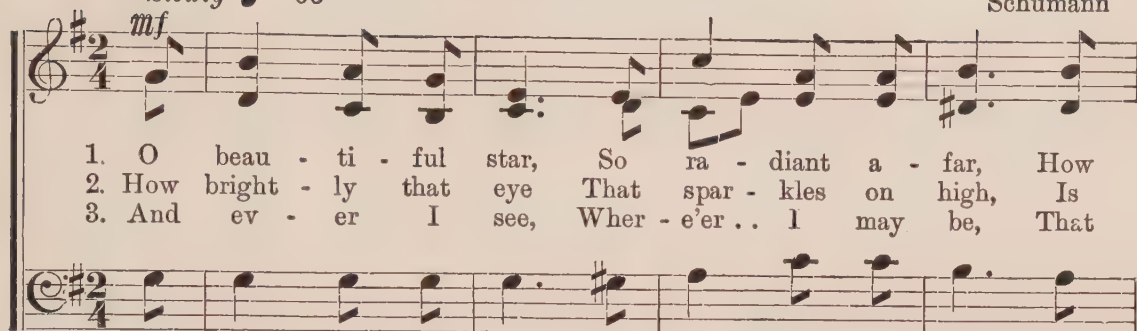
Keep us, O Lord, in peace and love this day.  
(Bass ad lib.)



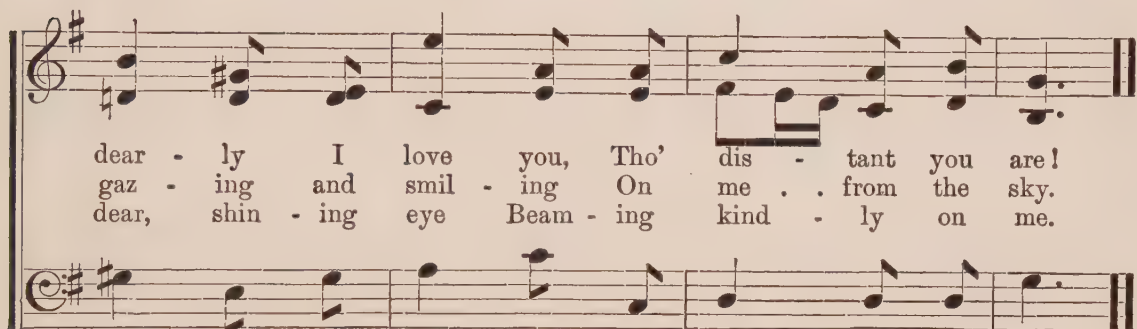
## The Evening Star

Schumann

Slowly ♩ = 66

*mf*


1. O beau - ti - ful star, So ra - diant a - far, How  
 2. How bright - ly that eye That spar - kles on high, Is  
 3. And ev - er I see, Wher - e'er . . I may be, That



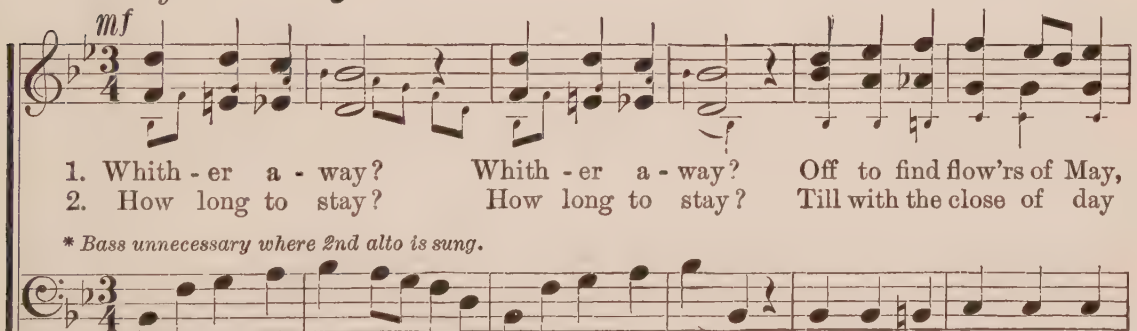
dear - ly I love you, Tho' dis - tant you are!  
 gaz - ing and smil - ing On me . . from the sky.  
 dear, shin - ing eye Beam - ing kind - ly on me.

## Over the Brae

German Folk-Song

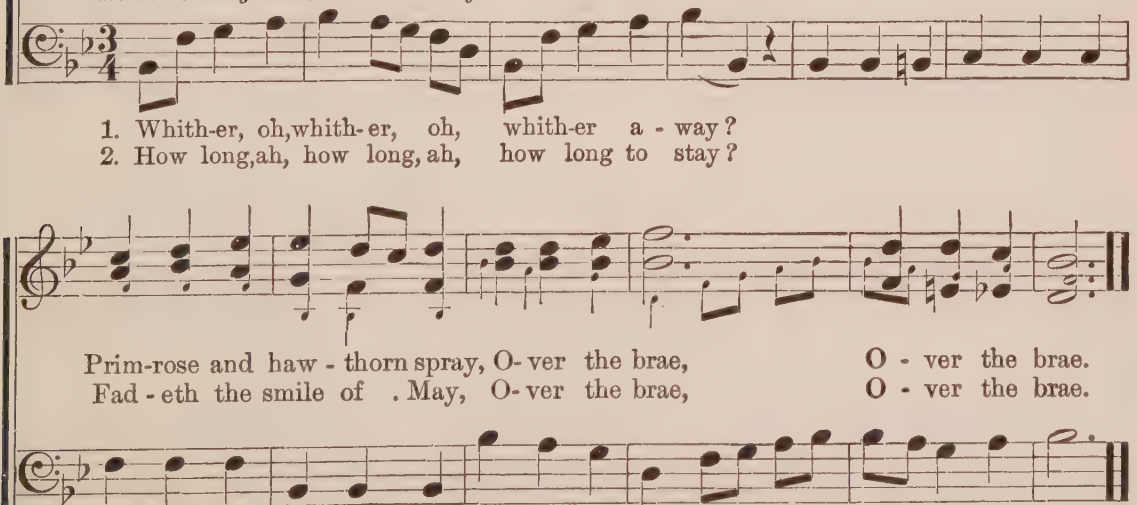
David Stevens

Allegro moderato ♩ = 120

*mf*


1. Whith - er a - way? Whith - er a - way? Off to find flow'rs of May,  
 2. How long to stay? How long to stay? Till with the close of day

\* Bass unnecessary where 2nd alto is sung.



1. Whith-er, oh, whith-er, oh, whith-er a - way?  
 2. How long, ah, how long, ah, how long to stay?

Prim-rose and haw - thorn spray, O-ver the brae,  
 Fad - eth the smile of . May, O-ver the brae,

O - ver the brae.  
 O - ver the brae.

O - ver the brae, Oh, come o - ver the brae.  
 O - ver the brae, Fad - eth o - ver the brae.

# America My Country, 'Tis of Thee

Samuel F. Smith

Henry Carey

*Maestoso* ♩ = 80

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,  
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,  
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees  
 4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

A

Of thee I sing. Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the  
 Thy name I love. I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and  
 Sweet free-dom's song! Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that  
 To Thee we sing! Long may our land be bright With free - dom's

A

pil - grims' pride! From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!  
 tem - pled hills, My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.  
 breathe par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.  
 ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

## Ode to Joy

*From "Ninth Symphony"*

From Schiller by Henry Snow

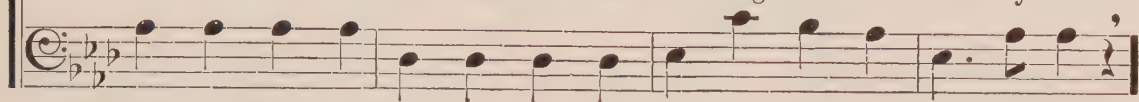
Ludwig van Beethoven

*Allegro maestoso* ♩ = 138

*f*  
 1. Hail thee, Joy, from heav'n de - scend - ing, Daugh - ter from E - lys - i - um!  
 2. Hail, bright Joy, from heav'n su - per - nal, Turn - ing swift the wheel of life;  
*f*



Ec - sta - sy and hope at - tend - ing, To thy sa - cred shrine we come.  
Lead - ing hearts in ways fra - ter - nal, Guard - ing hands from world - ly strife.

*Amf*

Laws of cus - tom that sub - ject us Quick - ly yield at thy command;  
Shed thy bless - ings un - a - bat - ed, O'er the sim - ple as the wise;

*Amf*

Where thy ra - diant wings pro - tect us, All in love u - nit - ed stand.  
Fill, O Joy, all things cre - a - ted, Earth and air and az - ure skies!



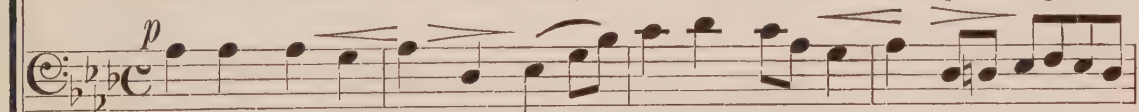
## Hymn of the Fishermen's Children

From "Zampa"

Louis J. F. Herold

*Andante*  $\text{♩} = 76$ 

1. When fair Lu - na fills the skies With her pure and sil - v'ry light,  
2. "Guard our fa - thers on the seas, Thro' the dark and storm - y night;



Then the chil - dren's voic - es rise, . Blend - ing with the shades of night.  
Spare our moth - ers, on their knees, Watch - ing for the morn - ing light."

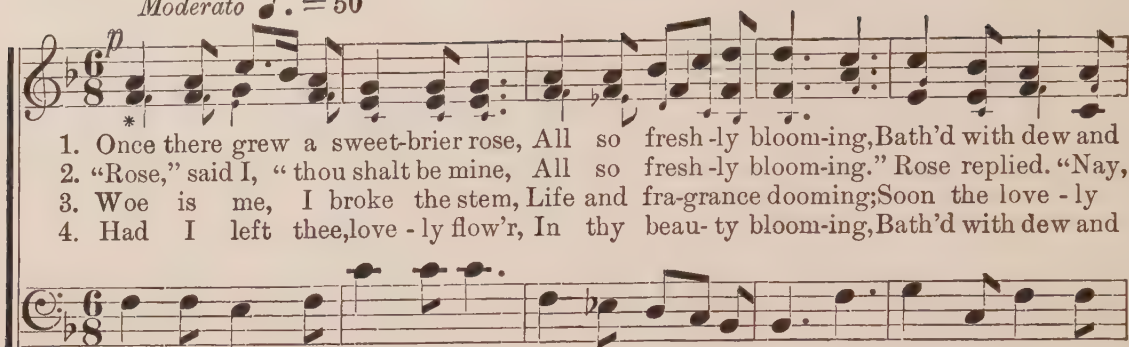




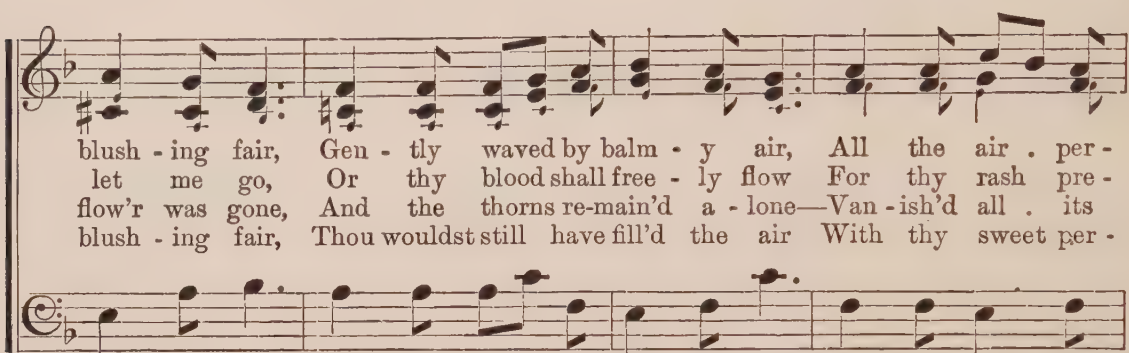
## The Wild Rose

Heinrich Heine

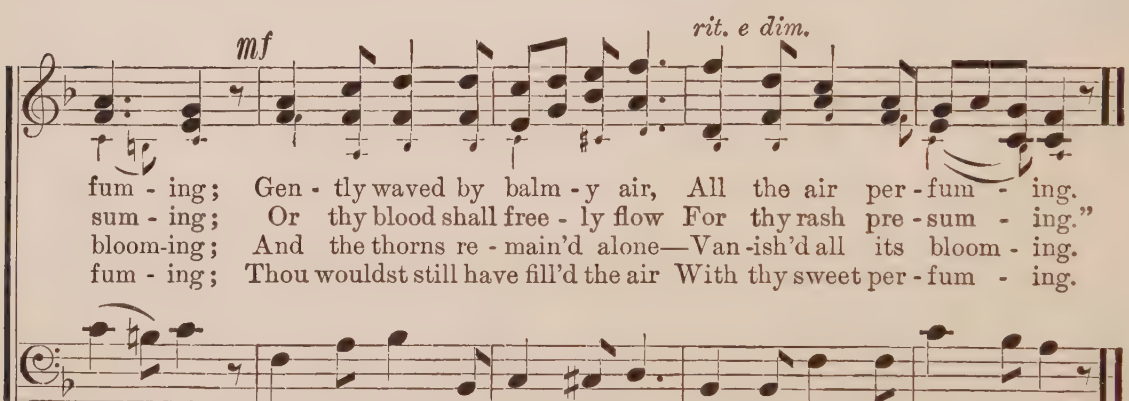
Werner

*Moderato* ♩. = 50


1. Once there grew a sweet-brier rose, All so fresh-ly bloom-ing, Bath'd with dew and  
2. "Rose," said I, "thou shalt be mine, All so fresh-ly bloom-ing." Rose replied. "Nay,  
3. Woe is me, I broke the stem, Life and fra-grance dooming; Soon the love-ly  
4. Had I left thee, love-ly flow'r, In thy beau-ty bloom-ing, Bath'd with dew and



blush-ing fair, Gen-tly waved by balm-y air, All the air per-  
let me go, Or thy blood shall free-ly flow For thy rash pre-  
flow'r was gone, And the thorns re-main'd a-lone—Van-ish'd all its  
blush-ing fair, Thou wouldst still have fill'd the air With thy sweet per-



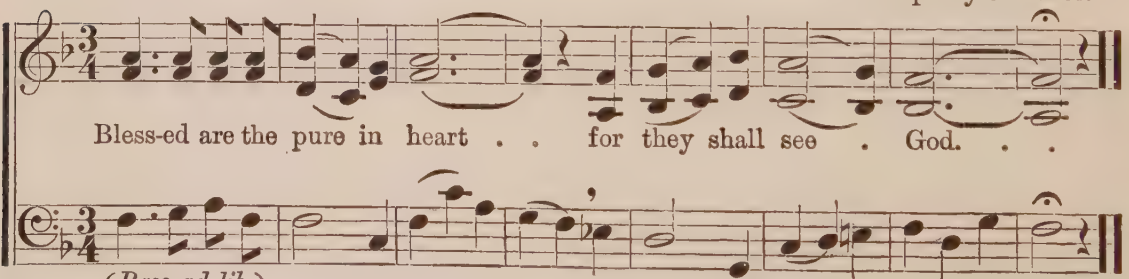
*mf* fum-ing; Gen-tly waved by balm-y air, All the air per-fum-ing.  
sum-ing; Or thy blood shall free-ly flow For thy rash pre-sum-ing."  
bloom-ing; And the thorns re-main'd alone—Van-ish'd all its bloom-ing.  
furn-ing; Thou wouldst still have fill'd the air With thy sweet per-fum-ing.  
*rit. e dim.*

\*2nd alto voices if desired in the absence of bass singers.

## Blessed are the Pure in Heart

Beatitudes

Humphrey Mitchell



Bless-ed are the pure in heart . . for they shall see . God. . .

(Bass ad lib.)

Bless-ed are the pure, the pure in heart, for they shall see, for they shall see God.

# Gentle Winds of Evening

149

German

Quietly  $\text{♩} = 96$

*mp*

Gen - tle winds of eve - ning, Whis - per thro' the bow'rs,  
 Gen - tle winds of eve - ning, Whis - per thro' the  
*rall.*  
 Whis - per peace and qui - et . . To my pret - ty flow'rs.  
 bow'rs, Of peace and qui - et To my pret - ty flow'rs.

## Levee Song

Stephen Fay

(The Bass may be sung by Alto II)

Old popular Song

Moderato  $\text{♩} = 84$

Arranged by J. Remington

SOPRANO *Slightly nasal tone imitating banjo*

*mf* ALTO BASS *p*

Pink - pink! Pink - pink!  
 1. O, I was bo'n in Mo - bile town, I'm  
 2. I use to have a dawg name' Bill, A -  
 3. Dat li'l ole dawg set up an' beg, A -  
 Pink-pink! Pink-pink-pink! Pink-pink!  
 wuk - kin' on de lev - ee. All day I roll de  
 wuk - kin' on de lev - ee. He run a - way, but  
 wuk - kin' on de lev - ee. Till I done give him  
 Pink-pink! Pink-pink! Pink-pink-pink!  
 cot - ton down, A - wuk - kin' on de lev - ee.  
 I'm here still, A - wuk - kin' on de lev - ee.  
 chick - en leg, A - wuk - kin' on de lev - ee.

♩ = 100

*mp* Choo-ka-choo! choo, choo, Choo-ka-choo-choo! Choo-ka-choo-choo!

*mf*

I been wuk-kin' on de rail . . . road

*mf* Choo-ka-choo! *dim.* choo, choo, Choo-ka-choo! Choo-ka-choo-choo-choo!

All de live-long day; . . . . .

Choo-ka-choo! choo, choo, Choo-ka-choo-choo! Choo-ka-choo!

I been wuk-kin' on de rail . . . road Ter

Choo-ka-choo! choo, choo, Choo-ka-choo! Choo-ka-choo-choo-choo!

pass de time a-way. . . . .

*A f* Doan' yo' hyah de whis-tle blow . . . in',

*A* > > > Doan' yo' hyah de whis-tle blow-in', blow-in', blow-in',



151

Rise up so ear-ly in de mawn. . . . Doan' yo' hyah de cap-'n

Rise up so ear-ly, ear-ly in de mawn. Doan' yo' hyah de

shout in' "Di - nah, blow yo' hawn?"

cap - 'n shout - in' "Di - nah, Di - nah! Di - nah, blow yo' hawn?"

## Sextet

From "*Lucia di Lammermoor*"

Text adapted by Henry Snow

## Gaetano Donizetti

*Larghetto* ♩ = 72

Arranged by Francois Thomas

*Larghetto* 3/4

What from an - ger now re - strains me, Words suf - fice not to up -  
hope that fate would hide me From a doom of grief and

braid thee, E'en the ter - ror that thus en - chains thee Proves a -  
an - guish, But that com - fort is now de - nied me, In des -

las! that in thine heart thou hast betray'd me! As a rose . 'mid tem - pest  
pair, a - las! all hopeless must I lan - guish; None will coun - sel, none will

bend - ing, Grief and pain, . thy heart are rend - ing, Thy des -  
aid . . me, All my dreams have now be - tray'd . . me, Heav'n do

pair - ing face dis - arm me, Still I live, a - las! I live, Tho' hope has fled! 'Twas my  
thou with courage

arm me, Give me strength, oh, give me strength to do thy will!

## B Day of

wrath . . . what will be thy end? Ah what fur - tlier

Day of wrath, what is thy end?  
*ad lib.*

Day of wrath, what is thy end - - ing?  
grief . . may be im - pend - ing? . Do thou with cour - age

Day of wrath, what is thy end - ing? Heav'n, now

Day of wrath, what is thy end - ing? Heav'n, now  
arm me, May heav - en give . . . me strength to do thy

arm . . . him, Heav'n with courage arm . . . him

arm . him, to do thy will, to do thy  
will. Day of will. Ah, death, hide my pain! Ah,

still. will. Now arm him, arm with

will. will. Day of wrath, Ah, day of  
hide my pain! Ah, me! . .

cour - age, Ah, heav'n with courage arm him, arm him! .  
ven - geance!

## Charlie is My Darling

'Twas on a Monday morning,  
Right early in the year,  
When Charlie came to our town,  
The young Chevalier.  
Oh! Charlie is my darling,  
My darling, my darling,  
Oh! Charlie is my darling,  
The young Chevalier.

As he came marching up the street,  
The pipes play'd loud and clear,  
And all the folk came out to meet  
The young Chevalier.  
Oh! Charlie, etc.

Oh, there were many beating hearts,  
And many a hope and fear;  
And many were the pray'rs for him,  
The young Chevalier.  
Oh! Charlie, etc.

## The Meeting of the Waters

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet  
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;  
Oh, the last rays of feeling and life must depart,  
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene  
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;  
'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,  
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest  
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best;  
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world would  
cease,  
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

## Comin' Thro' the Rye

If a body meet a body  
Comin' thro' the Rye,  
If a body kiss a body,  
Need a body cry?

CHORUS:  
Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,  
Nane, they say ha'e I;  
Yet a' the lads they smile on me,  
When comin' thro' the Rye.

If a body meet a body  
Comin' frae the town,  
If a body greet a body,  
Need a body frown? CHORUS.

Amang the train there is a swain  
I dearly love mysel',  
But what's his name, or where's his hame  
I dinna choose to tell. CHORUS.

## Dixie

I wish I was in de lan' ob cotton,  
Old times dere is not forgotten,  
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.  
'Tis dere we passed such merry hours  
'Mid de forest leaves an' flow'rs,  
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

CHORUS:  
Den I wish I was in Dixie,  
Hooray! Hooray!  
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand  
To lib and die in Dixie,  
Away, away, Away down South in Dixie,  
Away, away, Away down South in Dixie.

O gay de times dat we had togedder;  
Cared not we for wind or wedder;  
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.  
'Twas always gay and pleasant dere;  
Ne'er a cloud and ne'er a care,  
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

## Oh! Dear, What can the Matter Be?

Oh! dear, what can the matter be?  
Dear! dear! What can the matter be?  
Oh! dear, what can the matter be?  
Johnny's so long at the fair.

1 He promis'd he'd buy me a beautiful fairing,  
A gay bit of lace that the lassies are wearing,  
He promis'd he'd bring me a bunch of blue ribbons  
To tie up my bonny brown hair.  
And it's Oh! dear, etc.

2 He promis'd he'd buy me a basket of posies,  
A garland of lilies, a wreath of red roses,  
A little straw hat to set off the blue ribbons  
That tie up my bonny brown hair.  
And it's Oh! dear, etc.

## Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
And never brought to mind?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
And days of auld lang syne?  
And days of auld lang syne, my dear,  
And days of auld lang syne,  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days of auld lang syne?

We twa' ha'e run about the braes  
And pu'd the gowans fine,  
We've wandered mony a weary foot  
Sin' auld lang syne.  
Sin' auld lang syne, my dear,  
Sin' auld lang syne,  
We've wandered mony a weary foot  
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty frien',  
And gie's a hand of thine;  
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.  
For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

## Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms

Believe me if all those endearing young charms  
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,  
Were to change by tomorrow and fleet in my arms,  
Like fairy gifts fading away,  
Thou would'st still be adored as this moment thou art,  
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,  
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart  
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,  
And thy cheek unprofan'd by a tear,  
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,  
To which time will but make thee more dear.  
Oh, the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,  
But as truly loves on to the close;  
As the sunflower turns on her god when he sets,  
The same look that she gave when he rose.



## A Life on the Ocean Wave

A life on the ocean wave,  
A home on the rolling deep,  
Where the scatter'd waters rave  
And the winds their revels keep!  
Like an eagle cag'd I pine  
On this dull, unchanging shore,  
Oh, give me the flashing brine,  
The spray and the tempest roar!

### CHORUS

A life on the ocean wave,  
A home on the rolling deep,  
Where the scatter'd waters rave,  
And the winds their revels keep.

Once more on the deck I stand,  
On my own swift-gliding craft;  
Set the sail! Farewell to land,  
The gale follows far abaft;  
We shoot thro' the sparkling foam  
Like an ocean bird set free,  
Like the ocean bird our home  
We'll find far out on the sea!

## The Star-Spangled Banner

Oh! say can you see by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous  
fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming,  
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air  
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.  
Oh! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mist of the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,  
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,  
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream.  
'Tis the star-spangled banner, Oh! long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh! thus be it ever, when freedom shall stand  
Between their loved home and grim war's desolation,  
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land  
Praise the Pow'r that has made and preserved us a nation.  
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."  
And the star-spangled banner, in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

## The Lass with the Delicate Air

Young Molly, who lives at the foot of the hill,  
Whose name ev'ry maiden with pleasure doth fill,  
Of beauty is bless'd with so ample a share,  
We call her the lass with the delicate air.

Like sunshine, her glances so tenderly fall,  
She smiles not for one but she smiles on us all,  
And many a heart she has eas'd of its care,  
Will bless the dear lass with the delicate air.

## Speed Our Republic

Speed our Republic, O Father on high!  
Lead us in pathways of justice and right;  
Rulers as well as the ruled, one and all,  
Girdle with virtue the armor of might!  
Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!  
Rulers as well as the ruled, one and all,  
Girdle with virtue the armor of might!  
Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!

Faithful, devoted to all that is true,  
Willing to die in humanity's cause.  
Thus we invoke Heaven's help as we strive,  
Ever to cherish our Union and laws.  
Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!  
Thus we invoke Heaven's help as we strive,  
Ever to cherish our Union and laws.  
Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!

Rise up, proud eagle, rise up to the clouds!  
Spread thy broad wings o'er this fair western world!  
Fling from thy beak our proud banner of old,  
Ever for Justice and freedom unfurl'd!  
Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!  
Fling from thy beak our proud banner of old,  
Ever for Justice and freedom unfurl'd!  
Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!

## Angel of Peace

Angel of Peace, thou hast wander'd too long;  
Spread thy white wings to the sunshine of love!  
Come while our voices are blended in song,  
Fly to our ark like the stormbeaten dove.  
Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove!  
Speed o'er the far-sounding billows of song,  
Crown'd with thine olive-leaf garland of love,  
Angel of Peace, thou hast waited too long!

Joyous we meet on this altar of thine,  
Mingling the gifts we have gather'd for thee,  
Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine,  
Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea,  
Meadow and mountain, and forest and sea!  
Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine,  
Sweeter the incense we offer to thee!  
Brothers once more round this altar of thine!

Angel of Bethlehem, answer the strain!  
Hark! a new birth-song is filling the sky!  
Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main,  
Bid the full breath of the organ reply,  
Let the loud tempest of voices reply.  
Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking main!  
Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky!  
Angels of Bethlehem, echo the strain!

## Home, Sweet Home

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home.  
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,  
Which, seek thro' the world, is not met with elsewhere.

### CHORUS:

Home! home! Sweet, sweet home!  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;  
Oh, give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again!  
The birds singing gaily that come at my call,  
Give me them with the peace of mind dearer than all.

### CHORUS:

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## GLOSSARY OF MUSICAL TERMS

*Ad libitum* (*Ad lib.*) — at will.

*Allegro* — quick, lively.

*Allegretto* — light and cheerful but not as quick as *allegro*.

*Andante* — in moderate time, flowing gracefully.

*Andantino* — now generally used to indicate a movement quicker than *Andante*.

*A tempo* — in time.

*Cantabile* — in graceful, singing manner.

*Con anima* — with animation and boldness.

*Con brio* — with life.

*Con espressione* — with expression.

*Con grazia* — with grace and elegance.

*Con moto* — with motion; not dragging.

*Con spirito* — with spirit, and energy.

*Crescendo* (*Cres.*) — increase in tone.

*Da capo* (*D. C.*) — from the beginning.

*Dal segno* (*D. S.*) — from the sign *♯*.

*Diminuendo* (*dim.*) — diminish in tone.

*E Ed* — and

*Espressivo* — Expressive.

*Fine* — end.

*Forte* (*f*) — loud.

*Fortissimo* (*ff*) — very loud.

*Giocoso* — humorously; sportively.

*Grazia* — grace; elegance.

*Grazioso* — in graceful style.

*Largo* — slow and solemn.

*Larghetto* — not as slow as *Largo*.

*Lento* — slow.

*Maestoso* — majestic; dignified.

*Marcato* — accented.

*Meno* — less.

*Misterioso* — in mysterious manner.

*Moderato* — in moderate time.

*Molto* — much; extremely. [much.]

*Non troppo* — moderately; not too

*Piano* (*p*) — soft.

*Pianissimo* (*pp*) — very soft.

*Piu* — more.

*Poco* — little; used with other terms, as "poco allegro" (a little faster).

*Quasi* — somewhat in the manner of, as "quasi andante."

*Rallentando* (*Rall.*) — retard.

*Religioso* — solemnly; in devout manner.

*Ritardando* (*Rit.*) — retard.

*Scherzando* — playful; merry.

*Sostenuto* — sustaining the tone; giving notes full value.

*Tempo di marcia* — in march time.

*Tempo di menuetto* — in minuet time.

*Tranquillo* — expressing tranquility; calmness.

*Umore* — humor; playfulness.

*Valse lente* — slow waltz.

*Vivace* — quick; brisk.

*Vigorous* — vigorous; bold; energetic.











